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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XXVIII



CONCORD, N. H.

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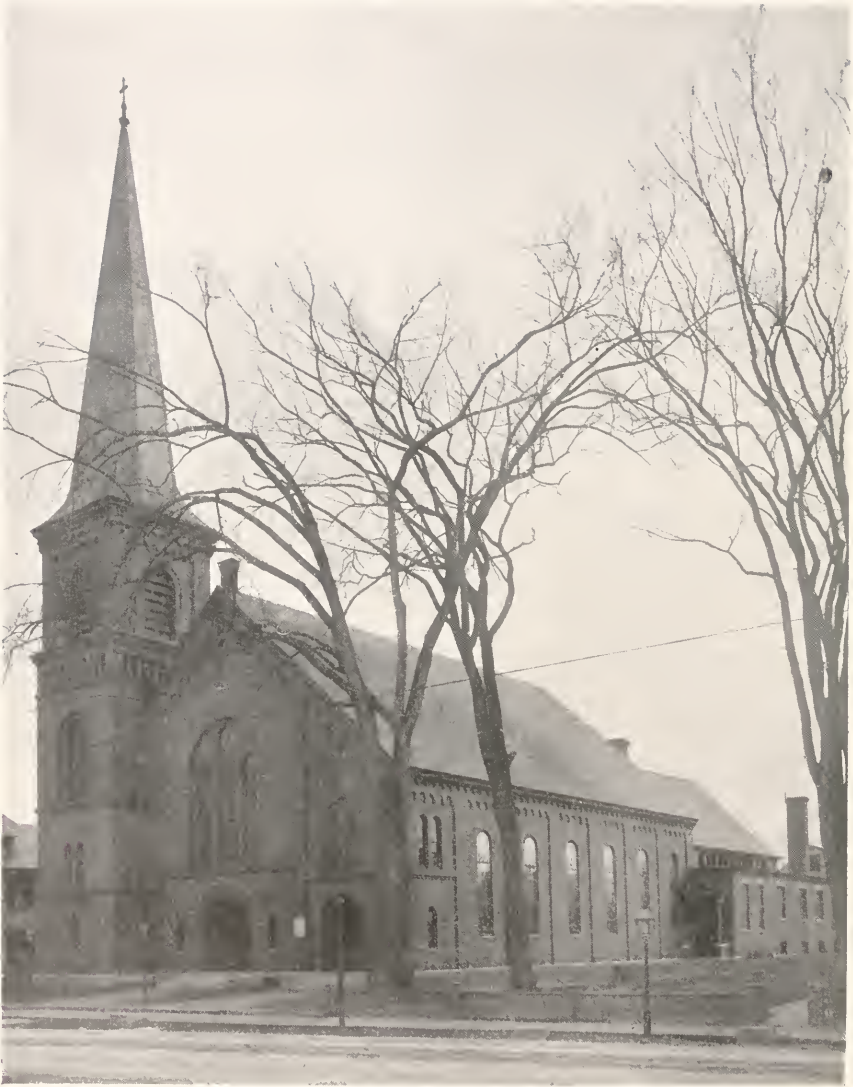
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SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH CONCORD.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIX.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1.

THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CONCORD.

1835-1899.

Compiled from Records of the Church.

NOT more than sixty-four years have passed since it was proposed to establish the South Congregational church in Concord, but Congregational worship has been that best known here since 1730, when the First church was organized, and the minister of that church was entitled the Minister of the Town. The Old North church, which stood where is now the Walker school, was the parent of each of our other Congregational churches. As its location ceased to be convenient to portions of the growing town, and for no other reason, three new churches were one after another formed.

The need for the South church became apparent in 1835, when Concord, 111 years after its settlement, had about 4,500 inhabitants. In that year the South Congregational Society was organized, its original members being George Kent, Thomas Chadbourne, Nathaniel G. Upham, Franklin Evans, Leonard Kimball, Eaton Richards, James Weeks, James Sullivan, George N. Damon, Walter

Harris, Asa McFarland, Samuel S. Dow, George Hutchins, Asaph Evans, Philip Watson, Ira H. Currier, Joseph Grover, Samuel Evans, Hamilton Hutchins, James Rines, Samuel Evans, Jr., Caleb Parker, Samuel Fletcher, Joseph Low, John B. Chandler, W. W. Estabrook, Arthur Fletcher, Josiah Stevens, Charles P. Blanchard, William D. Buck.

A suitable site, at the southwest corner of Main and Pleasant streets, was obtained for \$1,200, and in the summer of 1836 a church edifice was built thereon, at a further cost of about \$8,800. This edifice was 77 by 64 feet in area. Within its granite basement, level with the street, were the chapel, 64 by 36 feet in area, and two stores,—from the rental of the latter it was expected some income would come to the society. Two parlors and the main audience room were above these, entered by a stairway from Main street. On the floor of the audience-room were 108 pews, beside a few in the gallery. There were three aisles and six rows of

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

pews. The means to build this church were the resources or the credit of certain members of the society, who appear to have obtained by loan from the town treasury a portion of a fund which came to the town by a division of certain surplus revenues of the United States. Philip Watson, a parishioner, was the builder. This church was dedicated in

tion. The walls and ceiling were white, and the plain glass windows were hung with Venetian blinds. The north and south walls joined the ceiling by suitable curves. Each white pine pew was carpeted and cushioned, and perhaps its interior painted, to please the separate fancy of its owner. There was a door to close each pew. After a time, a



The Old South Church

the forenoon of February 1, 1837.

That year of 1837 is remembered as one of financial disaster. The secular affairs of the parish did not prosper immediately, and after a little time a singular situation resulted—the chapel and two stores went into private ownership, and the society paid rent for its chapel until 1854, when it was redeemed for \$500.

The interior of this church was, at the outset, a place without decora-

broad, crimson curtain, upheld by a rod with enlarged, carved ends, was hung behind the pulpit, to relieve the plainness of the background. Little people thought the temple at Jerusalem might have nothing finer in its way than that. Still later the walls and ceiling were frescoed, in the manner of that time, with columns and panels, and behind the pulpit was drawn a chancel in perspective.

The congregation took no audible part in the worship, but arose and faced the choir when hymns were sung. The hymn-book was a collection entitled "Church Psalmody." Its selections included 421 of the compositions of Dr. Isaac Watts. There were, probably, thirty voices in the choir. The organist and director was Dr. William D. Buck. There were at different times three organs placed in the gallery of the old church; one, a small affair, built at Plymouth, N. H., was lent by the builder in hope of a sale; another, which cost \$700, had been in use in Troy, N. Y., and the third, which was satisfactory, was built by Simmons of Boston. Likewise there were two bells in the tower; the first was broken in ringing out welcome to the news of a townsman's nomination to the presidency of the United States.

The living church was organized on the day of the dedication with sixty-seven members, all of them from the First church. In the following March, Rev. Daniel James Noyes, a graduate of Dartmouth and Andover, was called, and he was ordained and installed as pastor, May 3, 1837, at the age of twenty-five years.

The first pastor may be rightly characterized as an eminently saintly man. His presence and manner might say to the most casual observer that here was the conscientious pastor of a church. His figure was slight, his carriage and deportment dignified, and his face, so it seems to the writer's fancy, bore resemblance to busts of the illustrious Italian poet Dante. He was a careful student and an interesting preacher. An

active laborer in the vineyard, he had at one time a large class of children, which met on Saturday afternoons for instruction in the "Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism." There was a thriving Sunday-school with devoted teachers, the class books being more simple than those now extant. There was no rivalry then from week-day clubs of many sorts, or Young Men's Chris-



Rev. Daniel J. Noyes

tian Association, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, or Junior Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. The pastorate of Mr. Noyes covered twelve and one half years, and at its close the church appears to have numbered 231 members; the admissions were 259; losses, 95. In October, 1849, he was dismissed, to become professor of theology in Dartmouth college. He died at Chester, N. H., on December 22, 1885.

During one period of his pastorate,

Mr. Noyes was assisted by Rev. Ezra E. Adams, a native of Concord, preacher at the seamen's church in Havre, France, and during his own absence in Europe, in 1846, the pulpit was occupied by Rev. Daniel

Rev. Henry E. Parker, a graduate of Dartmouth and Union Theological seminary, who came to the church, at the age of thirty years, in April, 1850, from temporary service at Eastport, Me., and was installed May 14, 1851.



Rev. Henry E. Parker.

Temple, a returned missionary, who had served at Malta and other Eastern stations.

Among active parishioners of the early time, not hereinbefore mentioned, were David Kimball (editor of the *New Hampshire Observer*), Asa Morrill (afterward captain of Boston police), David L. Morrill (an ex-governor of New Hampshire), Levi P. Morton (afterward vice-president of the United States), Franklin Pierce (afterward president of the United States), Ira Perley (afterward chief justice of New Hampshire), Rev. Benjamin P. Stone and Rev. Henry Wood (editors of the *Congregational Journal*).

The second pastorate was that of

This pastorate was attended by most salutary results. There were 281 admissions to the church, and a net gain of 120 members. In 1857 (another year of general financial disturbance), the church edifice was repaired and improved, but in 1859 it was destroyed by a fire which originated on neighboring premises. After futile efforts at rescue, when it became evident that destruction was inevitable, the pastor gave a final pull to the bell, which had been sounding loud tidings of disaster. There was no insurance, and all that remains of the old building, which was endeared to many, is a framed large photograph of its exterior, a pulpit sofa, and the communion table, which are preserved in the existing church.

A temporary place for public worship was found in Phenix hall, but the historic site of the present church was, before long, chosen on which to build in a larger, better way. Here had been the residence of Hon. William A. Kent, where the Marquis de Lafayette was lodged in 1825, Ralph Waldo Emerson was married in 1829, and Daniel Webster was, at various times, an honored visitor. Mr. Charles Edward Parker, a brother of the pastor, was the designer of the new church, and Lyman R. Fellows, Dutton Woods, William G. Mason, and Daniel H. Fletcher, all of them parishioners, were concerned in its construction. The building committee were Nathaniel G. Upham,

George Hutchins, Arthur Fletcher, John Kimball, George Clough, Dutton Woods, Caleb Parker, E. G. Moore, and Joseph L. Jackson.

The corner-stone was laid on May 3, 1860, and on the 27th of the following November the completed building was dedicated. Its lofty interior and exposed beam work were architectural features new to Pilgrim churches in this vicinity, and excited the surprise of some of the visiting clergy. So did the cross on the tall tower, until reflection proved that no other Christians had better claim to use of that sacred emblem. It is there in the spirit of Sir John Bowring's hymn,—

“ In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.”

The interior of this church had originally three aisles, and six rows of pews on the main floor, numbering in all 142. Beside these, there were nine in the north gallery. One hundred pews were appraised for sale at prices which would produce \$19,570 and title to the remainder was retained. The interest in land on which the old church stood was sold for \$1,100, and a considerable sum was derived from premiums for choice of the new pews. The bell was obtained by public subscription.

This church, together with the chapel which, in 1896, became only a memory, cost \$24,545, but it was evident very soon that the expectation of growth in the list of parishioners would be realized.

The second pastor of the church endeared himself not only to his own, but to all the townspeople, being everywhere and always a public-spirited, large-hearted Christian gen-

tleman. He had leave of absence twice, once to serve as chaplain of the New Hampshire Volunteers from June, 1861, to August, 1862, and again to go abroad for six months from September, 1865. While in London he resigned the pastorate, and a council held in March, 1866, granted a dismissal. He went hence to Dartmouth college, where he was until recent years professor of Latin, and died in Boston, November 7, 1896.

The church had no installed pastor from March, 1866, to January, 1869. It was voted September 24, 1866, to call Rev. William F. V. Bartlett, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; he accepted conditionally, but his health



Rev. Silas L. Blake.

failed, as he had apprehended, and he withdrew in May, 1867. He is, and has been more than twenty years, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Lexington, Ky.

There was then a period of nearly



Rev. Charles E. Harrington.

two years for which there is not much but material progress to relate. In January, 1867, a debt of \$2,890.50, part of which appears to have been left over from construction of the church, was cancelled. That same year side galleries were built, and the north gallery enlarged, whereby space for thirty-four pews was gained. Funds for this enlargement (\$3,104.56) were provided by twenty-five associates, known as the Gallery association, who were gradually reimbursed by appropriation to that purpose of a portion of the gallery pew rentals. In 1868 the organ was obtained. It cost \$4,000, and \$424.02 was expended in making a place for it, because the original design located the organ where is now the choir-room. Toward this expenditure 156 contributors gave \$3,522.80, and the Social Circle \$631.19. From other sources \$320.03 was derived, and \$950 was borrowed temporarily.

In December, 1868, a call was ex-

ended to Rev. Silas L. Blake, of Pepperell, Mass., a graduate of Middlebury and Andover. His service commenced the first Sunday of January, 1869, and his installation was on the 27th of the same month.

The nearly nine years' pastorate which followed was eminently satisfactory. Two hundred and forty-seven persons came into the church, of whom one hundred and fifty-seven were on confession of faith. At the height of the pastor's usefulness, he received a call from the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian church of Cleveland, Ohio; so he resigned and was dismissed by council, October 14, 1877. He is now pastor of the First Congregational church of New London, Conn.

If we may consider the year 1869 as a fair example for that decade, it will be interesting to note here that the current income of the society that year was \$3,687.84; expenses, \$3,638.24; benevolences, \$1,575.06.



Rev. William H. Hubbard.



Interior South Congregational Church, as Decorated for Meeting of American Missionary Association, October, 1898.

These figures are exclusive of certain receipts and payments toward an organ debt hereinbefore mentioned.

The fourth pastorate was that of Rev. Charles E. Harrington, called from Lancaster, N. H., and installed by council, April 18, 1878. This was a period of earnest endeavor and devotion, terminated by a call to the pastor from a church in Dubuque, Ia. He was dismissed by council, August 31, 1882, and is now pastor of the Congregational church at Waltham, Mass. During this pastorate the South Church Relief Society was organized.

The fifth pastorate was that of Rev. William H. Hubbard, called from Merrimac, Mass., and installed June 4, 1883. One of the notable events of that year was that the National Triennial Council of Congregational Churches for the United

States assembled in the South church the second week of October, bringing hither distinguished delegates from many distant churches. Mr. Hubbard was zealous as pastor and citizen, and a man of high purpose. He resigned the pastorate, was dismissed by council, September 22, 1885, and is now pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Auburn, N. Y.

At various periods when the church has had no pastor, Rev. Alfred Goldsmith, Rev. Samuel G. Brown, Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, Rev. William J. Tucker, and Rev. S. R. Dennen have occupied the pulpit, besides Rev. Daniel Temple and Rev. William F. V. Bartlett, hereinbefore mentioned.

In 1886 material improvements again became desirable. The pews were then rearranged with four aisles, and refurnished, and the choir gallery and pulpit space enlarged. These

changes involved the loss of sixteen pews. There was also general renovation, the sum expended being near \$3,500. Through the generosity of many individuals the society obtained title to nearly all pews which had hitherto been in private ownership, and a plan for defraying ordinary expenses by pew rents was adopted.

In 1887 a half century of the his-

Uplam, Charles L. Hutchins, Benjamin T. Hutchins, Rockwood McQuesten, Clarendon M. Sanders, and Arthur W. Jenks.

The sixth pastorate is that of Rev. H. P. Dewey, a graduate of Williams and Andover, who came to the church at the age of twenty-five years. His ordination and installation occurred on October 12, 1887.



South Congregational Church Parlor.

tory of the church had gone. It had grown steadily and surely, without keeping close grip on its membership. It had sent many good people with a benediction into other churches.

It may be that the names of all of its sons who have gone into the ministry are not recalled when we mention Henry L. Low, William L. Gage, James E. Rankin (president of Howard university), Nathaniel L.

Mr. Dewey is a native of Toulon, Ill., a son of Samuel Mills and Cornelia (Phelps) Dewey, his father being a native of the town of Hanover, in this state. He pursued his preparatory studies at Wheaton college, in Illinois, graduated from Williams in 1884, and from Andover Theological seminary in 1887. June 4, 1889, he united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Fearing Thatcher, of New-



REV. H. P. DEWEY, D. D.



Dea. John Kimball.

ton Centre, Mass. They have had four children, a son and three daughters, the former, an exceedingly bright and promising child of eight years, having died the past year. Dartmouth college conferred upon Mr. Dewey, in 1898, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Since his residence in Concord he has been an active factor in the social and educational, as well as the moral and religious, life of the Capital city, and was for nine years, successively, up to March, 1899, a member of the Concord school board. He was also, for several years, chaplain of the Third Regiment, N. H. N. G.

The history of the church in recent years need not be told to contemporary readers. There has been gain in various directions. The annual year-book, which began in 1890, presents statistics from which it appears that since that year the number of parishioners has grown from 800 to 983; the church membership, from

375 to 464. It may be useful to mention the expenses and benevolences for ten years, premising them by saying that the benevolences are probably understated. They are never



Dea. Howard A. Dodge.

all on record, and are more carefully noted some years than others:

	<i>Expenses. Benevolences.</i>	
1889	\$5,056.17	\$1,750.56
1890	6,132.00	3,146.18
1891	5,456.49	1,859.10
1892	5,707.16	2,457.61
1893	6,282.61	2,790.22
1894	5,672.45	2,635.34
1895	6,195.00	3,369.65
1896	6,587.71	2,727.33
1897	7,090.69	2,525.18
1898	7,356.06	2,558.89
Cost of chapel, as related below	15,000 00	
Total	\$76,536.34	\$25,820.06

The year 1896 was of more than ordinary consequence to this church. Although one of three years of monetary trouble, it witnessed the removal of the chapel of 1860, and the building of another, which is adequate to

the larger needs of the parish. The new chapel is the handiwork of parishioners, the designer being George S. Forrest, and the builders L. R. Fellows & Son. The building committee were B. A. Kimball, E. B. Hutchinson, L. H. Carroll, Laura A. McFarland, and Charlotte A. Spencer. To defray the cost of this building, with its seats and fixtures, \$13,813.24, two hundred and fourteen persons contributed. Other gifts were received, such as plans for the building, pulpit furniture, parlor chairs, desks, clocks, andirons, etc., to the value of about \$675. The Ladies' Social Circle provided parlor and other outfittings to the amount of about \$630. The choir-room was

ican Missionary Association was held in the South church,—a meeting which was made possible here by the enlarged buildings.

If it is desirable to estimate the cost of the visible property with which the church now worships, it may be set down as follows:

Original outlay, 1860	\$24,545.00
Galleries, 1867	3,104.56
Organ, 1868	4,000.00
Chapel, 1896	15,000.00
Total	\$46,649.56

or somewhat more than twice the sum of its recorded benevolences for eight years. It is doubtful whether a like outlay has anywhere given better results.

The deacons of the church have been Samuel Fletcher, John Niles, Amos Wood, David Kimball, Epps Burnham, Nathaniel Evans, Asa McFarland, Caleb Parker, Joseph French, George B. Chandler, Greenough McQuesten, Levi Liscom, Ha-



Dea. Joseph T. Sleeper.

equipped by use of part of the proceeds of a chapel concert. This carries the total outlay above \$15,000.

In October, 1898, one of the most interesting and successful of the three-days annual meetings of the Amer-



Dea. Marshall W. Nims.

zen Pickering, George G. Sanborn, William H. Allison, Charles W. Harvey, Charles Kimball, Albert S. Hammond, Frank Coffin, Henry A. Mann, William A. Stone, William F. Thayer, Edward B. Woodworth, Philip Flanders, John Kimball, Howard A. Dodge, Joseph T. Sleeper, and Marshall W. Nims, the last four being now in office.

The Sunday-school was organized in 1838, and had an enrolled membership on January 1, 1899, of 380. Mr. Stedman Willard is the superintendent.

The other organizations of the church are the Memorial Sunday-school, which meets in a chapel on the Loudon road, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, Social Circle, Young Ladies' Missionary Society, Kimball Circle of King's Daughters, Clara Howe Circle of King's Daughters, South Church Relief Society, Auxiliary of the Female Cent Institution and

Home Missionary Union, and Auxiliary of the Woman's Board for Foreign Missions.

The benevolences of the church for 1899 are expected to nearly reach the sum of \$3,500,—a better record than that of any previous year.

The thought has found utterance somewhere that the South church is undemonstrative, rather lacking in visible enthusiasm. It does not lack volume in its attendance on worship. It may not make public show of its emotions, but it takes kindly thought and care for its own, and reaches a helpful hand to hungry and sick near by or far away. It has a part in state missions and building Western churches. It helps sustain missionaries preaching religion and honesty in Kansas, or carrying the gospel to heathendom. It takes reasonable care to bestow its gifts with fair intelligence and discrimination. As to its spirituality, who can measure that unassuming quality? That is one of the things to be left to the hereafter.



THE DERELICT.

By Ormsby A. Court.

A helmless hulk adrift upon the sea ;
 A worthless thing, a menace on the wave ;
 Disclaimed by all, it rolls a mockery,
 A soulless life awaiting but the grave.

WHEN THE STARS FELL.

By Eva J. Beede.

IT was in November, 1833, and little Sally Prescott, the old squire's ten-year-old granddaughter, had come to stay at the farm for a while, to be company for him and daughter Polly. Of the twelve children born in the old house, some were married and some were dead, and only Polly was left to care for the old people, then grandmother had been called home first, leaving grandfather very lonely.

On the morning of November 13, Aunt Polly arose at four o'clock to do some spinning, and little Sally got up, too, for she was knitting a pair of fine woolen stockings for herself, and she wanted to see how many times she could knit around in a day.

First Aunt Polly raked open the ashes in the great fire-place, where she had buried the fire the night before, then threw upon the andirons some sticks from the great pile of wood in the corner, and soon the bright flames were leaping up to the trammel and pot hooks hanging on the crane. Then, taking the hemlock broom from the cellar way, she swept the hearth, and placing her little linen wheel in a warm corner, she wound her flax round the distaff, and sat down to spin. The dim fire-light was supplemented by a tallow candle burning in an iron candle stick that hung from the top slat of a kitchen chair placed near the linen wheel.

Very soon Sally, in her checked woolen dress, paper colored stockings, and calf skin shoes, was ready to begin her day's work too. She was very much interested in the stars, and her aunt had taught her to trace many of them. She could find the "big dipper," and the "little dipper" with the north star in the end of its handle, Cassiopea, or the inverted chair, Orion with his spangled belt, Job's coffin, the Pleiades, and several others, so, before sitting down to her "stent" of knitting, she ran to the door to take a look at the stars.

The strange sight that met little Sally's gaze caused her to run quickly back, exclaiming, "Oh, Aunt Polly, the stars are falling!"

Aunt Polly hurried to the door, and sure enough the stars were coming down in showers; they seemed to drop down from the sky, followed by long lines of light that went out before reaching the earth.

Grandfather was called up to witness the dazzling display, and the excited Sally, as she tremblingly clung to his hand, asked, "Do you suppose the world is burning up?"

"No, child," was the answer. "It's nothing but meteors."

Yet the little girl felt relieved when the rosy light of the dawn revealed the old world unchanged, and she anxiously awaited the evening, then was very happy to find that her old friends, the stars, were all in their accustomed places.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

By Ethel F. Comerford.

O for a bit of my childhood's life !
For the lore of that golden time
That kept me far from the foolish strife,
From the heights one never should climb.

O for a glimpse of the beauty bright
That was there wherever I went.
And, O for my father's kiss at night
And the bliss of a sweet content.

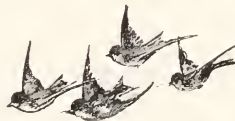
O for the thoughts of my childhood's mind !
For a bit of that faith sublime
That makes the eyes so blissfully blind
At the bright merry Christmas time.

O for a bit of the royal hope,
Ever making the child's heart glow,
To brighten paths where grown people grope
With their feet so solemnly slow.

O for a bit of the old-time grief
That was soothed by a soft caress,
In place of the woe that lacks relief
And but grieves me the more I confess.

O for the perfect trust that I felt
When the evening shadows lay
All around the white-clad form that knelt
Just a child's wee prayer to say.

Give back, O pitiless years, give back
All the wealth that a child-heart knows ;
And take, O merciless years, take back
All your gifts of the thorn and rose.



THE ACADEMICAL AND THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, NEW HAMPTON, N. H.

By William Hurlin.

I HAVE been asked to write a paper on the Baptist Theological schools in New Hampshire. The only school of this class that we have had was at New Hampton, and this was so connected with the academical department, as a part of the institution, that, after much consideration of the subject, I have deemed it wise to give an account of the whole institution, taking care to note whatever I can find that has special reference to the theological department. My sources of information are a complete set of the "Minutes of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention," a historical address by E. B. Smith, D. D., president of the institution, delivered and published in 1851; a few of the catalogues of the institution; "Reminiscences of New Hampton, N. H.," by Frank H. Kelly, M. D., which, with some of the catalogues was kindly loaned me by the Hon. A. H. Chase, state librarian; other catalogues lent me by Rev. N. F. Carter, librarian of the New Hampshire Historical Society; one catalogue from Henry E. Lincoln, Esq., librarian of the American Baptist Historical Society, and answers to letters addressed to various friends.

I find that the school was started by Messrs. Wm. B. Kelly and Nathaniel Navis, residents of New Hampton, September 17, 1821. The first teacher was Mr. George Rich-

ardson, a graduate of Dartmouth college, and the tuition fee was fixed at \$3 per quarter, and board was from \$1 to \$1.38 per week. It appears that the people of the town were poor farmers, and that, as a rule, they were not at first much interested in the school. For three or four years the number of scholars was from fifty to sixty, fully one third of whom came from Boston. In 1825, Mr. Richardson closed his work as teacher, and was succeeded by Rev. Bezael Smith, a Congregational minister from West Hartford, Vt.

In 1825, the Baptists had no educational institution in New Hampshire, and yet there was a feeling among them that something of the kind was desirable, and it was thought that a theological school was needed. Under these circumstances, Mr. John K. Simpson, a native of New Hampton, who had removed to Boston, and was connected with the Baptists there, proposed that the Baptists of New Hampshire should be asked to take the school under their patronage and support, with the provision that they should have the use of the academical building, the right to appoint one half of the trustees and overseers, besides the principal, who should be a Baptist, and president of the board, and that the corporate name of the institution should be changed to the "Academi-

cal and Theological Institution in New Hampton."

This proposition was submitted to a New Hampshire Baptist convention held at Meredith in June, 1825, and was accepted by them, and Revs. Wm. Taylor and Phineas Richardson "were appointed to obtain subscriptions in the churches to defray the expenses of instruction, provided the tuition of the scholars did not do it, and if it did, to pay the expenses of indigent pious young men preparing for the gospel ministry." These agents were well received, and several churches each pledged an amount equal to the tuition of one scholar for five years. Rev. B. F. Farnsworth, editor of the *Christian Watchman*, published in Boston, became the first principal under the new arrangement.

This change secured a large attendance of students, who came from every New England state, and also from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Canada. In 1826, a new academical building was erected, one half of the expense being paid by John K. Simpson, Esq., of Boston, and the other half by subscriptions in New Hampton; and in 1829, the erection of a large brick building of three stories for boarding and dormitories was commenced, and was finished in 1833, at a cost of about \$8,000. In 1829, the people at the village, about one and a half miles from the Center, where the academy buildings were located, erected a building, and opened the female department, and Miss Martha Hazeltine was appointed principal. This department was placed under the superintendence of the principal and the trustees of the institution at the

Center, it thus becoming an integral part of it. From the opening of the school there were candidates for the ministry among its students, and in 1829 a course of theological study was arranged, and a class of seven students was formed, all of whom became useful ministers, but for want of funds this department did not go into full operation until 1833.

In the "Minutes of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention," I do not find any report of the trustees of the institution until 1828. In that year, among other things, they stated "During the past year, owing to unforeseen occurrences, the Board have necessarily been at some small extra expense, the number of scholars, as appears on the catalogue of 1827, has been unusually large. Desirous of satisfying the public as regards instruction, we have been obliged, a part of the time, to employ three Instructors. And it is believed, that this supply of instruction has, in a great measure, secured to the Institution its present reputation. We are happy, however, to state, from the Report of the Treasurer of the Corporation, that its income the past year falls short of its expenditures but \$65.53—which sum a gentleman in Boston has pledged himself to pay."

From the report of the trustees in 1829, I extract the following: "The number of students in the Institution has been greater since the last meeting of the Convention than during either of the preceding years, and it is gratifying to state that this appears to be, in part, owing to an increasing desire in the Baptist community to enjoy the benefits of education. The patronage of the Institution has assembled students from one fourth of

the states in the Union, and it is known to you to be among the most favoured Institutions in the country.

. . . Our Charter has received another amendment, by which the Convention have the election of eight Trustees, to five elected by the Corporation, and putting it into the power of the Convention to pass a negative upon any proposed future amendment. The Institution is thus placed safely and permanently under our control."

In 1830, the trustees reported, "Instruction in Theology is still given, though not to that extent which is desirable, owing to the multiplied labors of the Principal in the classical and literary departments." In the same year, the board of the New Hampshire Baptist convention expressed their opinion that the institution "would exert a much greater influence upon the cause of religion, if a Professor, exclusively devoted to instruction in *divinity*, could be connected with it."

In 1831, the trustees reported, male students, 90; female, 62; total, 152. They also said, "In regard to Theology, we regret to say that the want of another professor has rendered it impracticable to pay the attention to that department which its importance demands, but we fondly hope that the time will come when it will share the individuated labors of an able professor."

In the spring of 1833, Rev. B. F. Farnsworth resigned, and Rev. E. B. Smith, A. M., afterwards D. D., succeeded him. In his address, which I have already referred to, Dr. Smith states, "During the time of Professor Farnsworth's connection with the school, its patronage was large.

Though we have not the means of stating the number in attendance for the first three years, we know that in 1829, there were 233 different students; in 1830, 270; 1831, 326; 1832, 314. Of these, 11 fitted for the ministry under his instruction, and, as nearly as we can ascertain, 35 others fitted for college, or some theological school, and have since entered the ministry. Among them were the Rev. Luther Crawford, for years the honored and efficient Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and Rev. Rockwell Giddings, the President and second founder of the Georgetown College in Kentucky. Both of them experienced religion while members of the school."

At the convention of 1833, a committee was appointed with reference to the school, and in their report they said, "Prof. Farnsworth having resigned, the Rev. E. B. Smith has been appointed Principal and Professor of Theology. . . . The Theological department has been opened under favorable auspices. The class now consists of twelve students."

In 1834, the trustees of the institution reported to the convention, "Although the Theological department has not afforded all the advantages which were originally designed, in consequence of being unable to devote to that branch the necessary amount of instruction, yet the Trustees have never felt in the least inclined to relinquish the plan, but are determined to adopt every measure in their power to render that department just what it should be. Immediate efforts will be made to secure the labors of an associate professor in Theology, and to purchase a Library for the use of Theological students."

On the reception of this report, the convention "*Resolved*, That we consider the Theological Institution at New Hampton to be of great importance to our churches in this State, and to the interests of religion generally, and that we will continue our efforts to sustain its prosperity and influence. Immediately after the passage of this Resolution over \$200 were subscribed towards purchasing a Theological Library."

In 1835, the executive committee of the institution reported to the convention that "Four of the five hundred dollars subscribed for the Theological Library have been expended, and a portion of the remainder is yet to be collected. . . . The Theological Class is larger than ever before."

In 1837, the trustees of the institution reported to the convention, "So great are the wants of the Theological Department, and so constant is the increase of students in that department that the Trustees resolved at their last meeting to take immediate measures for the appointment of an additional professor. Annual subscriptions are needed."

Dr. Kelly states in his book that Mr. Simpson, the first patron of the school, died in 1837, and thus his financial aid ceased, but notwithstanding this, the school continued fairly prosperous.

In 1838, the executive committee reported, "In addition to the former competent Board of Instruction, the Trustees have appointed Rev. J. Newton Brown (afterwards D. D.), Professor of Exegetical and Pastoral Theology, who entered upon his duties in May (1838) last." The convention passed the following:

"*Resolved*, That the Trustees of the Institution at New Hampton be requested by this Convention to adopt the necessary measures to prevent any students entering the Theological Department who do not possess the necessary qualifications."

In 1839, the executive committee of the institution reported to the convention, "The Theological Department, under the instruction of two Professors, has been prosperous. The young men have generally pursued their studies faithfully and uninterruptedly, though in some cases the Brethren have been absent for a time, or have closed their studies without finishing their prescribed course. . . . You are aware that nearly all our directly Theological instruction is given during the last two years. Where brethren leave before this period their Theological opinions cannot be known by the professors, and of course they must unjustly be held responsible for the doctrine preached by those who have never come under their instruction."

In the report of the board of the New Hampshire Baptist convention for 1843 it is said, "It should be kept distinctly in view that the Theological Department derives no income from tuition, and that the support of its Professors is expected from the churches. . . . Your Board were so deeply impressed with a conviction of the importance of sustaining the Theological department, they could not refrain from commending it to the fraternal regards of the Convention."

The convention thereupon appointed a committee to consider the condition and claims of the institu-

tion, and at a later session that committee reported, "It is well known to the friends of the Institution that for several years it has been embarrassed with an accumulating debt, and that efforts have been making by the Trustees to secure means for liquidating it. This debt amounts at the present time to about five thousand dollars, and through the liberality of the churches, about four thousand five hundred dollars of this sum have been secured, on condition that the whole amount be actually paid by the first of October next. Thus it will be seen that the liquidation of this heavy debt depends upon raising the remaining sum of five hundred dollars previous to the time specified above. Your Committee are happy to learn that the internal affairs of the Institution are in a healthful condition at the present time, the number of Theological students is increasing, and they commend the Institution to the continued prayers and patronage of the churches."

In 1844, the report of the board of the New Hampshire Baptist convention says, "For two or three years past an attempt has been made to pay off a debt against the New Hampton Institution. That object has been accomplished by a strenuous effort during the last year. . . . To sustain the Theological Department requires an annual contribution from the churches, as no tuition is required of its students. . . . About fifty young men have enjoyed the advantages of this department, and are now successfully laboring in the work of the gospel ministry in almost every State of the Union. . . . Very many of our churches (in New Hampshire) have been sup-

plied with pastors from the Institution, who have been working, successful ministers, and who have contributed much under God to the enlargement of our Zion. The point to be settled by the churches is, shall this Department be sustained? That is, will the brethren in the State contribute a sum annually, sufficient to pay the salary of the Professors?"

From the foregoing it will be seen that *the work* of the institution was carried on with success and general approval. The catalogue for 1844 shows that in that year, there were five male and six female instructors, and of students, there were 33 theological, 45 classical, and 69 English, and that there were 103 in the female department, making a total of 250 students. But all along, the great difficulty was to obtain sufficient funds to carry it on, and this was especially so with reference to the theological department. Hence an effort was now made to enlist the aid and help of the Baptists in Maine and Vermont in sustaining this department. The report of the convention board for 1845 refers to this effort and says, "The plan of a proposed union with our brethren in Maine and Vermont, for the support of the Theological Department, has been favorably received, and the brethren in Maine, at their late Convention, voted to raise \$250 per year towards its support for five years, which must be gratifying to the friends of the Institution."

The convention appointed a committee to consider the condition of the institution, and they reported that they "find it at the present time in a thriving condition. The number of students in both depart-

ments is unusually large. The number of Theological scholars is gradually increasing. Its financial affairs are comparatively free from embarrassment. Its internal discipline is in a sound and healthy state. It may indeed be regarded as placed on a basis of permanent prosperity and usefulness." But an unexpected difficulty had come upon the institution, for the committee add, "During the past year one of the Theological Professors (Rev. J. N. Brown), owing chiefly to the failure of his health, has suspended his labors, and will not probably resume them. The Trustees have made efforts to obtain a suitable successor, but have not yet obtained one."

In 1846, Rev. James Upham became professor of sacred literature and ecclesiastical history, and the committee appointed by the convention that year reported, "Your committee are impressed with the great usefulness of this Institution, as connected with the interest of learning and religion, and especially in promoting the education of pious young men for the christian ministry. They believe, also, that the time has arrived when the measures to sustain the Theological Department should be somewhat changed, and rendered, if possible, more settled and permanent. . . . It is believed, could proper attention be given to this subject that there are many persons who have property, who would appropriate a part, at least, which, at their decease, should go towards constituting a fund for 'an endowment.' It is confidently believed that with proper measures, an endowment for the Theological Professorships, may be secured within a few years. . .

The Trustees of the Institution are providing the most competent instruction in the several Departments, and the last examination was well sustained."

In 1847, the committee appointed by the convention reported, "At the last annual meeting of the Convention, a plan was devised for raising funds to endow the Theological Professorships with a sum of not less than twenty thousand dollars, the annual income of which shall be sufficient to meet the expense of that department. . . . We are encouraged to believe the object will be accomplished. Several hundred dollars have been received and invested, the income of which is now available. The number of students in the different Departments is larger, the present term, than it has been for some time past."

In 1848, a similar committee reported, "That, as this Institution has been a great blessing to the churches and the world, having been instrumental of the conversion of hundreds of precious souls to Christ, and of raising up and sending forth hundreds of faithful laborers into the gospel field; . . . We would commend it to the confidence, prayers, and patronage of the churches; recommending, also, that the present effort to secure a permanent fund, for the support of the theological department, should be met in that spirit of liberality that has hitherto characterized the friends of this Institution."

In 1849, the committee reported to the convention, "This Institution affords very desirable facilities for securing a good Literary and Theological education. Each department is furnished with able and faithful

teachers. Ninety young ladies, and as many young gentlemen are in attendance this term."

At the meeting of the New Hampshire Baptist convention in October, 1851, a paper was read by Professor Smith, D. D., which gave an account of the institution from the commencement, and urged especially the importance and the claims of the theological department. This paper was also read the same year at the meeting of the Vermont Baptist convention, and was afterwards published by request, in an 8vo. pamphlet of 28 pages.

In this address, Dr. Smith stated that during his presidency, from 1833-'51, eighteen years, there were 6,029 different students, and the average yearly attendance was, males, 172; females, 144; total, 316. The whole number of theological students was 158; average yearly attendance, 28. During the same time 44 others entered the ministry, who, in the institution, had fitted either for college or theological seminary. With reference to the theological students, Dr. Smith stated that 61 came from New Hampshire, 50 from Massachusetts, 17 from Vermont, 16 from Maine, 7 from New York, 4 from Connecticut, 4 from Canada East, 1 from New Jersey. He further stated that the following was known as to their fields of labor at that time: In New Hampshire, 24; Massachusetts, 15; Vermont, 13; Maine, 8; New York, 6; New Jersey, 3; Western states, 8; California, 2. He also said that while he thought highly of a thorough and complete collegiate and theological course as a training for the ministry, it was necessary to provide for the training of those, who,

from various circumstances, could not avail themselves of this thorough training.

At a later session of the convention, the trustees of the institution reported, "The Female Department, and also the English and Classical Departments, are supported at present by their own resources, the tuition is to pay the expenses by an arrangement with the Instructors. The Theological Professors are dependent for their support on other funds, raised especially for that object. The design entered upon, and prosecuted with some success, is to collect a permanent fund of twenty thousand dollars, the interest of which would be sufficient for their support." They further stated that the net debt of the theological department at that time was \$1,045.16.

In 1852, the trustees of the institution presented their report to the convention, in which they told of the efforts to sustain the theological department for more than twenty years, and stated that only about four thousand dollars had been secured towards the twenty thousand dollars proposed, that the debts were then about two thousand, four hundred dollars, that they had received a proposition from the brethren in Vermont that they would raise an endowment of twenty thousand dollars and would provide suitable buildings if the institution were removed to that state. Being convinced that there was no prospect of obtaining an endowment in New Hampshire, the trustees asked the convention to give them authority to transfer the institution to the Northern Educational Union, which had been formed in Vermont. After considerable discussion in two sessions

of the convention the matter was referred to the board of the convention.

It would seem that the board decided in favor of making the transfer, as in the Minutes of the convention for 1853, I find the following :

"*Voted*, That the transfer of the New Hampton Institution be stated in the Minutes. (Writings were executed the 10th of November, 1852, by which all the liabilities of the Institution were assumed by the Board in Vermont, in consideration of which the property of the Institution was conveyed to said Board. The Institution was reopened at Fairfax, the 30th of Aug., 1853, with 14 Theological students—total, 140; which is as many as could be accommodated. Another boarding house is nearly completed. A precious revival has been enjoyed the past term.)"

After diligent inquiries in various quarters, I have been able to obtain the loan of fourteen of the annual catalogues of the institution, from which the following further information is gathered :

1831. "The charge for Tuition is \$3 per quarter. . . . \$1 being added for instruction in the French language, Painting, and Drawing, in the Female Department. . . . Board, including washing and care of rooms, is furnished by the Steward, at an average price of \$1 per week. Board with all the necessary accommodations in the vicinity of the Institution is from \$1 to \$1.25 per week." The board of instruction consisted of 4 males and 3 females. The "Recapitulation" shows that during the year there were, students, classical, 77; senior English, 76; junior English, 49; females, 124; total, 326.

1832. The board of instructors was composed of 5 males and 4 females, and the students were classical, 96; senior English, 76; junior English, 34; females, 108; total, 314.

1834. The charge for tuition in the classical department was increased to \$4 per quarter, and the charge for room rent and other incidentals was 28 cents a week in the summer and fall terms, and 38 cents per week in the winter. There were 5 male and 4 female instructors, and the students were, theological, 15; classical, 69; senior English, 92; junior English, 57; females, 159; total, 392.

1835. Instructors, 5 males and 4 females. Students, theological, 23; classical, 51; senior English, 77; junior English, 49; females, 167; total, 367.

1837. Board in commons was increased to \$1.25 to \$1.37 per week, and in the vicinity to \$1.33 to \$1.50 per week, and the tuition in the classical department to \$5 per quarter. The instructors were 5 male and 4 female, and the students, theological, 31; classical, 53; senior English, 88; junior English, 55; females, 138; total, 365.

1838. Instructors, 5 males and 5 females. Students, theological, 36; classical, 80; senior English, 85; junior English, 32; females, 140; total, 373.

1839. Instructors, 7 males and 7 females. Students, theological, 33; classical, 72; senior English, 76; junior English, 20; females, 162; total, 363.

1840. Instructors, 6 males and 6 females. Students, theological, 39; classical, 60; senior English, 64;

junior English, 22; females, 151; total, 336.

1841. Instructors, 5 males and 7 females. Students, theological, 36; classical, 35; senior English, 56; junior English, 28; females, 133; total, 288.

1843. Instructors, 6 males and 7 females. Students, theological, 30; classical, 43; English, 83; females, 107; total, 263.

1844. Instructors, 5 males and 6 females. Students, theological, 33; classical, 45; English, 69; females, 103; total, 250.

1848. Instructors, 6 males and 6 females. Students, theological, 24; classical, 41; English, 78; females, 171; total, 314.

1849. Instructors, 5 males and 6 females. Students, theological, 18; classical, 29; English, 104; females, 158; total, 309.

1850. Instructors, 5 males and 7 females. Students, theological, 17; classical, 40; English, 97; females, 163; total, 317. At this time the expenses were, per quarter, common English, \$3; higher English, \$4; Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, each extra, \$1; music, instrumental and vocal, each \$8; use of instrument, \$2; drawing, \$2; penmanship, 12 lessons, \$1; board and washing, \$1.50 per week, with extra charge for fuel during the cold season.

There were only two principals, viz., Rev. B. F. Farnsworth, 1825-'33, and Rev. E. B. Smith, D. D., 1833-'52. There were three theological professors, viz., Rev. E. B. Smith, D. D., 1833-'52; Rev. J. N. Brown, D. D., 1838-'44, and Rev. J. Upham, D. D., 1846-'52. Miss Martha Hazeltine was the first principal of the female department, 1829-'38.

She was succeeded by Miss Sarah Sleeper, who had been a teacher in the school from 1832; becoming principal in 1839, I find her in the same position in 1844, but how much longer she continued in it I have no means of knowing. From the catalogues I have been able to obtain I find that Susan F. Colby was principal in 1848; Martha F. Loring in 1849; and Narcissa V. Ayer in 1850.

I append lists of other instructors in the male and female departments in the order in which I find them in the catalogues I have seen, beginning at 1831 and ending at 1850, but as the catalogues are so far from complete, I omit dates. Less than half of them appear in more than one of the catalogues which I have been able to obtain, though probably some of them may be found also in others that I have not seen.

INSTRUCTORS.

<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>
Wm. Heath,	Philinda P. Rand,
John W. Rand,	Emily E. Eaton,
Aaron Rand,	Eliza J. Woodman,
Moses Curtis,	Lucy Ann Griggs,
David Burbank,	Emily L. Nutting,
Gardner T. Barker,	Aurelia N. Barker,
Stephen Morse,	Mary S. Patterson,
John B. White,	Laura F. Freeman,
Enoch S. Sherman,	Narcissa V. Smith,
B. Osgood Pierce,	Sarah P. Richardson,
Isaac N. Hobart,	Ann T. Wilbur,
Wm. E. Wording,	Lucy Ann Teele,
Rev. A. Buck,	Mary A. Spaulding,
John L. W. Tilton,	Hannah T. Dana,
Stephen B. Page,	Prudentia Chaplin,
Wm. L. Eaton,	Lydia F. Wadleigh,
Wm. H. Eaton,	Caroline B. Whipple,
Jesse Clement,	Elizabeth K. Gordon,
Jonas D. Sleeper,	Rebecca P. Lambert,
Hall Roberts,	Caroline Bartlett,
Wm. W. Kaime,	Sophia Mattison,
D. W. Lowell,	Jane Hemmingway,
S. M. Wilson,	Miranda W. Warner,
Lyman T. Flint,	Sarah E. Prescott,
Aaron W. Chaffin,	Caroline E. Harris,
Ephraim Knight,	Sarah R. Skinner,

Male.

Algernon P. Shattuck,
Daniel Putnam.

Female.

Mary C. Fletcher,
Lucy A. H. Noyes,
Elizabeth W. Bruce,
Rebecca P. Lambert,
Mary J. Prescott,
Almira T. Griggs.

Among the students in the theological department, I find the following who were afterwards honored with the title of D. D., viz., T. H. Archibald, D. C. Eddy, J. C. Foster, H. S. Hall, Amos Webster. Also the following ministers well known in New Hampshire and other states, viz., Revs. S. G. Abbott, E. K. Bailey, B. Buerley, Baxter Burrows, D. Burroughs, Jas. N. Chase, J. K. Chase, J. M. Chick, F. E. Cleaves, J. M. Coburn, B. Congdon, F. Damon, D. P. Dening, L. A. Dunn, Horace Eaton, E. A. Edwards, S. L. Elliott, D. Gage, A. Heald, S. G. Kinne, J. H. Larned, W. W. Lovejoy, J. B. Mitchell, G. Robbins, J. L. Sanborn, L. Sherwin, H. Stetson, J. Storer, Phineas Stow, A. M. Swaine.

In the classical department I find the following names of ministers who finished their studies elsewhere, viz., B. B. Cheney, D. D.; W. H. Eaton, D. D.; E. L. Magoon, D. D.; E. G. Robinson, D. D., and Revs. I. J. Burgess, B. P. Byram, F. Henry, N. Hooper, C. Newhall, C. W. Redding, J. G. Richardson. And also the following laymen who became well known, viz., Elias H. Cheney, Rufus S. Lewis, Stephen G. Nash, George B. Nesmith, and John Wentworth, known as "Long John Wentworth."

It may be well to insert here the following testimony to the value of the institution given by Rev. Ebenezer Fisk, who lived in New Hampton for many years, and was not a min-

ister of the denomination by which the institution was controlled. I find it in "Reminiscences of New Hampton," by Frank H. Kelly, M. D., Worcester, Mass. In a letter addressed to Dr. Kelly, and dated Jackson, Mich., December 30, 1887, Mr. Fisk, after writing of various things, including the religious privileges of the town, says, "Added to these means of grace was the far-famed New Hampton Institution, conceived in poverty, and nursed by benevolence, its teachers God-fearing men, and a large class of pious students in theology, giving cast to the whole school, bringing the class of students whose aims were noble, as their history shews."

Rev. J. C. Foster, D. D., a graduate of the theological department of the institution, who has for many years been an associate editor of the *Watchman*, of Boston, Mass., writing to a friend in Philadelphia, January 23, 1899, says of it, "About the year 1840 that institution was at its best. Rev. Eli B. Smith, D. D., and Rev. John Newton Brown, D. D., had charge of the theological department, which was in a very promising condition. The female department, which had gained a very high reputation under Miss Martha Hazeltine, was well sustained by Miss Sarah Sleeper. This female department ranked among the best and most noted schools for young ladies in all the country, and the whole school, male and female, had very few superiors. Especially was it distinguished for religious revivals every year. Such was its reputation in this respect, that throughout New Hampshire and other states, parents sent their children there, hoping and expecting

they would be converted and become Christians. The income from the tuition of scholars could not support such a school, and as there was no endowment, an appeal was made annually to the Baptist churches of New Hampshire for the contribution of needed funds. These appeals at length became tiresome and less and less productive, so that financial straits became more and more intolerable. In this extremity, Rev. L. A. Dunn of Fairfax, Vt., a graduate from the theological department, undertook to secure its removal as a school to that town. What was done and promised to be done, was successful as an inspiration, and the transfer took place in 1852."

Although I have made earnest efforts in various quarters to get *definite* information respecting the progress of the Institution in Vermont I have obtained very little. I know that Rev. E. B. Smith, D. D., retained his position as principal of the Institution and professor of Biblical theology and pastoral duties, and Rev. J. Upham his position as professor of sacred literature and ecclesiastical history. On the death of Dr. Smith, January 5, 1861, Dr. Upham succeeded him as principal and held the position between five and six years.

In a pamphlet entitled, "Historical Sketch of the Lamoyille Baptist Association, 1796-1896," by Rev. Henry Crocker, I find the following: "In 1852 the Northern Educational Union was organized, and New Hampton Institution was removed from New Hampton to Fairfax. This was accomplished especially under the influence of Rev. L. A. Dunn, pastor of the Fairfax church. One special object of this institution

was to furnish young men, who were unable to pursue the full course of collegiate and seminary studies, the opportunity to obtain some special training for the ministry. The influence of this Institution was powerfully felt in the Association. The students came to it in large numbers. It had an able corps of teachers thoroughly devoted to their work. The theological department was large, as many as fifty students at times availing themselves of the course."

Mr. Crocker, who has been pastor at Fairfax for the last twelve years, wrote me from that place, January 23, 1899, that the Institution "had a brilliant career here for some years. The people of Fairfax furnished commodious and stately buildings, and students flocked here from all quarters. There were two departments, a male and a female, and also a theological department. This was for a time very prosperous. A large number of students availed themselves of the opportunity here given for an education, and some of them are now prominent in the denomination. Dr. S. H. Greene of Washington, and Dr. Alvah Hobart of Yonkers, were educated here in part. There were, at times, as many as three hundred students here in all departments, and the influence of the school was widely felt."

Rev. A. T. Dunn, D. D., son of Rev. L. A. Dunn, before spoken of, who has for many years been secretary of the Maine Baptist convention, wrote me January 30, 1899, "I was born there in Fairfax, and my earliest recollections are of that Institution. I spent seventeen years in the town, and got a preparation for College in the Institution. I suppose

that my father was largely instrumental in the removal of the Institution to Vermont. My mother, Lucy Ann Teele, was one of the teachers in the Institution while at New Hampton, and my father was a student there. . . . 'The Institution has turned out some fine men.'

Dea. G. H. Safford, of Fairfax, president of the Northern Educational Union, wrote me February 1, 1899, "The school opened in Fairfax in 1853, with two departments, male and female. Rev. E. B. Smith, D. D., President and Professor of Biblical Theology and Pastoral Duties; Rev. J. Upham, A. M., Professor of Sacred Literature and Ecclesiastical History; Daniel Putnam, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology with their application to Agriculture; Selim H. Peabody, A. B., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; S. M. Basset, Teacher of Music; A. P. Shattuck, Teacher of Penmanship. Prof. Upham also taught the Latin and Greek. The Female Department had five teachers; Frances S. Macumber, Principal. Classes were graduated from the Theological Department, also from the Classical and Female Departments, each year after the first, for I think, some fifteen or twenty years, and some help was given later to students who purposed to study for the ministry. . . . Lack of endowment was the principal cause for the gradual decline of the Institution. The civil war was a disturbing element, and after its close, the Baptist denomination in the State turned its attention towards Saxton's River, and Fairfax was left to care for the Old Institution."

In the letter from Rev. J. C. Fos-

ter, D. D. from which I have already quoted, he also wrote, "Many promises in regard to Fairfax were never realized, and from the beginning the financial and other difficulties abounded, till prosperity waned, and ultimately patronage was withdrawn and transferred to the Vermont Academy at Saxton's River. . . . The record of the New Hampton Literary and Theological Institution for many years was the very best, and beyond all computation was the good done by excellent work in all its departments."

The only catalogue of the Institution while it was in Vermont, which I have been able to find, is that for 1857-'58, which has been kindly lent to me by Henry E. Lincoln, Esq., librarian of the American Baptist Historical Society in Philadelphia. At that time, Eli B. Smith, D. D., was president, and Follett professor of Biblical theology and pastoral duties; Rev. J. Upham, A. M., professor of sacred literature and ecclesiastical history, and as the chair of Latin and Greek languages was vacant, he also discharged the duties of that department; Rev. Mark A. Cummings, A. M., was professor of mathematics and natural sciences; Julian H. Dewey, tutor of the preparatory department and teacher of penmanship. In the female department, Susan M. Ham was principal, and there were five other teachers. Of the students in the theological department 4 were in their fifth year, 3 in the fourth year, 8 in the third year, 6 in the second year, and 2 in the first year, total, 23. In the classical and English departments the whole number of different students for the year was 309; male, 148; female, 161.

I have not been able to ascertain when the theological department was discontinued, but from the letter of Deacon Safford I conclude it was somewhere about 1870, and I find from the "Minutes of the Vermont Baptist Convention" that in 1875, \$100,000 had been raised for the endowment of the Vermont academy at Saxton's River, and that special efforts were being made to raise sufficient funds for a suitable building. This was accomplished, and the academy commenced its operations in 1876, and in the convention minutes of 1877 I find reference to "the great success of the Vermont academy during the first year of its existence." But there has never been a theological department connected with that institution.

Although the patronage of the Baptists of Vermont was thus transferred to Saxton's River, the people of Fairfax continued the New Hampton Institution in operation until 1893, when some change in the Vermont laws with reference to "the Town system of schools," led to its suspension. Deacon Safford wrote that "in December, 1897, the school buildings were destroyed by fire, with all their contents, consisting of Libraries, Museum, and Apparatus."

When the Institution was transferred to Vermont the people of New Hampton were unwilling to get along without a school, and the result was the buildings were bought by a new corporation and they thus came under the control of the Freewill Baptists, and a charter was obtained for the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institute. The theological department has been removed to Lewiston, Me., but the academical department, with a commercial col-

lege added to it, seems to be carried on with considerable success. The catalogue of 1896-'97, shows that the faculty then consisted of Rev. A. B. Meservey, D. D., Ph. D., principal and president of the commercial college, and of eleven other teachers and instructors. The summary gives the number of the scholars in the several department, literary, commercial, telegraphy, phonography, and type-writing, making a total of 305 for the year; 178 gentlemen and 127 ladies.

APPENDIX.

The following is a complete list of that portion of the trustees who were appointed by the New Hampshire Baptist convention, with their dates of service, compiled from the minutes.

Trustees.

- Rev. N. W. Williams, 1826-'30.
- Rev. S. Pillsbury, 1826-'29.
- Rev. S. Tripp, 1826-'32.
- Rev. P. Richardson, 1826-'41, 1844-'47.
- Rev. W. Taylor, 1826-'32.
- Rev. B. Stow, 1829.
- Rev. G. Evans, 1829-'37.
- Rev. E. E. Cummings, 1829-'31, 1834-'47, 1849.
- Rev. O. Tracy, 1830-'37, 1852.
- Rev. N. Nichols, 1831-'36.
- Rev. S. Cooke, 1832, 1843-'49.
- Rev. L. Crawford, 1833.
- Rev. S. Everett, 1833.
- Rev. E. Worth, 1833-'52.
- Rev. A. T. Foss, 1834, 1838, 1839, 1841-'43.
- Rev. W. Richardson, 1835.
- Dea. W. Gault, 1836, 1837.
- Dea. T. Berry, Jr., 1837.
- Rev. D. D. Pratt, 1838-'40, 1846-'48.
- Rev. J. Richardson, 1838-'41, 1845.
- Mr. Philip Brown, 1838, 1839.
- Rev. L. E. Caswell, 1840.
- Rev. H. Tonkin, 1840.
- Rev. G. Williams, 1841.
- Rev. J. M. Graves, 1841.
- Rev. A. M. Swain, 1841-'43, 1848.
- Rev. G. W. Cutting, 1843.
- Rev. J. Freeman, 1843-'47.
- Rev. J. G. Richardson, 1843.
- Rev. J. M. Chick, 1844-'48.
- Rev. N. W. Smith, 1844-'48.
- Rev. G. Robbins, 1844.

Rev. M. Carpenter, 1845-'47, 1849.
 Rev. B. Brierley, 1845.
 Mr. H. V. Simpson, 1845-'47.
 Mr. Otis Ayer, 1845-'47.
 Hon. A. Colby, 1846, 1847, 1849-'52.
 Mr. J. A. Gault, 1848-'52.
 Hon. J. Quincy, 1849.
 Rev. T. O. Lincoln, 1849.
 Rev. E. Dodge, 1849.
 Rev. O. O. Stearns, 1849.
 Rev. O. Ayer, 1850.
 Rev. W. Lamson, 1850.
 Mr. T. J. Harris, 1850.
 Rev. C. W. Flanders, 1850-'52.
 Rev. L. Tracy, 1850-'52.
 Rev. H. D. Hodge, 1850, 1851.
 Rev. K. S. Hall, 1850-'52.
 Rev. Jas. N. Chase, 1851.
 Rev. J. Storer, 1851, 1852.
 Rev. J. H. Chase, 1852.

Overseers

appointed by the New Hampshire Baptist convention.

Rev. J. Crockett, 1826-'28, 1830.
 Rev. J. B. Gibson, 1826, 1827.
 Rev. J. Higbee, 1826, 1827.
 Rev. N. Ames, 1826, 1827, 1829.
 Rev. J. Davis, 1826, 1827.
 Rev. O. Tracy, 1828.
 Rev. I. Person, 1828.
 Rev. P. L. Fogg, 1828.
 Rev. S. Cooke, 1828.
 Rev. O. Robinson, 1829-'32.
 Rev. C. Clark, 1829-'31.
 Levi Willard, Esq., 1829-'32, 1834-'35, 1845-'47.
 Rev. B. Stow, 1830.
 Mr. S. Fletcher, 1831.
 Mr. C. Brown, 1831.
 Rev. I. Crockett, 1832.
 Rev. J. Atwood, 1832.

Rev. S. Pillsbury, 1832.
 Rev. J. Peacock, 1833.
 Dr. J. Robbins, 1833.
 Rev. J. E. Strong, 1833.
 Mr. N. Southworth, 1833, 1834.
 Capt. W. Richardson, 1833, 1834.
 Rev. L. E. Caswell, 1834-'37.
 Dea. D. Philbrook, 1834-'37.
 Rev. N. Hooper, 1835-'37.
 Rev. T. Eastman, 1835-'37.
 Rev. J. Richardson, 1835, 1836.
 Rev. J. A. Boswell, 1836-'43.
 Mr. D. Everett, 1836.
 Dea. P. Brown, 1837.
 Mr. J. K. Simpson, 1838-'44, 1849-'52.
 Mr. S. Drake, 1838-'40.
 Mr. J. Wadleigh, 1838-'45.
 Rev. B. Congdon, 1840-'41.
 Mr. Abram Ward, 1841, 1845.
 Rev. S. Eastman, 1841.
 Dea. J. A. Gault, 1843.
 Mr. W. Lowell, 1843.
 Hon. A. Colby, 1844, 1845.
 Rev. J. W. Poland, 1845-'47, 1851, 1852.
 Rev. D. G. Mason, 1845-'48.
 Mr. R. Dodge, 1845-'47.
 Mr. A. Prescott, 1845-'47.
 Mr. N. Norris, 1845-'47.
 Mr. J. S. Brown, 1845-'47.
 Rev. T. O. Lincoln, 1846-'48.
 Rev. O. O. Stearns, 1846-'48.
 Rev. K. S. Hall, 1848, 1849.
 Rev. H. D. Dodge, 1848, 1849.
 Rev. J. Storer, 1849.
 Rev. E. W. Cressey, 1849.
 Rev. S. L. Elliott, 1851, 1852.
 Rev. W. W. Lovejoy, 1851, 1852.
 Mr. N. Clark, 1851, 1852.

I am unable to give lists of trustees and overseers appointed by the corporation.

THE DREAM ENGINE.

By Willis Edwin Hurd.



AR up on the dizzying cliffs of the Sierras, where the great white eagle loosens his pinions in the pure, dry atmosphere, and the caves of the ancient dwellers in these fastnesses look upon a new and more civilized world, the sparkling crystal rays of the morning sun peered down the icy cañons, or slipped along the polished glaciers.

From the mouth of one of these caves a thin stream of smoke gushed continuously, rising, as it emerged, in a fantasy of curling wreaths, and melting away in the cold stillness of the hills.

Within the cave, seated before a wonderful little machine, sat a man whose clean-shaven, intellectual face glowed with the intensity of thought

and feeling. His entire strength of being seemed to be centered upon the workings of the contrivance that almost appeared to exist as with human intelligence. At the man's back pulsated a kind of furnace to which was attached a long flue that traversed to the mouth of the cave, carrying away the fire-breathings in dingy vapor.

It was warm and bright in this strange retreat, for several brilliant little electric lights adorned the rough granite walls, blazing sweetly upon the solitary man of genius, and revealing every portion of the dynamo from which they owed their being.

"The work is almost completed," murmured the man, as he lovingly tried and adjusted the fragile parts of the odd machinery before him. "The dream engine will always be a thing of use and beauty. To the explorer in the depths of a dangerous and untrodden wilderness it will be invaluable. From the scout it will reveal to his superior officer the position of the enemy. A concentration of mind, a pressing of the spring, and, behold, an invisible cable has transmitted the news from the most inaccessible region where the impulses of man may have led his steps."

For some moments the strange speaker was silent, engrossed in the task which was to revolutionize travel and warfare, and the sending of communications where no telegraph was present. He had spent the moments of years upon the moulding of the thought and the delicate finishing of the idea. It was but natural, as the great moment of trial was at hand, that he should reëxamine, with the

utmost thoroughness of detail, if he might discover the slightest flaw.

A great wave of exultation passed over the mind of the machinist as he saw that every joint and artery of the fine mechanism was faultless, but he checked the outburst of feeling, for the greater the flow of fancy, the greater the disappointment in event of failure. Still, he knew the result of his labors could not rest in failure. Only a derangement of the delicate workings could insure a defeat, and that but temporary. For the master of his engine has its every phase in his mind, outlined forever.

"The test is now," voiced the inventor tumultuously. "I will telegraph to my friend in the East. He will find my toy is a dream engine no longer—no mere fancy of a disordered intellect. He will know that my isolation is not without its records in human improvement. Little engine we must be careful, for with the slightest jar you are ruined forever."

The inventor proceeded carefully to the mouth of the cavern. For a moment he stood there, gazing far out across the boundless extent of plain that stretched from the foothills away to the "Father of Waters," then he turned and thought earnestly and fixedly upon the impressionable electro-magnetic, mesmeric plates with which the dream engine was supplied. When his mind had imbued the plates with the necessary intelligence which he wished to transmit, he pressed the key which sent the thought vibrating across the great prairies to the mountains of the East, straight to the magnetic center called up by the machinery-aided power of the human mind.

"It is done," said the inventor, as

he closed the communication of his dream engine, and reëntered the retreat. "Now I will consult the telephone. If he heard the message he will tell me across the wire." So saying, he stood by the receiver ready to catch the news as it flashed across the transit, informing him of a mighty and a wonderful success.

Then, as he waited and listened, the warning bell rippled and shook with the joyful sense of its importance. The man bent his ear, and then drew back his head with a subdued cry of delight. The message had been received. Thenceforth would be unnecessary the miles upon miles of wire that encircle the continents. In their place the mesmerism that dwells in all the sons of Adam would reign alone the international factor for the dissemination of knowledge; and even the secrets of the uttermost planets of our system might sometime yield to the power of the dream engine.

But, hark! a low, deep roar was in the air, as if the very hills that had sheltered the tremendous output of genius were now turning against it in alarm at its command of the natural energies. The inventor listened in terror. He realized the direful portent of the sound. Profound and thunderous swelled the tumult, until the detonating gurgle swept into the hollow cave, and the foundations of the earth were shaken

with fearful throes. The sullen hills trembled with the ague that arose from the violent jarrings of the interior storm; while, with the first tremor, the beautiful dream engine lay—a mangled wreck—upon the rocking floor of the cavern.

With the double shock of the earthquake and the sense of his terrible loss, the inventor lay for a long time unconscious on the granite floor. Poor, fluttering humanity! the shining hours flit strangely in the chase! By and by, when the power of thought had returned, the man looked long and sadly upon the premature end of his cherished hopes. He could not repress the tears, but they flowed from a manly heart, crushed, yet courageous. At length he arose and cried, almost fiercely:

"This is not the end! I will not be shackled by the first evil workings of fate! The life of the dream engine is still here in my brain ready to start forth with redoubled vigor under the influence of the mystic signs of the inventor. Succeed, I will; and the world shall receive the benefit of my endeavor!"

So, far up in the cave of the Sierras, the lone man works, undismayed; and some day the full vigor of mind will shed its blossoming fragrance far and wide upon a world that can never become too sweet or too bright as a continued inheritance for the race of man.



ON THE GOLDEN SHORE.

By Converse J. Smith



CALIFORNIA was discovered by the Spaniards in 1542, and became a province of Mexico in 1822, having won independence from Spain, and was admitted to the Union as a state in 1850. It was in 1844 that Daniel Webster said of California in the United States senate, speaking in regard to a proposed mail service between Missouri and the Pacific, "What do we want with this vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put the great deserts, of these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, over three thousand miles rock-bound, cheerless, and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is to-day."

This speech will illustrate how little the Pacific coast was understood at that time, and the people of to-day, who have not visited California, will find it difficult to comprehend its magnitude, the wonderful productions or the possibilities of the future.

If California was stretched along our Atlantic seaboard, it would reach

from Maine to North Carolina, and a single county is larger than the state of New Hampshire. Only about five per cent. of the land is under cultivation, yet there are single fields of wheat in the state, under one fence, containing 45,000 acres. To move the orange crop East the past season, 10,000 cars were required. Then the dried fruit crop is valued at \$15,000,000, and 4,800 cars are needed to carry the same from the state. The value of the various kinds of grain, fruits, grapes, and wine can only be estimated, in each instance representing millions of dollars. If the state was not visited occasionally with a drought to remind the people that they ought to exercise some degree of economy, they would not even know the value of wealth. Freight trains are passed at every siding on the Southern Pacific roads, those going East loaded with California fruit and other products of the Pacific coast, and for every train eastbound there is one coming West with goods for consumption.

Have any of the GRANITE MONTHLY readers journeyed by rail from Seattle or Tacoma to San Francisco, one of the famous scenic routes of the West? The distance is 958 miles, requiring two nights from Portland, Ore., which is nearly one hundred miles distant from Seattle. The train service is so arranged,



Mt. Shasta, from the Scott Mts., Shasta County, Cal., Altitude, 14,442 feet.

passengers have a daylight ride through the rugged Siskiyou mountains, and Mt. Shasta, snow-capped much of the year, standing as a majestic sentinel, 14,442 feet high, or more than twice the height of our own Mt. Washington, is plainly seen from the car windows for many hours. Mt. Hood, near Portland, Mts. Adams, St. Helens, Ranier, and the Cascade range, with their white domes, and the vast intervening landscape, afford magnificent views. The Southern Pacific railway have the only rail route between Portland and San Francisco, but there is lively competition from the various steamship companies.

Sometime since, when a ruinous rate existed between the two cities, water and fuel were supplied the locomotives on the mountain ranges,

miles from any settlement, and on reaching towns, a high rate of speed was maintained, thus preventing passengers leaving the train, hence they were forced to purchase tickets at the high local tariff rate. To-day passengers are required to pay an excess of eight dollars, which will be refunded only at destination, on day of arrival, which prevents the public from reaping advantage of competition of water rates, if traveling to intermediate stations.

Such are the grades that trains of eight or ten cars require three locomotives, and the track, in a number of places, parallels itself three and four times; one surprising fact is that wood is used as fuel in the locomotives, and the large, old-fashioned smoke-stacks remind one of the engines on the old Boston, Concord &

Montreal railroad, in use many years ago. There are some twenty tunnels by this route, and in one instance the train makes a complete turn while inside the tunnel; the train crawls up the mountains, apparently, until it cannot move a foot higher, then dashes through a tunnel, seemingly seeking encouragement to gain still higher altitudes.

From Portland to Tacoma and Seattle the Northern Pacific railroad have the only rail route. At Kalama the train is run upon immense steamers, and thus ferried across the mighty Columbia river, so broad and deep that it is not surprising that many passengers imagine they have reached the ocean in Puget Sound. The Northern Pacific railroad is one of the great trunk roads of the West, the main line extending from St. Paul to Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle, with many branch lines; it reaches eight great states, and has a grand total mileage of 4,938.51. The able president of this great corporation is Charles S. Mellen, who was

educated in the Concord schools, and commenced in his wonderful career on the old Northern railroad. His company, in addition, operate the Northern Pacific Steamship Company, which has large steamers sailing direct from Tacoma for Yokohama, Kobe, Japan, Hongkong, China, and intermediate points, carrying both passengers and freight.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Less than fifty years ago a new city charter was adopted, the councilmen voting themselves each \$6,000 a year salary, other officials \$10,000 a year, and also gave themselves gold medals costing \$150 apiece. Soon after, the city was almost entirely destroyed by fire, but the spirit of the people was proof against disasters, and from that time they have constantly increased in wealth and population, to-day there being 325,000 inhabitants.

One receives favorable impressions of the city on first arrival. The mag-



Portland, Oregon, and Mt. Hood || 225 feet

nificent new Southern Pacific Railroad station, erected by the state, costing upwards of one million of dollars, impresses the stranger and is a pleasant greeting.

The view of Market street, the main thoroughfare of the city, with its beautiful buildings, is likely to astonish a person from the East, who, perhaps, feels, after a long journey across the continent, that he has reached the end of the world. Some of the business blocks, notably the Call, Chronicle, and Examiner buildings, for architectural beauty are not surpassed in New York or elsewhere, and the entire city is laid out regularly and systematically. It is the metropolis west of the Mississippi river, commercially, socially, and architecturally.

The harbor is one of the largest and finest in the world. In the streams or at the docks may be seen steamers from China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and South American ports. Then the beautiful

"Golden Gate" must be seen to be fully appreciated.

The sunset views are superb and well do I recall an evening in May, on board a steamer escorting a transport with a regiment en route for Manila, when the full moon coming up over the mountain lit up harbor, ocean, and city. Then one could realize how appropriate is the name "Golden Gate."

It is the most cosmopolitan American city with representatives among the citizens from every nation, and the hospitality extended is something phenomenal.

Many things seen in San Francisco strike a person from New England strangely. There is less home life than exists in the East, hence the cafés, restaurants, and hotels are largely patronized. The most prominent French restaurants, some of which have aristocratic names, are Zinkand, Merchand's, Poodle Dog, Pup, Good Fellow's Grotto, and Spreckel's Rotisserie, the last in the



Southern Pacific Railroad Station, San Francisco Cal

clouds, or on the fifteenth floor of the Call building, over two hundred and fifty feet above the bay, where superb views for twenty miles in every direction are obtained.

Sunday appears to be observed in San Francisco as a holiday, or, as someone has remarked, the people attend church in the morning, take a drive in the park in the afternoon, and attend the theatre in the evening. Sunday is the opening day for all theatrical performances, and the theatres, both afternoon and evening, are packed to the doors. The streets are thronged with people, there are processions headed with bands of



J. C. Flood's Residence, California St. San Francisco.

music, base-ball games, boxing bouts at the parks, bicycle racing, coursing of hares at Ingleside, etc., etc.

The Cliff House is supposed to be seen by all strangers. Here are the famous seal rocks, and many hundred seals and sea lions are to be seen. It is estimated that there are some four hundred in number, and many of them have distinguished names. Gen. Ben Butler is the largest; there is General Harrison, a President Cleveland, who is thus named because he is obstinate, and, of course, an Admiral Dewey.

The seals take their outings and



Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

make excursions to a considerable distance. They play among themselves, continually rolling on each other, feigning to bite, and often amuse themselves by pushing off those that are trying to land. They roll from a ledge twenty feet high, falling like so many brown sacks into the water, dashing up showers of spray. It is interesting to see them effect a landing on the rocks; first the head only is seen, swimming with great speed, unmindful of the heavy surf on the beaches. As the water retreats, they begin struggling up the steep sides, twisting their bodies from side to side with a clumsy worm-like motion, and thus work themselves ultimately out of the water. They will go up perpendicular surfaces, where man would not attempt to creep, keeping up a continual barking, and all the seals they pass join in the chorus. On issuing from the water they are

dark and shining, but after being in the sun become a yellowish brown.

NOB HILL.

California street, where the palatial residences are located, is still beautiful, but most of the millionaires who resided there have joined the great majority, and to walk through that section at night makes one feel

York, and at such times brings his retinue of servants and opens his beautiful home for a few weeks.

The Crockers have elegant homes in the immediate vicinity which are occupied.

William C. Ralston, who was president for a time of the famous Bank of California, occupied a beautiful home on Pine street, but it is now a fashionable boarding-house. It will be



Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

depressed,—not a light to be seen in most of the palaces. The beautiful Mark Hopkins residence is now the Hopkins Institute of Art; the large Stanford home is deserted, and has been, or will soon be, donated to the Stanford university with its 1,400 students. The James C. Flood palace, the most beautiful and commanding, appears to be unoccupied.

President Huntington of the Southern Pacific railroad now and then comes to San Francisco from New

York, and at such times brings his retinue of servants and opens his beautiful home for a few weeks. The Crockers have elegant homes in the immediate vicinity which are occupied. William C. Ralston, who was president for a time of the famous Bank of California, occupied a beautiful home on Pine street, but it is now a fashionable boarding-house. It will be

remembered that Ralston entertained in kingly style when at the height of his power, but later when it was discovered that he was a defaulter for a round million of dollars, he was deposed from the presidency, and a few hours later his life was ended in the bay. The Golden Gate park contains over one thousand acres, with a fine conservatory containing all kinds of tropical plants, a great museum with a splendid collection of curiosities,

and an aviary with hundreds of living birds. Then there are also in the park elk, deer, and buffalo. The charming park, a few years since, was only one great field of sand, hence all the more to be appreciated. Fine statuary, winding drives, speed tracks, play grounds, lakes, lawns, a Japanese tea garden are some of the features of this beautiful pleasure ground.

The Diamond palace on Montgomery street is a marvel of beauty and elegance. It is a jewelry establishment, but for artistic taste and skill is rarely equaled. The proprietor has elegant paintings displayed, executed by famous artists, further beautified by being set with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. There are mirrors on either side reflecting the beautiful wares and exquisite chan-



Stage Road, East from Summit, Catalina Island, Cal.

PRESIDIO.

Presidio is the government reservation of 1,500 acres, where the troops are stationed both going and returning from Manila. As early as 1776 the Spaniards founded and named these grounds. There are many miles of walks and drives which are open to the public, and no more delightful location could be selected for camp, overlooking the bay, and commanding a fine view of the Golden Gate.

deliers of original design with hundreds of electric lights. The walls and ceilings are set with diamonds and other precious stones, the proprietor remarking that he must carry a stock of gems and may as well thus display them as to exhibit them in his show cases.

The Palace hotel was begun by W. C. Ralston in 1874, and completed by ex-Senator William Sharon a year later. At that time it was the largest hotel in the world. The Palace and Grand are under one manage-



Avalon, Catalina Island Cal.

ment, containing 1,400 rooms, of which 900 have bath attached. The Palace court permits a dozen vehicles to enter at the same time. This gives an idea of the immense size of the hotel, with its great glass arched roof, one hundred and fifty feet above. In this vast amphitheatre is an open café. The seven floors of corridors surround the court, artistically arranged, with a display of tropical plants and graceful statuary, while in the great depths below are myriads of electric lights. The inhabitants of a whole township from New Hampshire might find quarters at this famous hotel and would not be noticed in the crowd.

MT. TAMALPAIS.

The Mill Valley & Mt. Tamalpais Scenic railway is a triumph of engineering skill. Mt. Tamalpais is in full view of San Francisco, and, although the mountain is but 3,500 feet above the sea, the views equal, if they do not surpass, those from our own Mt.

Washington. The road is eight miles in length, steam traction locomotives being in use, permitting a high rate of speed. When the Double Bow-knot, a spot on one of the shoulders of the mountain, is reached, the road parallels itself five times. It is at this point that the Pacific ocean comes in view, looking over the mountain westward.

The vast panorama expands every moment. Mountain after mountain emerges above the horizon. The bay of San Francisco opens up. Mount Diablo rises slowly above the Coast range. The island of Alcatraz, Angel Island, San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley are plainly seen, as is Fort Hamilton, on which the Lick observatory is located. The scene from the summit certainly opens up a most enchanting quarter of the world. In mentioning the suburbs of San Francisco, Oakland is to that city what Brooklyn is to New York. The population is over eighty thousand. Alameda is a beautiful

residential section, while Berkeley is the seat of the University of California, and here are found the residences of many rich and cultured people. The three cities are across the bay, with half-hour connections with the metropolis. The steamers are the largest and the most elegant ferry-boats in the world.

While it will be proper to mention the islands of the bay, the most important is Alcatraz, inside the Golden Gate, guarding the harbor, fortified with all the modern enginery of the world. A United States Military prison is also located on this island. Angel island, about seven miles north of the city, is also garrisoned by artillery and has a government quarantine station, where the Chinese are detained for days after arrival from China. There are other islands but of less prominence.

A person from New England, accustomed to our thickly settled sections, at first is surprised that the charming country is not all covered with beautiful homes, but it must be remembered that California is yet a new state, and in time will come perfect development. The thousand hills will be dotted with homes and every valley will blossom with myriads of gardens.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

is truly a magic island and the great resort of the Pacific coast, a charming place to visit, as the advantages, attractions, and amusements are unlike, as well as impossible to be found elsewhere.

The island is three and a half hours' ride from Los Angeles, and is owned by Messrs. Banning Brothers, enterprising business men of that



Our Catch with Rod and Reel at Catalina Island, Cal. May 10 1899

city. One is reminded of our famous Isles of Shoals, only Santa Catalina is located thirty miles at sea, and is far larger, containing some fifty thousand acres. The climate is perfect, the balmy nights being free from moisture, and the views of the broad Pacific ocean are superb. Marvelous submarine pictures are seen through glass-bottomed boats, a real, natural aquarium, and the waters are so clear that myriad forms of vegetation and animal life may be seen twelve fathoms below, so beautiful and fairy-like as to be indescribable—certainly a strange and fascinating panorama to witness.

Banning Brothers are kings as regards possessions, and especially as entertainers. They have upon the island 20,000 wild goats and 10,000 mountain sheep. In addition, they are proprietors of the fine hotel, Metropole, as well as the Wilmington Transportation company, with steamers plying between San Pedro and the island.

There are tugs of war in the water,

aquatic sports, water carnivals at night, pyrotechnic displays, music, dancing, and daily open air concerts, and other attractions. Coaching at sea is certainly a novelty, a carriage road having been constructed to Avalon, some miles distant. Here one finds our own six-horse Concord coaches, and noted California drivers handle the ribbons.

Hunting the wild goat affords fine sport, while the most phenomenal rod and reel fishing in the world is here found, and the biggest records known are made and broken. The fishing tournament is open from June until September. The Tuna club has membership from all sections of America and Europe, and holds the world's record for deep sea rod and reel angling—Tuna, 254 pounds; yellowtail, 55 pounds; sea bass, 260 pounds.

Steamers also come to this harbor from canneries for sardines, and in an hour's time will land from twenty to thirty tons, and this is a daily occurrence in the summer season.



FLAMMÆ AMORIS.

By C. C. Lord.

*The frowning sky, the angry blast,
The pelting storm, from dark clouds cast,
Grieve the long day, as time creeps past ;
Yet gentle peace and patience blest,
The love that smiles a ithin my breast,
Breathe thee a song, sweet one, my rest.*

Before the hearth, in shelter warm,
Ensconsed from cold and eke from storm,
I gaze upon the embers bright,
That lure the eye, and tempt the sight
To roam in magic realms, where live
The themes that thought enchantment give :
This hour time's subtle fancies turn
To fact evolved in flames that burn
And flick in weird and lambent lines,
Half light, half shade, while each combines
The elements of shifting fire,
In vision born of rapt desire
And zeal intent on mystic things,
Disclosed in light that transport brings :
For ever since the world began,
And rounded out its worth in man,
Has some quick wit, instinctive, keen,
Some certain hints historic seen
Among the embers bright that blaze,
Now high, now low, on wintry days,
And to the soul reflective show
The incidents of weal and woe.

*Sweet one, when time is lone and slow,
And barren scenes dull care invite,
With thee my thought, my love doth glow
Till faith assumes the place of sight,
And all my heart forgets the long,
Dull hours and lives again in song.*

A lithe flame leaps and swerves, and then
Presents a form of grace, as when
A heart, a mind, and life as one,
In impulse, word, and action done,
Conspire in excellence of mien
To give a soul full virtue, seen

And known of all—the priceless worth
 That culture adds to gifts of birth—
 A woman fair and wise withal :
 Her wealth of worth I thus extol
 In pride that makes conception blest :
 In her my soul alone has rest—
 Rest from all doubt and dread despair—
 For her peace bides where else were care ;
 For she forsooth and I am found
 Of each the counterpart and bound
 By sudden recognition sweet,
 As thoughts than words are e'er more fleet,
 When friend meets friend, and all is told
 Of blissful love as true as bold.
 O fitful time ! O baleful day !
 Is gain to loss to turn for aye ?
 Lo ! Now the space between grows wide.
 A ship goes out upon the tide
 And ne'er returns, but on a strand
 Is caught and held by rocks and sand,
 And lingers, beaten by the wave
 Till the deep sea becomes her grave.
 Thus she, my loved one, faints afar,
 Her bark upon life's ocean bar,
 Where billows surge and storm clouds frown,
 And both conspire to bear her down,
 While I deplore a theme of fate
 That gives and takes a friend and mate.

*How blest, when toil for respite longs,
 As flies a bird to rest at eve,
 To muse and court the realm of songs,
 To fain the stress of cares relieve,
 And, while repose o'er me doth steal,
 To sing to thee the love I feel.*

Another flame—a scene in fire
 Dissolves till now a change entire
 Confronts my vision, still intent
 Upon the brightness, form, event,
 And circumstance evolving fast,
 To prove each fact, or first, or last,
 That aids the complement of things
 To shape the whole remembrance brings.
 I see a maid, of petit grace,
 A slender form, within her face
 A picture of a face that seems
 The subject of my constant dreams,

A face familiar to my gaze
 Though outward aspect, line, and phase
 Are strange, by me unseen before.
 She enters by an open door,
 A tiny one, and I behold
 Her presence, neither shy nor bold,
 Yet poised in conscious selfhood, apt
 To boldness shun, and yet adapt
 Occasion, time, and circumstance
 In greeting, and the hour enhance
 With gladness that with richness dwells.
 A blissful theme my heart compels
 To yearnings that demand for aye
 The transport of the passing day.
 The time speeds on, and we have learned
 The arts of confidence, discerned
 Of soul and soul, and, speaking long,
 In schemes of right, in hints of wrong,
 We each to each rehearse the lore
 Of hopes and happenings of yore
 That leave the heart in prospects dim,
 And cite the cause, for her and him,
 That urged the pain that lingers yet
 In care that love can ne'er forget :
 Yet all the time a comfort steals
 Within each soul and there reveals
 The blessedness of time when heart
 To heart responds till all the smart
 Of grief abates and gladness smiles
 Through all the life that care beguiles.
 O dismal fate ! Woe be the day !
 A love comes back the old, old way,
 And leads the dear one from my side.
 I will not one sweet hope deride
 That springs anew within her breast ;
 I chide my grief, for she has rest ;
 Yet, while she strays from me afar,
 I feel as one whose western star
 At sunset burns but dim and pale,
 While sadness lisps upon the gale.

*Love, thou art happy, it is morn with sun :
 I tune for thee my thoughts that music run :
 Thy heart is peace, it is the sunset fair ;
 I court my muse and breathe for thee an air :
 Sweet lights and shades of time evoke thy smile,
 And I for thee with song the hours beguile.*

The scene dissolves—a flame—a light—
 A shade—presents to second sight
 Still one more transcript of a phase
 Of time's strange, intermittent ways.
 One now comes forth, long time a friend,
 To own some impulse new to blend
 More closely with a heart that feels
 Responsive in the zest that steals
 More deeply into conscious life—
 She comes, a presence rare and rife
 With all that makes a face complete
 In outlines classical, and feat
 Her form in attributes that bear
 An active elegance most fair.
 I twice her praise, for, full of thought,
 In themes ideal skilled and brought
 To potent excellence of speech,
 Her words describe and aptly teach
 The immanence of art in things
 But common, though discernment brings
 Its evidences oft that bear
 Relationships to things more rare :
 And while she speaks, within her hand
 A pencil moves at art's command
 And traces fast in scheme and line
 The products of a gift divine.
 We walk and talk till, leaning near,
 We smile each other's hearts to cheer
 And urge, love's treasures lost and gone,
 To fate accept and still live on,
 In faith that soars above the ways
 Of passion fitful and all days
 Renews with everlasting peace,
 A gladness found, a grief's release.
 Thus thinking, living, loving, we
 Transition meet, and, as the sea
 Engulfs the hopes of shipwrecked souls,
 We part to seek uncertain goals,
 Each lost to each, and I revolve
 A mystery I never solve.

*When my fond heart would sing to thee,
 If thou but touch the chords and give
 The impulse glad, then, rhythmic, free,
 And sweet, the song exults to live
 And break, O thou precentor rare,
 With joy in some diviner air.*

Ah ! Now my transport grows intense !
Betimes a heart has recompense
Of longing, if it seek some phase
Of destiny within the blaze
Of firelight on the hearth. Reward
Dwells not alone in projects broad
And high in scope and eminence :
The barren bounds of time and sense
Dissolve before the thoughtless scheme
That by the fireside seeks a dream.
What do I see ? A flame presents
A richer glow, and scenes, events,
Transpire in rapid, circling change.
A face and form, both new and strange,
Objective by the arts of fire,
That to some grander end aspire,
Claim adoration, swift, complete,
As if creative effort feat
In some transcendent purpose gains
Its unresisted end—attains
Conception perfected of skill.
She woman is in fact and still
Embodies all the worth that proves
The wealth divine that now behooves
In one rare human soul to dwell.
Life gives her birth, and it is well,
For all her heart to love is lent,
And all her mind on truth is bent,
And all her steps in kindness bear
Some blessing, as her feet repair
To prison cell, to sickly bed,
To hungry board, to lift the head
And prop the heart in homeless home.
Content, rejoiced, is she to roam
Through all the avenues of pain,
That loss may reap diviner gain.
O wondrous woman ! How my heart
Ignores the past, its woe, its smart,
That she can smile on me, a friend,
And to my captive soul extend
The greeting known of spirits, keen
To read the sign for aye unseen
By eyes that stare without the veil !
O rarest one ! How quickly pale
The lights that glow when day is done !
A shade pursues the setting sun.

There is no space to talk and tell
 The heart's deep message. Sickness fell
 Usurps her being. Time flies on
 Its hasty course and she is gone.
 Yet, in her going, something goes
 To leave the heart forlorn that knows
 Diminished pride in time and scene,
 Though days are bright and earth is green,
 Though the rapt spirit yearns and thinks
 Some virtue dwells in her that links
 The lower to the higher spheres,
 A fond conception of the years.

*O I must wake again and sing,
 My heart it is a tuneful thing,
 For thou, sweet love, hast struck the key
 And stirred the soul of song in me,
 And hence my thoughts to music run,
 My song thy praise, thou darling one!*

The flames now leap, and flick, and burn
 To no fixed purpose seen, and turn
 From fact to fact, from scene to scene,
 Unstable—oscillate, I ween,
 Between alternate hints of thought
 To no persistent object brought.
 A face appears and fades away,
 A form comes forth but not to stay,
 A hand becks far and disappears,
 A voice speaks once, and then my ears
 Greet only silence. Zest is vain
 That in some firelit theme would gain
 Some magic skill by fate's decree,
 And prove the worth of dreams to me.
 What purpose rules the prospect bale?
 I see the end: the embers pale,
 The fire burns low, the flames abate,
 The day glides on, the hour is late,
 The curtain drops to hide the view,
 My dreams no more their arts renew;
 My fruitless moods reflective make
 A low complaint,—and thus I wake.

*I would that thou wert here with me
 To thought inspire;
 Then would a song awake for thee
 At love's desire;
 And, to my heart, poor silent thing,
 For thee earth, air, and sky would sing.*

"LOVE IN SEQUEL WORKS WITH FATE."

By Anna W. Young.

“**I** DID not think you cared,” Helen Meredith said coldly as she glanced into the dark, eager face of the man at her side. “I was only acting a part—*pour passer le temps*—and fancied you were doing the same. Had I known you were in earnest—”

“Hush!” Jack Hartridge interrupted hoarsely, “do not lie to me with your lips, as you have lied all these weeks with your eyes, the tones of your voice—leading me on into a fool’s paradise, until I gave my heart, my very life, into your keeping. Acting a part, God help me, when I believed you the incarnation of truth.”

The low, intense voice that carried such a tide of reproach from the trembling lips suddenly broke and Jack covered his face with his hands.

“How dare you speak to me so? You forget yourself,” Helen retorted haughtily, while a wave of color swept over her fair, cold face.

“Please remember, Mr. Hartridge, that I am in nowise responsible for the truant proclivities of your too susceptible heart, and spare me further recrimination. Really from your distraction of manner one might fancy you were on a mimic stage rehearsing high tragedy!”

The soft, contemptuous ripple of laughter that accompanied her mocking words stung Jack keenly; his face flushed and he sprang to his

feet, his eyes so ablaze with blended anger and reproach that, heartless woman though she was, Helen quailed before them.

For an instant Jack regarded her silently, then, as he gathered his nature within his grasp, he said slowly:

“I am on a stage, Miss Meredith, all the world’s a stage; but I am living my tragedy in all its bitter reality, not rehearsing it. There is one in almost every life, and I have fallen on mine suddenly and unsuspectingly. God forgive you for the rôle you are playing in it! Helen, Helen,” he broke out passionately, as again his nature slipped the leash of self-control, “I cannot, nay, will not believe you are in earnest. Tell me I am dreaming, else smitten with some strange midsummer madness from which I shall awaken to find you have given me the priceless boon I crave!”

He was on his knees again, clutching her jeweled hand with a grip of steel; an eager, imploring glance flashing from his dark, brilliant eyes.

They were on one of the balconies of the grand hotel at Ocean View, far removed from the spacious rooms and cool arcades where the bands discoursed sweet music, and divers types of the human face and form divine kept time to their bewitching strains.

Jack had coaxed Helen from the scene of revelry to this quiet nook, where only the sad sea waves, murmuring on the sands below, could hear his impassioned wooing.

They had met by chance some months before, and Jack's heart, that had been proof against the charms and seductions of many a better woman, succumbed at sight to the physical loveliness of this girl who had come so unexpectedly into his life.

Though accustomed to seeing men dazzled by her beauty, Miss Meredith was greatly flattered by his complete surrender to her power of fascination. Handsome, brilliant, and intellectual, with large experience, and genial courtesy and a certain witchery of speech and manner that charmed like the spell of an enchanter, Jack Hartridge constituted noble game which Helen Meredith's inordinate vanity constrained her to captivate. It would be such a triumph, she told herself, to add this man's name to her list of "singed moths," and, in so doing, defeat the hopes and efforts of the lesser Ruths, gleaned in the same fields of flirtation as herself.

Her pride and vanity were fully gratified when, at the close of the season, Jack's silent but devoted homage culminated in a passionate offer of marriage.

But there was one drop of gall in the spiced wine of life she was just then quaffing.

It had never occurred to her that this man, so calm and self-contained, would yield with such utter abandon to the power and tyranny of love; and she was conscious of a vague feeling of irritation and impatience

against him for being so terribly in earnest.

"Why can he not accept the inevitable without treating me to such a tempest of passion," she thought. "He is very handsome and a most gallant lover, and I like him very much; why can he not be sensible, too, and refrain from any extravagance that, in the days to come, will mar the memory of what has been a most delicious summer idyl?"

It was this reflection, mingling with the faintest flickering of remorse, that prompted her to say:

"Forgive me if I have pained you. Human love is not the growth of human will; though if I were sure I had a heart I might be tempted to test the truth of that assertion of Byron. As it is, I have grave doubts whether I possess such an organ. Something there is, of course, that throbs within me, supporting with its crimson currents the feverish dream of life, but that is all. So far, it has proved itself incapable of loving, and does not know the need of being loved. It may be, however, that that something is a heart after all," she went on, with a sudden change of tone and expression, "and is only asleep, waiting for the bugle call of the fairy prince to break its perfect repose. You are not the enchanted prince, Mr. Hartridge, and, once for all, I cannot go with you into that 'new world which is the old.' Hush! I know what you would say, but my decision is irrevocable. And, now, if you will give me your hand I shall return to the ball-room. The band has just struck up 'la Manola' and I promised the waltz to that most graceful of dancers, Colonel Blake."

The hauteur and indifference with

which she spoke maddened him. It was the supreme moment of his life, and, while he in his anguish was deaf to all sounds but her low voice pronouncing his doom, she sat regardless of his pain, listening for the first notes of a favorite waltz.

For love of how slight a creature had he staked his lifelong peace and content! He sprang to his feet, his face white with suppressed passion, and, with a superb gesture of contempt, lightly dashed aside the hand she extended to him.

"You are an accomplished actress, Miss Meredith, and I congratulate you on the success of your little play-flirting—shall we call it—undertaken, as you declare, to kill time and gratify, you should have added, your love for conquest of the genus homo. No," with a mocking bow as Helen attempted to rise from her chair, "you cannot go until you have heard all that I have to say to you. I shall not detain you many moments; I think," he added with a bitter laugh, "I can venture to assure you that before that precious waltz is in full blast I shall have finished and be ready to resign you to the expectant Colonel Blake."

He laid his hand upon her arm and looked long and earnestly into the cold, beautiful face; then, drawing a deep breath, he said slowly, with a curious deadened sound in his voice:

"The play is played, Miss Meredith; the lights are out and there is nothing left for us but to say good-by and go our separate ways. After to-night you will see me no more. Do not mistake my meaning; I have not the slightest intention of treating you to a sensation by cutting my throat

or otherwise ending my life, although, I confess, it has suddenly become utterly worthless. Before I met you it was full of sweet promise, aspiration, and content. But you have broken its even tenor, destroyed its sweetest dreams, its fairest hopes.

In the brilliant career which lies before you, as you go forth to conquer men's hearts and minds by the glamour of your beauty, bear this memory with you—it will be as sweetest unction to your conquering soul,—that you have utterly and wilfully spoiled the ground-work of my life; slain its best impulses, and shaken the deep faith I had in the truth and loyalty of woman. After to-night, I trust I shall never look upon your face again. In my distant home, in the routine of the work I shall pursue, I will endeavor to forget you; but a true love dies hard, even though it has been tricked and deceived, and not in many months, not in many coming years of bitterness, can that end be attained. Nay," he continued with a weary smile, "I believe that, like the poet's Jacqueline, you will never wholly leave me but be 'an evening thought, a morning dream, a silence in my life.'"

There was a curious thrill in his voice, and, in the pause that followed, Helen threw out her hand with a deprecating gesture, and suddenly bowed her head so low that he could not see the varied emotions her face reflected.

"And, now," he went on in the self-restrained tones in which he had spoken since his first passionate outbreak, "good-by and God bless you! Give me your hand, Helen. I have held it often before, give it to me

now in farewell." He caught her hand and held it closer than he knew.

"I have said some hard things to you, to-night, in my anguish. I shall not ask you to forgive now—that were scarce possible—but in the future, when the fairy prince has arrived on the wings of destiny, and your heart awakes at love's call, then you will recall this hour, and, in your joy, realizing all that I am suffering in losing you, forgive me."

"Forgive you! Never!" Helen cried, suddenly snatching her hand from Jack's and raising a very white face to his own. "I shall never forgive you for all the odious things you have said to me to-night. Why could you not be as other men and accept the inevitable without making me feel so unutterably miserable? I have only amused myself as hundreds of women amuse themselves every year! Do you suppose their little transactions in hearts bear such bitter fruit as has fallen to me? You charge me with ruining your life, its perfect repose, its sweet content! Do you know we are quits? That you have equally spoiled mine, taken the pleasure, the dalliance, the insouciance out of every thing for me?"

In her passion she had risen from her chair and stood before him with flashing eyes, and hands tightly clasped, as though striving to keep back some softer emotion threatening to overwhelm her. "I cannot go on in the old way," she continued, her voice thrilling with its passionate intensity, "remembering all you have said to me. Forgive you! No, but I shall hate you! I do hate you and I am glad you are going; glad I

shall never again see the man who has dared to arraign me, and whom I might have loved had I had a heart! And now let me pass. No, thanks. I do not need your arm, I shall not return to the ball-room. Colonel Blake must enjoy his waltz with some one else. You have spoiled it for me."

She gathered the sweeping train of her satin robe and passed him with the step of a princess; but Jack saw the ashen hue was still upon her face and that her hands trembled as if suddenly stricken with disease.

The best laid plans of men and mice aft gang alee. Jack Hart-ridge realized the truth of the old Scotch adage when, after a sleepless night, he saw the morning ushered in by all the ominous signs that betoken the storm king's approach. When the hour arrived that should have seen him sail on the southward bound steamer, the storm was raging with such violence that all craft, great and small, within the sheltering docks, kept their anchors cast, not caring to brave the maddened elements. Such a gale had seldom been experienced on that sea-girt shore, and many an old tar, accustomed to the dangers and terrors of the briny deep, shook his head forebodingly as he watched the fury of its course. The bay that only a few hours before had been so blue and placid was now a mass of black and turbulent water. The wind shrieked and roared in frenzied rage, and chanted its undertone of sorrow with a weird, uncanny sound; the rain fell in torrents and the lightning flashed sharp and keen; deafening peals of thunder shook the deep to

its foundations, while above the noise and roar of it all rose the sullen boom of the surf, as it broke on the beach.

The storm was at its height when there was a sudden break in the veil of mist and rain, and, through the clearance, a vessel was discerned aground on the treacherous sands that lay close beside the harbor bar; and from her dismantled masts streamed signals of distress.

Notwithstanding the violence of the gale a number of people had gathered on the beach; the brave fisher-folk and pilots on the look-out for in-coming craft; gentlemen from the hotel and private residences, with, here and there, a dotting of women who were anxiously watching for loved ones abroad on that mad sea.

No sooner was the vessel sighted than preparations for her rescue were begun. It was almost impossible for a boat to live in such turbulent waters, but the pilots and fishermen did not stop to count the dangers they should have to encounter in their efforts to rescue the stranded ship. Neither did the other men, refined and elegant in appearance—but bearing in their soft, fair hands the grip of steel tempered by the cool courage and resolute daring which are so pre-eminently the distinctive traits of true manhood.

As soon as Jack Hartridge saw that one of the boats was ready for launching he hastened to join the men commanding her.

"Let me give you a helping hand, my friends," he said, speaking as quietly as if it were a pleasure trip he proposed taking.

"It is an awful sea, sir," the pilot

answered, then stopped as his eyes ran over the tall, well-built figure, the calm dauntless face. "H 'll do," was the muttered comment; then he said aloud: "All right, sir, we need strong arms and brave hearts for the work before us."

It was early morning but the darkness of night had fallen over sea and land. The gale howled and roared and the waves seemed to hiss in derision as the men made several ineffectual attempts to launch the boat. At length, after a desperate, stubborn effort, the small craft struck the water, and, caught up by a huge billow, spun like a cork on its crest; then plunged deep into the trough of the sea and, finally rising to the top of another angry wave, suddenly darted through the foaming brine and came within reach of the men waiting to embark.

Then followed a struggle and buffet for dear life; and, for a time, it seemed inevitable that one and all on that frail boat would find an ocean grave.

As Jack Hartridge looked over the stormy waste of water he felt how slight were the chances for life; how strong those for death! "Would she care if I found oblivion in the coral caves of old Neptune?" he wondered, looking shoreward as if seeking through the darkness for one last glimpse for the woman he loved. "Would one regret escape her proud lips, one tear dim her glorious eyes?" Then he laughed aloud at what he termed his idiocy in supposing that even the shadow of regret would cross her face should they tell her he was dead.

Terrible as was the strain on the gallant boat, she battled bravely with

the waves, and, after several narrow escapes from being swamped, took matters, as it were, under her own control, and, steadying herself, darted like a thing of reckless life across the waters, stopping only to struggle with some tremendous swell, or change her course as the white-lipped, foaming furies of the sea gave warning of breakers ahead.

Among the men who risked their lives in behalf of the stranded vessel's crew none surpassed Jack Hart-ridge in reckless daring and successful effort. Wherever the sea lashed its waves in greatest fury there Jack made his way, disputing and despoiling the sea-god of his victims. Not until every shipwrecked man had been rescued and transferred to the life-boats, did Jack think of himself. He was standing on the ill-fated vessel alone, awaiting the approach of the boat and watching the others as they fought their way shoreward, when a tremendous wave struck the boat, beating it down into the black fathomless vortex that yawned to engulf it. The mad, boiling waves, as they rushed over the ship, swept Jack far beyond the scene of disaster, and a spar, caught up by the wild gale and hurled across the waters, struck him just as he, worn and exhausted by his efforts in behalf of others, was battling for his own life with the mighty billows. When one of the boats succeeded in reaching him he was to all appearance dead. A stream of blood oozed from his left temple, and his face was as white as if Death had already laid his icy hand upon him.

The day was drawing to its close when Jack awoke to consciousness and found himself lying in a fisher-

man's cottage. They had borne him there, the nearest house at hand, on landing, believing that life was almost if not quite extinct. All that medical skill could devise and warm, sympathetic hearts suggest was done to fan the feeble spark of life still glowing within the breast of the storm-beaten man. But for hours his life hung by a single thread. The bruises he had received were of a serious nature, and these, with his protracted unconsciousness, awoke grave fears amongst his friends.

The story of all he had dared and achieved that day had been told, again and again, by grateful hearts until the one topic of conversation in those island homes was Jack Hart-ridge's heroism. Many persons hastened to the cottage with offers of assistance; but the room in which he lay was small, and, on the plea of securing quiet and plenty of air for his patient, the physician succeeded in clearing the apartment and relegating the care of Jack to the fisherman's wife, a motherly soul, with plenty of common sense and experience in such cases as his.

When, at length, Jack awoke the storm had abated. The rain was no longer falling, but the lurid light shining in the west showed a stormy sky; the wind still shrieked in wild uproar, and the surf boomed deep and sullen on the beach below.

With Jack's new lease on life came the sharp sting of memory, and, as his mind reverted to the woman he loved and had lost, and he recalled how nearly he had escaped from the burden and conflict of a life that, he told himself, would be henceforth joyless, he almost wished he had met his death in the grasp of old ocean.

Through the danger and excitement of the day he had been haunted by the recollection of his last interview with Helen; and, when the waves swept him from the sinking bark, it was not of death he thought but of her, the siren, who had given him scorn for love; in that supreme moment her pale, cold, beautiful face was still before him, her name the last upon his lips. His nurse had left him on some hospitable thought intent, and as he lay alone musing on the past that held so much, and on the future so utterly empty, the shadows deepened and, yielding to the drowsiness creeping over him, he slept.

So still was he, with closed eyes and the marble hue of death upon his face, that no wonder Helen Meredith, standing on the threshold of his room, believed he had already fallen into the dreamless sleep.

She had come to him, through the storm and darkness, determined to make shipwreck of her pride and implore his forgiveness while she confessed that at last when she had heard of his deadly peril her heart had asserted itself and proclaimed him its prince. And now he was dead and would never know how deeply she repented the vanity and egotism that had prompted her to trifle with his noble heart. With a low cry she threw herself on her

knees beside his bed and broke into an agony of weeping.

"Dead! dead!" she sobbed, "and he will never know how well I love him! Jack! dear Jack! speak to me, if only to say you forgive." In the utter abandon of grief she yielded to a sudden impulse and laid her lips to his.

Had life's feverish dream indeed been waning for Jack Hartridge that voice and that touch would have stayed its course. Even as Helen spoke his eyes opened, doubt, amazement, flashing in their depths; then, as he grasped all the sweet assurance her words conveyed, a swift, sudden radiance shone on his face.

"Helen! Sweetheart! Is it really so?" he cried, his voice quivering with its hoarded love and passion—its surprised delight. "Can it be I have been dreaming; or has my darling after all been playing only a part?"

Tearful and full of self-scorn was the confession that Helen made; full and free the absolution Jack granted.

"And thus," he said, drawing the fair face down to his, "'love in sequel works with fate;' the charm that lay upon the heart of the enchanted princess is broken, and I have won my wife."

For answer she placed her hand in his, and so passed with him into that "new world which is the old."



THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

At Odiorne's Point, in Portsmouth, on Saturday, October 21, was unveiled a modest, yet substantial, granite memorial, on the site of the first white settlement in New Hampshire, made in May, 1623, the same having been erected through the efforts and under the auspices of the New Hampshire branch of the Colonial Dames of America, Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke of Manchester, president. Appropriate exercises were held in connection with the ceremony, and the following address was delivered by the Hon. Joseph B. Walker of Concord:

HUMAN society first existed in tribal organizations. These, in time, were consolidated into nationalities. Nationalities, first formed in the far East, moved westward. It is easy to trace their progress: Babylon, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, the empire of Rome, and the states of Europe. The star of empire, like the star of the Messiah, arose in the east and, with grandeur, moved westward.

This movement seems to have been arrested, for a time, at the western shore of the Atlantic, and it may surprise us, perhaps, that it delayed so long to cross this ocean. But it should not, for its progress was ever slow. There is a reach of 500 years from Cyrus to Augustus; of 800 from Augustus to Charlemagne, and from Charlemagne to William of Normandy nearly 500 more.

But, at length, in the great current of events, the advent of the sixteenth century brought to the eastern shore of North America nationality and civilization, before which aboriginal barbarism reluctantly withdrew. While the Indian retreat was a sad one, its story is not the one we are to rehearse to-day. We are here to

commemorate, rather, the advent of new institutions to a new world.

Some attempts at colonization along the Atlantic coast of what is now the United States had been made in the previous century, but with slight success. The Spaniards had founded St. Augustine, in Florida, as early as 1565. The French attempted a settlement at Port Royal, in 1562, and Sir Walter Raleigh another at Roanoke island, in 1585; but the first two were of slight account, and the inhabitants of the last were lost in the woods.

The first successful English settlement on the Atlantic coast was that of Jamestown, in Virginia, in 1607. The first upon that of New England was made by the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, in 1620. The first upon the coast of New Hampshire was made at Odiorne's Point, in the spring of 1623. It is with this that we are interested to-day.

The region about the mouth of the Piscataqua and the Isles of Shoals was quite well-known in France and England scores of years before 1623. The Brittany fishermen had, for a long time, made annual visits to it, and returned to their homes when

their fares had been completed. Martin Pring examined the country upon the river for some miles inland as early as 1603; Champlain was here two years afterwards, in 1605; Capt. John Smith sailed up and down the New England coast in 1614, and afterwards made a careful report of his explorations. But none of these made permanent settlements.

According to the latest authorities to which I have had access, on the 16th day of October, 1622, David Thomson, of Plymouth, in England, received from the council of New England a patent for six thousand acres of land and one island in New England. On the 14th day of December following (1622) he made a contract, which is still preserved, with these merchants of Plymouth in relation to the occupation and management of this territory.¹

In accordance with this, early in the spring of 1623, Thompson came to this country with a small body of men and began a settlement here at Odiorne's Point near Little Harbor. What induced him to locate at this particular spot I know not. Presumably it was on account of the fishing and trading facilities which it afforded. Here, he erected fish flakes and buildings for carrying on the business of fishing, trading, and the manufacture of salt. He remained here until 1626, when he removed to his island, before mentioned, in Boston harbor, where he died about two years later.

This was the first permanent English settlement upon the New Hamp-

shire coast. None of the structures erected by Thomson now remains. The site of a smith shop has been discovered, and that of a house, sometimes spoken of as "Mason's Manor House," has been approximately fixed. A spring may still be seen, and a very ancient burying-ground, which contains some forty very old appearing graves, marked by rough head and foot stones. Some of these may, possibly, be graves of Thomson's men.

As one looks down upon them, he is reminded of the startling figures of the mailed knights recumbent with crossed legs upon the pavement of the old Temple church in London. And he cannot refrain from asking them of the early fortunes of this ancient settlement, in which we all feel so deep an interest. But, unlike the lips of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," at Fall River, theirs are mute and give no answers.

It is by no means strange that so little remains of this ancient plantation, for its business ere long moved up the west shore of the river and established itself at Strawberry Bank, where, from this humble beginning, the grand old town of Portsmouth has arisen; always the commercial metropolis of New Hampshire, and for a hundred years its provincial capital.

Fit was it that the landing place of these pioneers should be suitably marked by a durable monument. Honor and thanks to the Colonial Dames of America in New Hampshire for their efforts of love and patriotism now crowned with such eminent success. Hail, and hail again, to the monument which you now unveil to dwellers upon sea and

¹ See Indenture of David Thomson with Abraham Colmer, Nicholas Sherwill, and Leonard Pomery, Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings, Vol. 14, p.

land, to mark the advent of civilization to this shore! Century after century may it firmly stand, and connect with a lengthening bond the receding past and the advancing future! For ages upon ages may the blush of earliest morning bathe it in rosy light and the last ray of sunset linger in benediction upon it!

The subject of marking this important spot was quite freely discussed some twenty-five years ago by parties interested in our early history. Mr. John Langdon Elwin, of Portsmouth, a gentleman well-known to many of you as a learned antiquarian and historian, was deeply interested in the project, and brought the matter to the attention of members of the New Hampshire Historical Society. If I am not mistaken, some letters in relation to it passed between him and the society's corresponding secretary, the late Dr. Bouton. Could these be found they might afford evidence of the noteworthy fact that Mr. Elwin's idea of the kind of monument most suitable for this purpose was similar to that adopted by the members of this honorable society,—a substantial granite shaft, with fractured surfaces, bear-

ing upon a polished panel a brief record of the event which it was reared to commemorate.

Hitherto, our Colonial history has received less attention than it has deserved. Latterly, however, the discovery and careful study of very many early authentic records have brought new facts to light. These, displayed upon the pages of such authors as Charles Deane, Parkman, John Fiske, and others, have rendered this part of our national story attractive.

It is to be hoped that as the early colonizations of the eastern border of our national domain become better known that the Colonial Dames of other states will emulate your example, and that, as a reward of your devotion, you may see such a line of monuments as you have this day dedicated extending along our whole Atlantic shore, from St. Croix to St. Augustine; monuments in memory of bold pioneers, whose successors, in less than three centuries, have created a nation, whose territory, reaching from ocean to ocean, embraces every clime, and where people are the peers of the noblest which time has yet produced.

THE ANTHEM.

By Samuel Hayt.

The wind, the giant harper,
Lay hold of his forest-harp;
He tried the trees with his fingers,
Lightly at first—then sharp

He twanged one strong "harmonic,"
To try if they were in tune,
And they bowed like sable courtiers,
In the light of the winter moon.

And then he played an anthem
That was heard from hill to sea—
Softly the topmost branches
Voiced his wild melody,

Then a loud diapason,
Full-toned, and round, and deep,
Like the sound of a mighty organ,
Rolled down the mountain-steep.

Again the trees he gathered,
And held them tense and strong,
Then set them free, and, rushing
The rocky slopes along,

The strange, weird chords resounded
Through all the frosty land,
As if some sky-born Wagner
Flung chaos from his hand ;

And the hamlets quaked with terror,
And the sea awoke with wrath,
And the beasts wailed in their caverns
Along the mountain path.

From hill to hill they echoed,
From hill to the distant main,
Till nature seemed all throbbing
With the pulse of the mad refrain.

And then the harper, laughing,
Gave o'er his wilder mood—
He played a soft andante
Through all the shuddering wood,

That stole out on the silence
With the sweet voice of a lute—
The "Amen" of the anthem—
Then all the air was mute.



LIFE.

By Frederick J. Allen.

Morning and noontime, night, and peace :
Across the years God's purpose falls,
And that which morning gave shall cease
Not while for strength the noontide calls,
Or while the silent-winged night
At evening time shall call for light.



DR. ELLIOTT COUES.

Elliott Coues, one of the most famous naturalists of his time, and the leading American ornithologist, who died at the Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, Md., December 25, was a native of Portsmouth, born September 9, 1842.

He was a son of Samuel Elliott Coues, a scientist and author of note, who removed with his family to Washington, D. C., in 1853, where the young man was educated at the Jesuit Seminary now known as Gonzaga College, and at the Columbian University, graduating from the academic department of the latter in 1861, and from the medical department in 1863. While still a medical student, in 1862, he entered the United States Army as medical cadet, and after service in one of the hospitals in Washington, was appointed as assistant surgeon in the United States Army, retaining that office until his resignation on November 17, 1881. His first post of duty was in Arizona, followed in 1866 by three years' service as post surgeon at Columbia, S. C. In both places he investigated the natural history of the region, and published various scientific papers.

In 1869 he was chosen professor of zoölogy and comparative anatomy at Norwich University, Vt. Later, in 1873, while on duty at Fort Randall, Dak., as post surgeon, he was appointed surgeon and naturalist of the United States Northern Boundary Commission, which surveyed the line along the 49th parallel from the

Lake of the Woods to the Rocky mountains, being engaged two years, after which he returned to Washington and prepared a report of his scientific operations. Subsequently he served as secretary and naturalist of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, under the late Dr. F. V. Hayden. He edited the publications of the Survey from 1876 to 1880, meanwhile conducting zoölogical explorations in the West, and publishing several volumes, including "Birds of the Northwest," "Fur-Bearing Animals," and "Birds of the Colorado Valley." At about this time he was ordered by the War Department to medical duty on the frontier. He soon returned to Washington and tendered his resignation, to continue his scientific work.

Dr. Coues was a member of most of the scientific societies of the United States, and of several of Europe. He was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1877, and was for some years the youngest academician. The same year saw his election to the chair of anatomy of the National Medical College in Washington, which position he retained for ten years. He was the first professor in Washington to teach human anatomy upon the broadest basis of morphology and upon the principle of evolution.

Dr. Coues became interested in the phenomena of spiritualism, and for some years he was an enthusiastic theosophist, a friend and coadjutor of Mme. Blavatsky, but later he lost his interest in theosophy. He was a believer in the main principles of evolution in the field of science, and proposed to use scientific methods to explain the obscure phenomena of hypnotism, telepathy, etc. He wrote a work called "Biogen: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life." In 1884, while visiting England, he became a member of the British Society of Psychical Research. After his return for several years he was employed as one of the experts on the Century Dictionary, having charge of the departments of biology, zoölogy, and comparative anatomy. The culmination of his prodigious activity was his editing the journals of Lewis and Clark, by which he was led to perform a like service for other classical works of exploration in our trans-Mississippi territory, and for kindred unpublished documents of great value and interest. He received the degree of A. M., M. D., and Ph. D., from Columbian University.

WILLIAM B. GALE.

William Boynton Gale, born in South Hampton, N. H., August 8, 1829, died in Boston, Mass., December 26, 1899.

Mr. Gale was the son of a prosperous carriage manufacturer doing business at Amesbury, Mass. He was educated mainly by private instructors; studied law at the Harvard Law School and with Pierce & Fowler of Concord, and was admitted to the bar in 1853, locating in practice, in July of that year, at Marlboro, Mass., where he had his home for twenty-five years, meanwhile establishing a reputation as one of the most successful practitioners at the Massachusetts bar, especially in the field of criminal jurisprudence, although it is said that he had no special fondness for that line of practice, but followed it from force of circumstances.

For twenty years past he was a resident of Boston, removing to that city as a matter of professional convenience, and having his home first at the Revere House

and later at the Vendome. During his career as a lawyer he was connected as counsel with more than twenty-five noted capital cases, and was seldom unsuccessful in the defence of a client. He had no superior in Massachusetts as a jury lawyer.

Although not without deep interest in political affairs, Mr. Gale never became a candidate for public office; but was grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Massachusetts, in 1875, and supreme representative in 1877. He was a warm admirer and close friend of the late Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, and delighting in travel, and especially in life upon the water, spent much time with the General upon the famous yacht *America*.

Mr. Gale lost his wife and only son by death some years since, and his only near surviving relative is a sister, Miss Louise Gale of Lawrence, Mass.

JOSEPH BARNARD.

Joseph Barnard, one of the best known agriculturists of the state, born in Hopkinton, November 11, 1817, died in that town December 26, 1899.

Mr. Barnard was a son of Joseph and Miriam (Eastman) Barnard, and a grandson of Joseph Barnard of Amesbury, Mass., who settled in Hopkinton in 1765, and cleared up the farm, which always remained in the family, upon which the deceased spent most of his life, and on which his father attained celebrity as a breeder of pure blood Saxony sheep, winning prizes for the same at the World's Fair in London, and at the New York Institute. He was associated with his father in breeding Guernsey cattle, they being among the first and most successful breeders in this line in the country. October 26, 1849, Mr. Barnard married Maria, daughter of Abial Gerrish of Boscawen. They had nine children of whom four survive, a son, George E. Barnard, now being the proprietor of the homestead from whose active management Mr. Barnard retired sometime since.

For many years Mr. Barnard was actively engaged in lumbering. In 1849 he was building agent of the Contoocook Valley Railroad, and was subsequently, for many years, a fire loss adjuster for the Northern and Boston & Maine roads. He was active in military matters in the old militia days and was enrolling officer for the Twentieth New Hampshire district during the War of the Rebellion.

He was a member of the Congregational church of Hopkinton, and a Republican in politics, but out of sympathy with his party for sometime previous to his death. He represented his town in the legislature in 1870 and 1871, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1889. He was a charter member of Union Grange, P. of H., of Hopkinton, and remained in active membership until the infirmities of age induced withdrawal. He had long been an interesting contributor to the press upon agricultural and forestry topics.

WILLIAM F. HEAD.

William F. Head, son of Colonel John and Anna (Brown) Head, born in Hooksett, September 25, 1832, died in that town December 1899.

Mr. Head was a younger brother of the late Governor Natt Head, and was the lifelong associate of the latter in business as a farmer and brickmaker, the opera-

tions of the firm in the latter direction being very extensive. He was a Republican in politics, but not particularly active in political affairs, devoting his attention quite strictly to business. He served two years as a member of the Hooksett board of selectmen, was a representative in the legislature in 1869 and 1870, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1876. He was also a director of the First National bank of Manchester and of the Suncook Valley Railroad. He was a prominent Mason, having joined Eureka Lodge of Concord in 1863; was a charter member of Jewell Lodge of Suncook, and a member of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, of Manchester.

November 4, 1853, Mr. Head married Sally Gault Sargent of Allenstown, who survives him with one son, Eugene S. Head, and one daughter, Sally.

JAMES P. WHITTLE, M. D.

James Peterson Whittle was born in Weare, September 26, 1836, and died in the same town December 29, 1899.

He received his early education in the common schools of his native town, part of the time under the instruction of Moses C. Cartland. He graduated from the Castleton Vermont Medical College in 1859; practised at Hillsborough Bridge and Manchester five years, when he returned to Weare and entered partnership with his uncle, Dr. James Peterson, and since the death of the latter, in 1870, has been the only homeopathic physician in Weare. He was a Chapter Mason, a member of the I. O. O. F. and several other similar organizations, and represented his town in the legislature in 1881 and 1882.

He was a man of most generous impulses and kindly disposition, and leaves a wide circle of friends.

He is survived by four daughters and three grandchildren, also by one sister, Mary P., widow of the late Joseph Prescott of Concord, and a brother, J. William, who also resides in Weare.

CHARLES W. BALDWIN.

Charles W. Baldwin, sheriff of the county of Belknap, died at his residence in Laconia, December 13, 1899.

Mr. Baldwin was a native of Hillsborough, born April 3, 1838, but removed to Laconia, then Meredith Bridge, when a boy. During the Rebellion he served in the Illinois cavalry and artillery throughout the entire war, and was a member of John L. Perley Post, G. A. R., of Laconia. Politically he was an earnest Republican, and had served as supervisor under the town government in Laconia, and subsequently as ward supervisor and selectman. He was chosen sheriff of the county at the last election, and assumed his office last April. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

HON. LEONARD P. REYNOLDS.

Leonard P. Reynolds, a prominent citizen and active Democrat of Manchester, died in that city December 20.

Mr. Reynolds was a son of Peter and Mary Reynolds of New Boston, born

September 12, 1852. When he was about eleven years of age his parents removed to Manchester, where after attending school for a time he learned the carpenter's trade with Alpheus Gay. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile business, and was for the last fifteen years of his life in the tobacco trade.

He was actively interested in politics, as a Democrat, from youth; served repeatedly in both branches of the Manchester city government, also in the state house of representatives, and one term in the state senate. He was also at one time street commissioner in Manchester, and for many years a member of the Democratic State Committee.

EMMA A. TWITCHELL.

Emma A., wife of Gen. A. S. Twitchell of Gorham, died at her home on Prospect Terrace in that town, December 14, 1899, after an illness of two weeks, from pneumonia followed by paralysis.

Mrs. Twitchell was the daughter of Parker and Persis C. Howland of Franconia, born April 7, 1848. The family removed to Littleton soon after her birth, and to Gorham when she was seven years of age, where she ever after had her home, uniting in marriage with General Twitchell, May 7, 1868. She was the mother of two children, a son who died in May, 1883, at the age of eight years, and a daughter, Rita May, born May 16, 1889, who survives. Mrs. Twitchell was strongly domestic in her tastes and inclinations, and her home and family held the first place in her heart; but a wide circle of friends and acquaintances mourn her departure. One brother, Ora P. Howland of Gorham, as well as her bereaved husband and daughter, survives her.

DEA. JOHN B. FLANDERS.

John B. Flanders, for forty-five years past a deacon of the First Baptist church of Concord, died November 28, 1899.

Deacon Flanders was a native of Peterborough, born November 8, 1824. He had been an employee of the Abbot-Downing Company of Concord since 1850: was a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Concord, was a member of the Concord common council in 1860, and a representative in the legislature in 1879.



MRS. LUCIA MEAD PRIEST.

President of the Manchester Federation of Women's Clubs.

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THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF MANCHESTER.

By Mertie Alice Emerson, B. A.

UPON the summit of yonder distant hill methinks I see a maiden, standing in statuesque dignity, her face and figure illumined by the mellow light which the glory of the departing sun sheds upon her. See her as she turns her eyes to the horizon where the radiant orb still lingers, unwilling to lose sight of the beautiful vision. Behind her lies a long and devious pathway, stretching down through the dim vista of the past and lighted here and there with some beacon light of achievement which has helped her to trace her course, until, at last, she has gained the eminence from which she can look back upon the scenes of her labor and her care. Before her lies another stretch of country, transformed now by the shafts of light, but here the pathway grows less and less distinct, until it, too, is finally lost in the mists of uncertainty. The present only seems real to this solitary maiden, yet, as she meditates, the varying emotions which are registered upon her facile countenance are

indicative of the changing scenes which she has witnessed. You ask me who she is—this royal princess, who, from her lofty station, looks down upon the vacillating fortunes of struggling humanity? Her name is History, and the crest of the hill upon which she stands is the boundary line between the old and the new. The last faint glimmers of the light of a receding century bathe her with their parting beams.

But what sees she, as with the glance of retrospection she scans the broad and varied country at her feet? On the very horizon she sees confusion, and hears the faint echoes of the stirring scenes of the French Revolution. She sees mothers and daughters employed from morn till eve in their household duties. She sees them as they manufacture all the materials for clothing, brave and uncomplaining at their narrow lot. Without social life, with few opportunities for travel or learning, with only an occasional visit to the nearest centres of civilization, with hardly any books, the women lived, happy

in their privileges as home-makers. As the glance travels nearer the point of observation the pathway widens, the opportunities for culture increase. Science makes phenomenal discoveries, new avenues for labor are opened, woman finds herself coming to be recognized as a factor in not only social but intellectual and economic life, until, at length, she stands in the unassailable position which she holds to-day.

If such is the general record which the genius of History makes of the advancing years, the historian of a single line of progress finds the trend of events to be little different. Especially is this true in the realm of women's clubs which have now become prominent features of city and country life. New Hampshire is not behind in these matters, and has a large number of active and progressive clubs which are each year adding to the culture of the state. In point of numbers Manchester leads the list, having nineteen clubs connected with the Federation, beside many other clubs with varying objects, which have not affiliated themselves with the organized body.

THE MANCHESTER FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

is a nucleus around which the broader interests and activities of the individual clubs have gathered. It owes its inception to the lofty ambitions and broad sympathies of many prominent ladies in the city, having been organized chiefly through the initiative of the Manchester Shakespeare club, that brilliant star which gleamed so long in solitary beauty in the dawn of club life, while under the presidency of Mrs. Lydia A. Scott.



Mrs. Lydia A. Scott.

*Past President of the Shakespeare Club,
and Projector of the Federation.*

Formally organized in 1895, for two years it was under the able direction of Mrs. Melusina Varick. In 1895 it was federated and has gone on increasing in strength and numbers until to-day there are 350 ladies enrolled upon its books. Mrs. Varick was succeeded by Mrs. Olive Rand Clarke, who performed the various duties devolving upon her with care and satisfaction, thereby winning for herself the gratitude of the members. Mrs. Lucia Mead Priest, the present incumbent, is now serving her second term in the capacity of president. Through her earnest and persevering efforts the affairs of the Federation have been administered in an economical and business-like way, and the organization has become a powerful factor in elevating the standards of taste in the city.

Although not formed until after the organization of many of the clubs, it

has gained support from them and has brought great advantages with it. Its object is broadly altruistic and not selfish as some may be led to suppose. Its transcendent aim is to bring to the women connected with it, and to the community at large, educational advantages accruing from concerts and lectures which otherwise would be beyond their reach. Through the lectures, which embrace all the departments of hu-

ers, and broadly educated men and women, authorities in their respective departments, bring to their hearers, and thus to the community, new ideas otherwise unattainable. In saying this has been the effect, one does not simply philosophize, for tangible results have already been attained. The progress has, of course, been gradual, since such ends cannot be immediately attained.

" We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round."

It has been the custom for the Federation to hold its meetings on the third Thursday in each month, lectures and concerts not being confined to these evenings. The policy of those in authority has always been to keep the membership fee as low as possible, so that no aspiring mind should be denied the privilege of culture because unable to pay the



Mrs. Susie E. Hadcock.

Recording Secretary of the Federation.

man thought, the mind is broadened and the horizon enlarged. Science, literature, art, music, and sociology all find a place upon its programmes. Such names as those of Prof. William F. Ward, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, the scientist, Prof. Carleton Black of literary fame, Alice Freeman Palmer, F. Hopkinson Smith, Margaret Deland, the Adamowskis, the Dannreuther Quartette, are exponents of liberal and advanced research in the arts and sciences. These deep think-



Miss Minnie E. Putney.

Treasurer of the Federation.

price of attaining it. Their motto might well be "The greatest good to the greatest number." Since this is true, the Federation has been somewhat hampered in its philanthropic work by lack of funds. This year, however, no such obstacle was allowed to bar the path of progress, for the ladies, with a spirit born of firm determination, scaled the barriers of difficulty and carried their plans to a successful fruition.

Recognizing the fact that the hope of a nation lies in its youth, the ladies conceived the idea of providing an environment of culture and refinement, where the child mind would be free to imbibe the elevating thoughts and influences which come from the contemplation of beautiful pictures and the companionship of good books. With this end in view they planned a chicken-pie supper, which, although it entailed almost Herculean effort, ended in one grand success. Fully 900 were served, and the \$245 realized, together with additional donations from friends, will be used for fitting up a reading-room for children in the city library, where they may have free access to the books, and may feel that the place is theirs for use.

Such is the record of the Federation. Its history is one of evolution; the future, undoubtedly, has great things in store for it. Devoid of the spirit of self-aggrandizement, it works quietly and unboastingly to undermine the base and strengthen the pure and noble in human life. Perseverance has accomplished wonders in the past, and the record of the future will be no lower one. The goal is far away, but energy and patience are bringing it nearer, and the hope

shines brightly as the morning star that the time is not far distant when this unassuming leaven shall have completed its work and a higher standard of taste and appreciation will be established throughout the city.

As the whole is the sum of all its parts, so the Federation is made up of individual clubs, which are organized units. These have a long and varied history, reaching over a period of twenty-seven years, and the record is one of which each has reason to feel proud, as he who reads the following will realize.

No poet is more revered and has more devotees bowing in adoration before his shrine than the immortal Shakespeare, the bard of Avon, who has created for us a new world with elves and fairies, men and women, kings and queens, all in delightful companionship. Search where you will it would not be easy to find a company of ladies more devoted in their reading and their study of this genius than those who compose the

MANCHESTER SHAKESPEARE CLUB, that morning star which heralded the rising dawn of club life. It was organized in 1873, and its inception was the informal meeting of six ladies,—Mrs. Sarah S. Reynolds, Mrs. Lizzie B. James, Mrs. Hannah Lewis, Mrs. Ellen Ham, Mrs. Nellie M. Blonquist, and Mrs. Etta F. Shepherd, who banded themselves together for elocutionary study under the direction of Mrs. Irene Huse. Early, through the influence of their teacher, the attention of these ladies was directed to Shakespeare, and from that time on he has been the



Miss Sarah J. Green.

President of the Shakespeare Club.

centre of their work. Six years after this little coterie came together they joined to themselves six other kindred spirits and formed a regular organization under the present name. The membership has now increased to twenty-five, and Miss Sarah J. Green holds the office of president which Mrs. Lydia A. Scott held for many years with much credit to herself and to the club. The literary director, who so ably arranges all the programmes, is Miss Elizabeth McDougal, who has also been connected with the club for many years. The ladies have labored long and well upon their favorite study, not only reading, but analyzing and considering intensively the most minute details. Yet they find opportunities for other things, for it was this club which took the initial step toward forming the City Federation. They have also given a set of the Rolfe "Shakespeare" to the Manchester

high school in honor of one of their members, Mrs. Elizabeth H. A. Wallace, who was the first graduate of that institution.

Each year the club holds an outing and banquet at some chosen place, and the toasts which are there offered are worthy to come from ladies who have spent long years in study of the great master of English dramatic poetry. Year by year the members go on delving more deeply into Shakespearean lore, and furnishing their minds with the philosophy and the expression which have a perennial richness. The first ladies' club to be organized in the state, this organization bears its honor with humility, and earnestly, yet quietly, seeks to do its part toward lifting humanity from the valley of ignorance to the high plane of intellectual literary appreciation, where

"The eye sees the world as one grand plain
And one boundless reach of sky."



Miss Elizabeth McDougal.

Literary Director of the Shakespeare Club.

THE REVIEW

is one of the clubs which is purely literary in character. Its primal organization was accomplished in 1887, and since that time the twenty members have devoted their leisure to the study of history, literature, and authors. Beginning with the pioneers in these various lines, the study has been carried through successive sea-

club meets Thursday evenings, and is at present led by the president, Miss Minnie E. Littlefield.

This is the ninth year which the members of the

MANCHESTER MUSICAL CLUB

have spent in the congenial study of the lives and achievements of the masters of harmony, who have made the world richer and better through



Miss Minnie E. Littlefield.

President of the Review Club.



Miss Bessie M. Christophe.

President of the Manchester Musical Club.

sons according to its natural development. The speed has not been regular, however, for during two winters the members lingered, that they might study the lives and fortunes of the immortal characters who live eternally upon the pages of Shakespeare's dramas. This year the time has been devoted to French literature and history, and the papers presented show that it is no superficial study which the members put upon the subjects assigned to them. The

their earnest efforts. The object of this club, which was organized October 28, 1891, is "improvement on musical matters, and a more thorough knowledge of musical history, as well as a consideration of national music and current events." All kinds of music come into the course, one or more evenings being devoted to each. As far as possible illustrations of both the vocal and the instrumental music studied are given by the members. The fact that the

club has continued its earnest work through the successive years shows that the members, all of whom are musicians of some note, realize the value of broader and more general study, and the results attained show that the time has not been misspent. Miss Bessie Christophe is president of the organization.

CURRENT EVENTS

is no misnomer in the case of the club of that name which first met as an organized body in 1892, under the presidency of Mrs. Evelyn French Johnson. With a membership limited to fifteen, the ladies have taken up the study of the current topics of the day and their relation to the history of the world. One meeting in each month is devoted to the reading and careful study of one of Shakespeare's plays, the other meetings being occupied with papers on various subjects. From time to time in the course of its existence the club has given musicals, and each year they give a reception to their gentlemen friends. The present president is Mrs. Elizabeth S. Sawyer, and the work is thoroughly and conscientiously done. When the social side is allowed prominence it proves all the more enjoyable for the labor which has gone before.

THE OUTLOOK CLUB

is now enjoying the seventh year of its existence, a period of time which has been marked by individual and collective development, as well as one which is rich in pleasant memories. The first president was Miss Martha Hubbard, while the club was first started by Mrs. Frank Forsaith. It was originally designed as a neigh-

borhood social reading club, but after a short trial it was found that the best work could not be done unless there was organization. Accordingly the ladies met for that purpose in 1893, and since that time have striven to realize the ideal of a more complete knowledge of the ruling topics of the day as well as the training of the mind through discussion, and the attainment of a vision of the practi-



Miss Martha Hubbard

*Corresponding Secretary of the Federation.
First President of the Outlook Club.*

cal life of humanity. This club was one of the charter members of the Manchester City and the New Hampshire State Federation, and has always been among the foremost in the rank and quality of its work. During the early years of its existence much time was given to parliamentary drill, and through this medium the efficiency of the members as presiding officers was greatly increased. A distinguishing feature of the programme is the assignment of some

foreign country to each member at the beginning of the club year, the politics and events in which that member is to follow up throughout the year, and report on the same at specified times to the club. There is usually one paper upon some general topic at each meeting, with shorter discussions of minor questions. The membership is limited to fifteen ladies who are banded together by a common interest and who seek the highest good of society at all times under the leadership of the president, Miss Nancy N. Bunton.

"Art is the outward expression of the good, the true, and the beautiful, the crown of ethics and esthetics," says one, and this might well be stated as the noble conception which has filled the minds of the members of the

HISTORIC ART CLUB

and prompted them to the many deeds of love which they have performed. Organized in 1895 and federated the same year, the fifty ladies who composed it set about arranging a course of study in historic art. They began with the Italian artists, and then followed those of the Dutch, Flemish, German, and Spanish schools. The paintings, statuary, and architecture of Florence and Venice were the subjects of extended study. Then they went back to the genesis of art, taking up that of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. Viewed collectively the course has covered the whole history of art from its earliest forms as manifested in the Egyptian pyramids and temples to the masterpieces of contemporary geniuses.

The club has not confined itself, however, to wholly original work,

but has called speakers of much renown, authorities in their departments, to lecture before it. Among those who have appeared are Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. Fred Hovey Allen, who has lectured three times; Prof. William G. Ward of the Emerson School of Oratory, who has appeared twice; Prof. Henry T. Bailey, supervisor of drawing in the state of Massachusetts, twice; Prof. J. F. Hopkins, supervisor of drawing for Boston, twice; Miss Annie Ryder of Medford, Mass., twice; Dr. Winslow of the Society of Egyptology; Mr. Leonard Freeman Burbank of Nashua, and Mr. Ross Turner. The club has also furnished two lectures for the Federation.

Before mentioning the achievements of the club along philanthropic lines, it may be well to note that it was organized as a result of five courses of art lectures which were given by Miss Deristhe L. Hoyt. The interest of the ladies was so aroused by these talks that fifty of them signified their desire to continue the study begun under such pleasant circumstances. Accordingly the club became an organized body.

Three years ago, through indefatigable effort, they were enabled to hold an art exhibition in the city similar to the Allston exhibit in Boston. The pictures contained in the same were from the leading dealers in Boston and Manchester and were suitable for the decoration of public school buildings and hospitals. It was at the time when schoolroom decoration was just beginning to be agitated, and many of the pictures were sold to the schools. The exhibit included, beside pictures, some

beautiful casts, most of which were quickly disposed of. The sum of sixty-five dollars was cleared at this time, and that was expended in buying mural decorations for the new High School building, and for the training school. In addition, the High school was presented by the club with a pedestal to hold a statuette previously donated to it. The Historic-Art club appropriated twenty dollars to which the other clubs added sixty dollars, and this money was used in buying pictures for the lower grade schools. Last spring two pictures were given to the schools.

All this has been effective, not only in beautifying the schoolrooms, but in giving an incentive to the schools to do for themselves. The club's work has been far-reaching in its influence, and the study and the discussion has tended to elevate the taste and enhance the appreciation of esthetic and artistic productions. The efficient president of the club is Miss Jennie Young, who was one of the prime movers in its organization, and whose interest in it has never faltered. The club has now in its possession a collection of four hundred photographs of famous pictures, which are employed for illustration or decoration.

December 10, 1895, is the birthday of the

ADVANCE CLUB,

and now, after its four years of growth, it has developed into a lusty child, increasing constantly in wisdom and knowledge, and from week to week adding to its store of facts with regard to literature, for this, too, is of a purely literary character. The membership is limited to twenty-

five, and the list is always full. The first three years of its existence were spent in the study of American literature, but this year the programme has been changed to a consideration of English literature. Current topics are discussed, and occasionally a paper on some scientific subject is presented, or one on music or art. In rehearsing its work may not seem very much, but in reality great good



Mrs. Jessie P. Wallace.

President of the Advance Club.

has been accomplished in the training and development of the members. Each year the club makes a pilgrimage to some place renowned in history, or made famous in literature, and thus socially ends the season's work. The president of the club is Mrs. Jessie P. Wallace.

THE NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB

stands unsurpassed in its department, which is indicated by the name. Organized March 12, 1895, it was simply

a number of ladies banded together under the tutelary care of Mrs. A. O. Brown for the special study of botany. With the inspiration which comes from united effort, however, the members determined to investigate more carefully the mysteries of life and growth which lie wrapped up in the common manifestations of Nature. Filled with this spirit they devoted one day in two weeks to the results attained from research and observation, the same being embodied in papers. In the interval between the meetings the members, either singly or in parties, roamed through fields and woods collecting specimens for preservation and for

est heralds of spring to the last out-
rider of the retreating winter, the
senses have been acute to hear the
sweet and mellow notes and watch
the changing colors of the inhabi-
tants of the air.

Forestry has not been excluded from the course of instruction, since last year and this one also, a special study has been made of trees, the aim of the members being to familiarize themselves with the leaves and bark, together with the distinguishing features of all our common native trees.

All the study which has been put upon these subjects is not of a mere desultory and haphazard kind, but rather is it true scientific research. The club has accumulated a large number of mounted specimens which are used in illustration, and later form the basis of a memory test, the modern club equivalent for the "examination" of school-day life. The president, Mrs. Clara E. Williams, and the members are thoroughly interested in the subject of science and nature study, and they are constantly giving out to those about them inspiration and influence, which will silently yet truly do its work, until many more shall come to peer into the secrets of Nature and reflect upon her marvelous work.

It is not to the bleak and rugged coast of Massachusetts that we must go to trace the history of



Mrs. Clara E. Williams.

President of the Natural Science Club.

study. It was not to botany, however, that the ladies devoted all their energies. The feathered songsters of wood and street were too important to be passed over, and this is the third season that, from the earli-

neither do we need to revert to the trying days of 1620, for these nineteenth century Pilgrims date their common history from January 25, 1896, when they met together and organized themselves into a club of twelve,

THE PILGRIMS,

of which Miss Kate M. Gooden is now president. Since that time they have met each week from October to May and studied questions of universal interest. For three years they took up American literature and the



Miss Kate M. Gooden.

President of The Pilgrims.

history up to Lincoln's administration. Last year English history was the basis of study, and such literary works as came in connection with it were taken up. The programme this year is a miscellaneous one and gathers up the threads left loose in previous years. The chief feature of the meetings is the prepared papers, but current topics and quotations fill less conspicuous places.

Aside from the regular work the club has had the pleasure of listening to two lectures of much interest. Both were illustrated and were delivered by Mr. J. Trask Plummer, one being the description of a trip through Holland. Each year the

members have one elaborate banquet, while at intervals during the winter there are socials of various kinds. One year the club gave a sum of money to a family to provide Christmas gifts for a large number of children, and some donations have been made of pictures for school decoration.

Surely the Pilgrims were prophets when they chose their motto from Holmes, or else the spirit of it has so taken possession of them that the ideal seems easy of attainment, for they obey the teachings of their chosen watchword, "Let us row, not drift nor lie at anchor."

Varied, indeed, has been the work which has called forth the intellectual power of the members of the

BIOGRAPHICAL CLUB,

another of Manchester's clubs whose aims and plans are embodied in its name. Since its organization, in 1896, most of the time has been given up to the study of biography. This has not excluded many closely allied branches of research, however, for the members aim at breadth as well as intensity of study. American history, back to the time of the Puritans, has been very interesting, since it has been taken up not as a mere aggregation of facts, but rather as a living reality, revealed through the personality of statesmen. In the same way the political events of foreign countries have been viewed through the medium of the great statesmen like Bismarck and Gladstone. The consideration of the past has not been allowed to crowd out the events of the present, however, for at each meeting the topics of the day are reviewed carefully and in-



Mrs. Lilla C. Riley

President of the Biographical Club.

telligently. Quotations from the authors studied are selected and memorized, and each literary programme is varied by the introduction of music and recitations. Music has not been excluded from the course of study, for prominent composers have been subjects of consideration. During the first years parliamentary drill occupied a prominent place in each meeting, and by its introduction the members were trained in all that pertains to parliamentary procedure. The critical powers of the ladies have been employed in book reviews of well-known or new books. One unique feature of the work is the custom of having the members, to each of whom is assigned a day, tell what important events of former years have occurred on the days in the interval between the club meetings.

Although the club has not done any work outside of itself, yet by

self-culture it has helped to throw out a nobler influence in its environment. The ladies, with Mrs. Lilla C. Riley as president, are looking forward next year to a winter spent in the company of historians, that thereby the past may live again with a new meaning.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB

is a band of fifteen young women, with Miss Gertrude E. Burnham as



Miss Gertrude E. Burnham.

President of the Nineteenth Century Club.

president, who have organized themselves into a club whose object is the social and mental improvement of its members. The first meeting of the club was held January 28, 1896, and since that time all its energy has been spent in approximating the ideal set forth in its constitution. The first year the study was chiefly upon foreign countries, but in the second the emphasis was placed upon United States history. This formed a working basis for the next two seasons' study which was devoted to American literature of the present

day. This year they have gone back to early English literature, taking it in its natural sequence. Current events are a feature of each meeting preceding the papers, and after those are read the subjects are discussed by the club at large. In April, 1898, the club gave two dramatic productions, "A Fair Encounter" and "Place aux Dames." To close the year the members hold a field day, so-called, when they leave the city far behind them and seek quiet and rest in the shade of some friendly retired country nook.

THE XIV CLUB,

as its name signifies, is composed of fourteen members on whom their accepted constitution lays the duty of individual improvement "in literature and in the vital interests of the day." The club was founded in 1896 and federated in 1899, the first

president being Mrs. Lizzie J. Brown, while the present chief officer is Mrs. Evelyn M. Cox. During the earlier months parliamentary drill was a prominent feature, and debates on vital questions added zest to the meetings. Science, religion, foreign and domestic politics, have all been subjects of research, as have been industrial, economic, and educational problems. Psychology and philanthropy have not been omitted, and current topics are discussed at each meeting. In addition to this broad range the members have made a careful study of English history and literature. Each one is supposed to have something of interest to give out at each meeting, and thereby a spirit of mutual helpfulness is generated.

Another of the clubs of later organization is

THE DELFAN CLUB,

which started out in 1896 with the avowed purpose of gaining familiarity with the life and works of the prominent American authors. At each meeting this plan has been carried out, and from time to time new features have been added. Some of the members have been called upon to write critiques of books, and all have had the privilege of preparing special papers. Current events have furnished a topic for informal discussion at each meeting, and this winter the members are carefully studying the history of New Hampshire. Outside of the purely literary and intellectual lines of work some time has been devoted to social life. Each year the members have held a "gentleman's night," and at the close of the season's work, a field day.



Mrs. Evelyn M. Cox.
President of the XIV Club.

These have relieved the monotony of the deep study and careful thought which have broadened and cultivated the lives and tastes of the members. Mrs. Josephine Oxford is president of this enterprising club.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE AUDUBON
SOCIETY

was organized at Manchester, April 6, 1897, with Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke,



Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke.

President of the New Hampshire Audubon Society.

the founder, as president, and Mrs. F. W. Batchelder as secretary.

The first work of the society was to cause sections of the game laws relating to bird protection to be posted in conspicuous places. Then followed the circulation of its own and other suitable leaflets, the extension of influence by the formation of branch societies throughout the state, and the securing of the coöperation of women's clubs, many of which have given an afternoon to papers

and discussions on the work of the society from material furnished by the secretary.

Recognizing the paramount importance of work which should influence the young, the society early prepared an "Outline of Bird Study" for use in the public schools. This has been adopted by the school committees of Manchester and other cities and towns with excellent results. A Junior Audubon Society, formed the first year, has held two annual meetings in which great interest was manifested. A stereopticon lecture was given the second year, the slides used, which are the property of the society, being representative of birds, their nests and haunts. A small circulating library of bird books has been instituted for the use of such schools as are not in condition to purchase them. Special efforts have been made to increase the circulation of *Bird Love*, a most excellent bi-monthly magazine edited by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist, and which is the official organ of the Audubon societies. Prang's colored "Bird Chart" has been largely introduced into the schools of the state.

In the spring of 1899 prizes were offered to the school children of New Hampshire for the best compositions on birds. The results have been very satisfactory. Lectures have been given under the auspices of the society by Mrs. Orinda Hornbrooke, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Miss Edith Barnes, and Miss Harriet E. Richards, secretary of the Massachusetts society. Through the personal efforts of the president a course of lectures was inaugurated, the proceeds of which were devoted to the

payment of the above-mentioned prizes.

Another club of young ladies devoted to literary studies was formed in September of 1898, and is called the

FORTNIGHTLY CLUB,

from the time of occurrence of its meetings. Here topics of present day interest are reviewed, while the first meeting in the month each member gives a review of the current issue of some magazine which was assigned to her at the beginning of the season. Papers are prepared upon the life and works of present day American authors, and the meetings prove of much interest. The president of the club is Miss Emma J. Coaker and the secretary, Miss Emma B. Abbott.

In November, 1898, another link was added to the fast lengthening chain of club life, and this took the name of the

NEW CENTURY.

Its object is the study and discussion of timely topics, the work being along the line of current events. Papers have been prepared upon new inventions, new methods, and new industries, together with other up-to-date subjects. A pleasing feature of the meetings is the custom of opening with a quotation from each member of what has especially impressed her in her general reading during the interval between the meetings. This results in the presentation of many new and bright ideas which are often of use later. Although the club is composed of ladies, each member is privileged to invite one gentleman associate member who may contribute a paper to the general pro-

gramme or may talk upon some special subject, yet he is not allowed to vote, hold office, or pay dues. Some very entertaining and instructive talks have been given by the gentlemen, one being on the "History of the Transvaal Question and Dissertation upon the Ethical and Commercial Value of English Domination in the Transvaal." The talks and papers are always followed



Mrs. E. N. Blair.

President of the New Century Club.

by a lively discussion in which all join. The club is fortunate in having for its president Mrs. Eliza Nelson Blair, who is also a member of the Educational committee of the General Federation, and although one of the younger clubs, it ranks high in the value and quality of its work.

"The better acquaintance, the promotion of good fellowship and the mutual improvement of the graduated nurses of Manchester" is the defined object of the

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE CLUB,

whose membership is limited to trained nurses regularly graduated and in good standing. The club meets once each month and devotes the evening to a literary programme. The first meetings were held last spring when the life and noble works of Florence Nightingale, that angel of mercy to the wounded heroes, were studied and discussed. Another meeting was devoted to the Philippine islands. With the opening of the autumn the regular programme was arranged and embraces a varied assortment of subjects. The Red Cross and Clara Barton's work have been examined; several evenings have been spent in hearing about Paris and the Exposition. Victor Hugo, Chopin, and Napoleon are supplemented by scientific subjects and those relating to the profession. During the winter the club will be privileged to hear two lectures. The nature of the duties of the members precludes the possibility of frequent meetings, but the ladies connected with it are striving earnestly to increase their efficiency by broadening the mind and storing it with useful information.

One of the youngest clubs in the city is the

UNITY CLUB,

with Miss Caroline E. Head as president. This organization has been in existence only since October, and so has not yet had time to demonstrate what it will be able to accomplish. Its plan of study this winter embraces the historic development of English literature from the pre-Chaucerian era to the time of Milton and

Dryden, and the work will be carried out chiefly by papers. The outlook for the future is promising, and undoubtedly the promise will meet its fulfilment in the days to come.

All these agencies, working along their individual lines, are doing a lasting good to the communities wherein they are placed. They seek not only their own good, but by coöperation with each other, strive to further the work of the Federation. Without a spirit of sel-



Miss Carrie E. Head.

President of the Unity Club.

fishness they often sacrifice their own desires that thereby they may give more liberally to the general work. With the goal of increased usefulness ever in view, and believing with Cicero that "there are more men ennobled by study than by nature," the women of Manchester are pressing on, filled with "the love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigor from enjoyment, and supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure."



White Horse Ledge, Echo Lake, and part of Moat Mountain, North Conway.

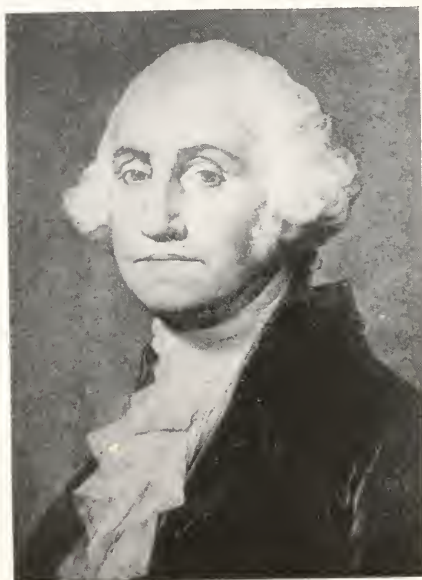
WHITE HORSE CLIFF,

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

By Frederick J. Allen.

Silent and gray, with adamant crest,
 You cliff uprises at the mountain's base,
 And bears a snow-white figure on its face,
A horse forever looking toward the west ;
Below, in limpid sheen and shadow drest,
 The fair lake lies, and flows with matchless grace
 Old Saco's crystal tide. The cliff hath place
By mount and vale where Nature wrought her best.

'Tis here the sweetness of the woodland fills
 The heart with rest ; 't is here the poet dreams,
 Interpreter of the omniscient plan
Of him who graved His glory in the hills,
 And set His beauty by ten thousand streams,
 And made the earth a paradise for man.



George Washington

THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

By William S. Harris.



ONE hundred years ago the entire nation was in mourning for him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." His illness was of but two days' duration,—so brief, in fact, that congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, knew not of his illness until the news of his death reached them, three days after the event, brought by a passenger in the stage. And as the mournful tidings spread over the country, it produced the deepest grief in all hearts. It is difficult for us to realize the depth and universality of the feeling of sorrow and loss that pervaded the nation at the death of the one to whom all ascribed the leading part in the war for independence and in the establishment of the infant republic upon a firm and lasting basis, and who had but so recently retired to private life in the height of his glory, after forty-five years of varied and illustrious services for his beloved country.

As commander-in-chief of the Continental army, as president of the convention which formed the Federal Constitution, as president of the United States for two terms, charged with the difficult task of putting into effect the new and untried system of government, and in the various other lesser positions which he held, he displayed such wonderful executive ability, such sound judgment and

wisdom, courage and self-sacrifice, purity of motive and calm persistence of purpose, that he won the confidence and admiration of all classes and all parties, and, as one has said, "now wore, by the assent of the world, the triple wreath, which never had been worn so worthily by other man, of hero, patriot, and sage."

Time brightens rather than dims the lustre of his noble character and of his splendid achievements, and after the lapse of a century the memory of Washington still holds its unique place in all the hearts of the nation, and the name of the father of his country heads in glowing letters the long list of world-famous Americans who have learned wisdom from his example and received inspiration from his career. For the greatness of Washington is to be measured, not alone by his actual achievements while living, great as these were, but also by the results which, during these one hundred years, have grown out of the principles and labors of his life. The national domain has expanded to four times its extent at Washington's death, our population has multiplied fourteen-fold, our industrial life has become revolutionized by the applications of steam and electricity and other discoveries and inventions unknown in his day. And it is the greatest proof of the excellence of the foundation which Washington and his coadjutors were able,



Mt. Vernon.

under the most discouraging and adverse circumstances, to lay, that it has been capable of sustaining so lofty and glorious an edifice.

Washington died late on the night of Saturday, December 14, 1799, from laryngitis brought on by a sudden cold, the result of exposure on the Thursday before, or perhaps rather from the treatment he received from the hands of his physicians, which, in accordance with the crude medical ideas of those times, consisted largely in blood-letting. On Wednesday, the 18th, the funeral took place at Mt. Vernon, with fitting religious and military ceremonies. Congress commemorated the sad event by appropriate services and an oration on the 26th, and, as the news reached different parts of the country, there were in various places similar services testifying to the universal grief.

In Portsmouth the 31st of December was set apart for such commemoration, upon which occasion a long procession containing the dignitaries of the town and state, military and Masonic organizations, and citizens, moved to St. John's church, where the rector, Rev. Joseph Willard, read the service of the Episcopal church, and Hon. Jonathan M. Sewall delivered an eulogy. Adams tells us in his "Annals of Portsmouth," that "a vast concourse of people attended, and almost every individual of respectability wore crape as a badge of mourning, and all the shipping in the harbor hoisted their flags half-mast high."

Congress, on December 30, adopted a joint resolution recommending "to the people of the United States to assemble on the 22d day of February next in such numbers and manner as may be convenient, publicly to tes-

tify their grief for the death of General George Washington, by suitable eulogies, orations, and discourses, or by public prayers;" and a further resolution requested the president to issue a proclamation for the purpose of carrying the above into effect. President John Adams issued the proclamation, and the commemorative discourses were delivered in many places on the day appointed, which was the sixty-eighth anniversary of Washington's birth. The writer of this possesses printed copies of some of these orations delivered in different towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and they are interesting reading on this centennary of their delivery.

In them we see reflected the admiration and love of the people for their departed leader, and we therein read the estimate which his contemporaries placed upon his character and work. As "distance lends enchantment to the view," so the lapse of time often obscures the faults and vices of great men, and throws around their virtues and heroic deeds a false halo of glory.

Thus the heroes of antiquity seen through the mists of the ages become demigods. For this reason it is interesting and instructive for us to see how the contemporaries of Washington regarded him, when no reason existed why they should exaggerate his virtues or warp the truth in his favor. No man ever was more in the public eye than he was for a long term of years and in various capacities. And his character and abilities stood every test.

From the oration delivered at Exeter upon that occasion by Hon. Jeremiah Smith, afterwards governor of

New Hampshire—printed at Exeter by Henry Ranlet—we quote: "Our young men have lost a Father; the more aged a Brother; Religion her brightest ornament; our country her shield, her defense, her glory in war, her guide, her great example in peace. . . . It is rare indeed to find the splendid, the amiable, and the useful united in the same person. Our Washington furnishes an exception to the general rule; and it will forever remain a question, whether he was most distinguished above all other men by the greatness of his talents, or the goodness of his heart; whether his noble, his useful or his amiable virtues predominated; and which of these have been most glorious to himself, or most serviceable to his country. If by the first he has acquired the title of our political Saviour, by the latter, like Marcus Aurelius, he has merited to be styled by the more enduring epithet, the Father of his Country."

All the historians and eulogists of Washington bear testimony to this wonderful "all-aroundness" of character which he possessed. When



Washington's Room, Mt. Vernon.

has the world ever seen a man so eminent in so many different qualities? Many may have excelled him in the greatness of single talents or in the brilliancy of their achievements in some one direction; but in Washington what we most admire and marvel at is the perfection of the combination of all the talents and qualities which go to make up a truly great and noble character. Physical, mental, and moral qualities were alike superior, and all combined to produce

applaud their virtues; but the character of our deceased General can bear a full examination, and appears spotless, as well as splendid, in the sight of his enemies."

The same speaker delivered at the same place on February 22, an oration on Washington "at the request of the officers of the assembled cavalry and infantry, and other militia officers." Upon this occasion, after reviewing Washington's career and services to the country, he said:



Tomb of Washington, Mt. Vernon.

the grandest figure, all things considered, in the world's history.

A memorial sermon was delivered on January 1, 1800, by the Rev. William Morison, D. D., "at the request of the elders and other church members of the Presbyterian society" in Londonderry, from which we quote: "In viewing the most illustrious characters of other Heroes whether more ancient or modern, even their friends must draw a veil of tenderness over some imperfections in their conduct, while they

"His whole life seemed to indicate that a special Providence had raised him up and given him a rare assemblage of virtues and powers of judgment, to perform a complicated variety of important services; in defending his country in war; in refining and consolidating her government in peace. Like a focus of light, in which all rays concenter, he possessed whatever was noble, virtuous, and good in man. To our American Hero, as to the greatest of mortals, has been allotted the highest prize of

human glory, in running his race without stumble, stain, or defect. . . . At his birth, the pillars of tyranny trembled; in his life, kings and conquerors darkened under his superior lustre; and at his death, the nations mourn."

Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D., in his oration at Fitchburg, Mass., said, referring to Washington's election as first president: "And in all probability Washington is the only man in the country so fully possessed of the confidence and affections of the nation, and so completely qualified in every respect for the office to which he is called, as to carry the constitution into effect without bloodshed or commotion."

In this connection we may recall the visit of Washington to New Hampshire. It was in the autumn following his first inauguration as president of the United States in 1789. Adams's "Annals" shall be our authority again. On Saturday, October 30, the president, coming from Boston, was met at the Massachusetts line by the officials of the state, a military escort, and distinguished citizens, and conducted to Portsmouth. On his arrival at the town he was saluted by a discharge of thirteen cannon and welcomed by a vast assemblage of people. He proceeded to the state house, and from the balcony of the senate chamber spoke to the assembled crowds; odes were sung, and a large body of troops passed in review. In the evening, illuminations and fireworks testified to the people's joy. On

Sunday the president attended service at St. John's church in the morning, and at the North church in the afternoon. On Monday an excursion down the harbor was conducted, a landing being made at Kittery and at Little Harbor, where a visit was paid to the Wentworth mansion. On Tuesday an elegant reception was tendered to the distinguished guest, by the president of New Hampshire, John Sullivan, and his council, and in the evening the gentlemen of Portsmouth gave a splendid ball. Early on Thursday morning Washington left Portsmouth to return to New York.

A portion of the eloquent peroration of Dr. Morison's eulogy already quoted from, will form a fitting close to this article: "Let us not forget the memory of our beloved Washington; and it will not cease to do us good. In his life we have a combination of examples for all classes of citizens, from the chief seat of government to the humble peasant. In the firmness of his integrity, wisdom of his administration, dignity of his manners, with his unremitted concern for the public good, we have a noble example for every description of public officers. In the pious goodness of his heart, illustrated by the justice, temperance, tender benevolence, and universal correctness and purity of his manners in private life, we have all an example in Washington for living; and in his magnanimous, resigned composure in death, a precious example for dying."



THE DAWN OF THE PROMISE.

By Francis Dana.

In the home of the Golden Promise, the land of the Open Gates,
On the throne of the Sovereign People, in the Hall of the Sister States,
By the wash of the vast fresh waters and the hush of the virgin fells,
And the stainless heights and the prairies, the Spirit of Freedom dwells
And joys in the unborn glory, and sings from sea to sea
As she fashions the hearts of her people for the work of the years to be.

Late from the Isles of the Summer, faint to the western main
Came the cry of a grinding sorrow and the moan of a hopeless pain,
The tale of a constant dying, of a naked, starving need,
Of the wrath of an unblest power, of the gripe of an endless greed,
Of the hate that slays by inches, of an age-long shame and scorn,
Slaying of elders and women and a war on the babe unborn,
A blight upon God's creation, a waste of His fair-wrought lands
And the crush of tortured races in the cruel futile hands,
And the Spirit stooped and harkened, and looked on the helpless ones
And stood aloft in her anger and called to her chosen sons :

Men of the new-born Promise—Hands of the God-writ Doom—
Might have I taught you and cunning, and the power to shred the Gloom—
The Gloom that wrapped the Old World, when the blind were led by the
blind,

When folly and fear of shadows hung dark on the clouded mind—
Free are your hearts for hoping—free are your eyes to see—
Free are your tongues to utter—as gods are, so are ye !
Ye are given to search the Secrets that lurk in Earth and Sky,
That hide in the deeps of the mid-world and flit in the clouds on high—
The elements pay you tribute and the lightning serves your weal—
Ye measure the flaming fodder to your steam-breathed beasts of steel,
Wise are the wise among you, and find you many a spell
To bless with the light of the Heavens, or slay with the fires of Hell—

These are ye given, my children, for the rending of the chain
That the gripe of the Dead be broken and the Old World curse be slain ;
An Evil cries for a vengeance—sons of the free souled West
And I call you to right the evil with your bravest and your best !

They came from the thronging city, they came from the lonely wold,
From mountain and forest and prairie, from the home of the new found gold,
Strong from the fields of labor, fierce from the forge's flame,
White-handed sons of pleasure hot for the battle game,
And the gaunt-faced prairie-riders, wild as the cyclone's breath,
That play at dice with the Devil and tickle the ribs of Death—

Lads in their scathless beauty—(and the mothers' hearts are torn!)—
 Men of the older war-time, broken and scarred and worn—
 Left they the wealth and the labor,—pleasure and gain and peace—
 For they heard the cry and the grieving, and swore that the wrong must cease :
 And the Spirit laughs as she knows them, and her eagles laugh on high
 For they see the end of the Evil and know that the day draws nigh.

They of the new-learned magic, mighty of art and skill,
 Wakened the flame-fed war beasts that live at mortal's will,
 The steel-scaled swimming mountains swift on the trackless way,
 With eyes of prisoned lightning, that search the dark for prey—
 Those fierce sea-beasts, whose quarry the isles and harbors are,
 And the stark grim dogs, whose baying can rend the walls afar,
 And lest the things lack cunning and will and deadly zest
 Gave to be souls within them the bravest and the best.

Then round the isles that languished, where wrong and famine crept,
 Full of the ready war-storm the awful squadrons swept,
 And the roar of the sea-beasts rended the holds of ancient crime ;
 Sang of the doom of the Evil and the hope of the coming time :
 Dreadfully sang the death-song of the hideous rule of Hell,
 Sang of the might of the new world where the sons of Freedom dwell,
 And the teeth of the curse were broken and up from the stricken shore
 Came the hosts of the self-ruled People—and the evil was no more.

Now from her woods and mountains the Spirit that makes men free
 Laughs with the joy of the doing, and calls from sea to sea :

Well have ye wrought, my children,—and rising is the sun—
 Well have ye wrought in the dawning—and the day is just begun.
 Leave not the task untended—let not the labor cease—
 After the crash of battle is the long, slow toil of peace.

Shall ye leave the lamb on the prairie, when the old gray wolf is slain ?
 Will not the pack at nightfall be hunting along the plain ?
 Shall ye snatch the child from the bully, to leave it bare in the street,
 To push through the press and turmoil, on naked tottering feet,
 Hurt and feeble and silly, tender of flesh and bone,
 To fight its way through the perils and win to its strength alone ?
 What though it turn against you with the hate it has known too much,
 And bite at the hand that saves it, or shrink from the friendly touch—
 Shall ye not bear it homeward, out of the dark and strife
 Guard it and feed it and help it to the wholesome ways of life ?

Still on the feeble Isle-folk there lies the ancient blight—
 On the eyes of the mind long prisoned, that blink in the new-found light ;
 The folk ye have fought and bled for, their hearts and their souls to free—
 And now ye shall hold them strongly and bring them to live by me.

Mine are the soul-bound races—mine by the well-lost lives,
 By the loss of the orphaned children—by the tears of the widowed wives,
 By the toil and the sweat and the life-blood ye have spent in the God-loved
 cause,

So shall ye hold them to Freedom, and help them to learn my laws :
 (Not to the false-called Freedom that fool-led rebels claim,
 That apes my glittering vesture, and mocks in my sacred name—
 Freedom that guides not—guards not—but lets the helpless stray
 A prey to the world and a booty to the robber that haunts the way.)

Ye shall hold them and guide them, and guard them, with the iron hand and
 strong
 Till their souls shall wonder and waken, and know the right from wrong—
 When their eyes are clear of the darkness and their feet can walk alone—
 And their hands are strong for the battle, ye shall leave them to hold their
 own.

But this is a toil of the ages, weary and long and sore,
 For you and your children's children and many a breeding more :
 The work of a people's rearing—the teaching of tribes to come
 A casting out of devils, a loosing of words from dumb—
 A making the deaf to hearken—a giving of sight to the blind
 And healing the leprous torment wrong ages have left behind.
 The living shame was before you—and ye would not have it so—
 The curse of the past is on them—and ye shall not let them go.

Well have ye wrought in the dawning—still shall ye do your part
 And show my strength to the nations, and the hope that is in my heart :
 When I spoke the doom of the Evil, my challenge alone I hurled—
 And whether or no I cared not—in the teeth of an angry world.
 The Old World sneered and threatened—and nothing did I heed—
 But the Island mother knew me, and thundered a glad “ God-speed ” !
 And the threatening Nations dared not—for they read the gleaming fates
 On the shield of the Royal Mother and the sword of the Sister States :
 From sword and shield together the mingled lightnings streamed
 And rent the veil for an instant, and out to the Hope-land gleamed ;
 And they saw the old soul-prisons totter and break and fall
 And the writhing of things in the death-pang under the ruined wall
 Those dragon forms of the darkness, of fear and falsehood bred
 That slew the hopes of the living for the sake of years long dead—
 And they saw them change and vanish, in the light of my deathless face
 From the world thrown wide to the People, by the hand of the God-sent race.

So sings the Spirit of Freedom of the rending of the Gloom,
 Of the wreck of the ancient evil, and the light of the coming Doom.
 Blithe in the joy of the Promise she sings from sea to sea,
 And fashions the hearts of her people for the work of the years to be.

CHARLESTOWN—"NUMBER FOUR."

By Thomas D. Howard.



HIS combination title may still be heard, coming down from a time when such specification was a necessity. As an unincorporated township it was No. 4, Walpole, its next neighbor on the south, being No. 3. When it became Charlestown the number was retained in order to distinguish it from the older Charlestown, although as will subsequently appear the New Hampshire town was not its namesake. Both number and town has each its war story and hero. The two soldiers commemorated may be best introduced by an extract from Saunderson's "History of Charlestown, N. H.," a work made interesting by illustrative details, and especially valuable as a local record of that period of the long struggle between France and England called King George's War. It should also be premised that because of the fullness of carefully gathered facts and the excellence of their arrangement, this history has, of necessity, been largely followed in the preparation of the sketch presented.

"In July, 1852, Captain Stevens was once more commissioned by the government of Massachusetts to proceed to Canada, to negotiate for such captives belonging to the state as he might there find. . . . On arriving at Montreal, not finding, as they anticipated, the prisoners belonging to Massachusetts, he decided on the

redemption of two from New Hampshire. These were John Stark, subsequently General Stark, the hero of Bennington, and Amos Eastman. The ransom of Stark was one hundred and three dollars, and that of his friend Eastman, sixty dollars. The ransom of Stark was not paid in money, but he was given up for an Indian pony for which the amount specified had been paid. . . . Stark ultimately paid the price of his redemption himself by pursuing his vocation as a hunter."

The two men whose names stand conspicuous in this narration made the long journey from Canada to No. 4 together by the only practicable route, which from the northern line of the province of New Hampshire followed the Connecticut river. Captain Stevens was forty-six years of age, and the hard service he had seen may well have made him look much older. Stark was twenty-four, not yet a soldier, but a hunter, which occupation he was to follow long enough to earn the one hundred and three dollars to repay his ransom money before joining the army. Arriving at No. 4 the companionship ended, not, so far as appears, to be resumed, Captain Stevens remaining in the place which was at once his post and his home, and Stark going eastward to Derryfield.

Phineas Stevens came of good fighting stock. His grandfather

Cyprian married Mary Willard, daughter of Major Simon. Cyprian's son Joseph was the father of Phineas, who was born in Sudbury, Mass., February 20, 1706. At the age of seventeen he was taken prisoner by Indians. He remained in captivity about a year, during which time he may be supposed to have learned much of the sort of warfare in which he was to become proficient. Married, in 1734, to Elizabeth Stevens of Petersham, their first home was in Rutland, where seven of their ten children were born.

Phineas Stevens was one of the proprietors of township No. 4, granted by the general court of Massachusetts, western New Hampshire being, at the time of the grant and for some twenty years thereafter, in the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts province. Captain Stevens, having been meanwhile in active coöperation with the proprietors resident in Massachusetts, joined the settlement between two or three years after its beginning, which was in 1740. He at once became its leading spirit, implicitly trusted and relied on, with a prestige not unlike that of Colonel Bellows in Township No. 3.

One of the conditions on which each and all the townships were granted was that the sixty-three house lots should be "laid out in as regular, compact, and defensible a manner as the Land will allow of."

Something more than this provision was needful for No. 4. This settlement was the northernmost point of civilization in the region of Vermont and western New Hampshire. All beyond to the Canada line was the ranging ground of the St. Francis tribe of Indians, who were in the

impending war to fight in the interests of the French. There was need of a strong fort. The requirement was met man fashion. A meeting duly called was held in the house of John Spofford, Jr., "for the purpose of considering the present circumstances of affairs and the danger we are in of being assaulted by an enemy, in case a war should happen between the kingdoms of England and France." It was voted that the sum of £300 be assessed "for completing the fort so far that it may be convenient and defensible." Twelve other votes covering details were carried. The date of the meeting is November 24, 1743, the year before that of the declaration of war.

The site of the fort is not definitely known. The extent of the enclosure is stated by Rev. Dr. Crosby in his contribution to the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society to have been three quarters of an acre. Of the structure itself Parkman in "A Half Century of Conflict," gives the following description: "The wall was of squared logs laid one upon another and interlocked at the corners after the manner of a log cabin. Within were several houses which had been built close together for mutual protection, and which belonged to Stevens, Spofford, and other settlers. Either they were built in a straight line or were moved back to form one, for when the fort was finished they all backed against the outer wall so that their roofs served to fire from." Five houses were thus converted to public use, and the sums allowed to their owners are recorded on the township records, the most modest being £8, "voted to Moses Willard for his house."

The fort, completed in 1745, was not visited by the enemy until the spring of 1747. The previous summer had been disastrous to the settlement. The Indians were almost constantly at hand. "Eight of the soldiers and inhabitants were slain and three carried away prisoners." It was impossible to cultivate the lands. In utter destitution both fort and settlement were abandoned, and refuge taken in various towns to the South. Captain Stevens, with his family, spent the winter in Northfield. Toward the approach of spring he memorialized Governor Shirley, setting forth the danger of the enemy's seizing the fort and the importance of its being garrisoned. Consequently the order was issued for Captain Stevens with thirty men to march to No. 4 and take possession. The arrival at the fort was on March 27, 1847. The enemy, it would seem, were already approaching, as their presence was soon realized.

The discovery can be best described by quoting the opening paragraph of the commander's realistic report to Governor Shirley, dated April 9, and preserved in Hoyt's "Antiquarian Researches,"—"Our dogs being very much disturbed, which gave us reason to think that the enemy were about, occasioned us not to open the gate at the usual time; but one of our men being desirous to know the certainty, ventured out privately to set on the dogs, about nine o'clock in the morning, and went about twenty rods from the fort firing off his gun and saying choboy to the dogs. Whereupon the enemy being within a few rods, immediately arose from behind a log and fired, but through the goodness of God the

man got into the fort with only a slight wound." There was manifestly no further reconnoitering.

The force which immediately attacked the fort is popularly taken to have been 700 of French and Indians. This was the French captain's vaunt, in his dire threatenings and call to surrender. Parkman in the chapter headed, "The French Repulse," speaks of the attacking force as "a large war party of both French and Indians," and quotes from official records to which he had access in Paris that "its commander was Boucher de Niverville, ensign in the colony troops."

Doubtless the command assigned to this officer was expected to be overpowering, as it certainly would have been except for the obstinacy of the men within the fort and the defective commissariat of those without. The first demand, that for unconditional surrender, accompanied by the announcement that if the besieged men "made any further resistance or should happen to kill one Indian, they might expect all to be put to the sword," was duly brought before the little community, town-meeting fashion, the question being, as presented by the captain, "whether they would fight or resign," and "they voted to a man to stand it out as long as they had life," which result was announced to Ensign Niverville. Thereupon the attack was resumed and continued through the night. On the next day came the proposal that "in case we would sell them provisions, they would leave and not fight any more," to which was returned the answer "that selling them provisions for money was contrary to the law of nations, but" (the

offer which followed must in view of the nakedness of the land have been pure counter-bluff to the enemy's previous vaunting) "if they would send in a captive for every five bushels of corn I would supply them." This fancy sketch of abundant supply for long sustenance seems to have daunted the besiegers, for it is added, "when this answer was returned, four or five guns were fired against the fort and they withdrew as we supposed, for we heard no more of them."

But this decisive repulse was by no means easily secured. The defense was against desperate, starving men. The fighting would seem to have had only occasional intermissions for two days and nights. "In all this time," says the report in conclusion of the details, "we had scarcely opportunity to eat or sleep. . . . I believe men were never known to hold out with better resolution, for they did not seem to sit or lie still for one moment. There were but thirty men in the fort, and although we had some thousands of guns fired at us, there were but two men slightly wounded, viz., John Brown and Joseph Ely."

The gratitude prevailingly felt in Massachusetts for the gallant defense of this outpost gave Captain Stevens more than a local reputation for valor. An appreciative tribute that he received from a somewhat distinguished source was highly gratifying to him. "When the intelligence of this brave defense was received at Boston, Sir Charles Knowles, who happened to be at that station, was so highly gratified at the conduct of Stevens that he sent him an elegant sword, and No. 4, when it was incorporated into a town in 1753, was called after the commodore's sur-

name, Charlestown. ("Antiquarian Researches," p. 244.)

In Vol. 53 of "The Archives," engrossed in fair copy, in the Massachusetts State library, correspondence between Sir Charles and Secretary Josiah Lincoln is preserved. The first letters relate to the loan of a vessel of light draught belonging to the province, which accommodation was granted. Meanwhile the secretary was a guest of Sir Charles, and after the visit wrote him in terms of mingled compliment and reproof. There is courteously acknowledged in the letter a public, self-denying spirit, patriotism and high intellectual ability. The praise, however, is qualified by regret caused by a word dropped during the visit, which would seem to indicate the habit of irreverent speech. The reply of Sir Charles is apologetic and humble, and throws a sidelight on the character of the town's godfather. He receives the admonition in a spirit of entire friendliness, claims that the practice is not common with him, and promises to be more watchful in the future. Especial regret is expressed that he should have so far violated the laws of hospitality as to have, in such a manner, given cause of offense to his honored guest.

At the initial town-meeting of the new municipality Captain Stevens was elected first selectman and treasurer. He was reelected to the same offices in the following year, which proved to be the last year of his residence in Charlestown, and not far from his life's close.

On the 20th of May, 1755, he sailed with his company from Boston for Nova Scotia, where they soon took part in the reduction of Fort Beau-

Sejour. No other soldierly service was rendered, and it is known that the regiment was employed in bringing in Acadians for deportation. Of the ten months in Nova Scotia there is no personal record, except that of his last illness and his death, April 6, 1756, in the 51st year of his age.

It is not known that Stevens and Stark ever met after the close of their long journey together from Canada. They were both captains in the Provincial army, but Stevens when not at the fort was in detached service commanding a company of Rangers.

Stark was, however, in his vigorous prime to occupy for a brief but critical period the fort which Stevens had valiantly defended. Charlestown, which had become an important centre of trade and in the War of the Revolution a post and a state depository of military stores, had modest but essential part in the signal victory at Bennington. It was the appointed place of rendezvous of the brigade that marched to the aid of their imperiled neighbors across the river with General Stark as its commander. "It was a stirring time when Charlestown was made the rendezvous of the soldiers of Stark as they were hurried forward to the Battle of Bennington, yet such was the activity of Colonel Hunt and his commissary that the various bodies of troops on their arrival were immediately supplied with their outfit and made ready to pass on." General Stark wrote to the Commit-

tee of Safety of New Hampshire July 30, 1777: "I forwarded to Colonel Whipple 250 men on the 28th. I sent another detachment off this day, and as fast as they come in will send them. I expect to march myself tomorrow or next day."

When the last soldier was despatched Benningtonward, the usefulness of the fort came to an end. How long the structure remained intact is not definitely known. It is certain that not a vestige remains in place to mark its site. Tradition preserves its location only approximately.

Still less is known of the burial-place of Captain Stevens. That he died within the fort he had assisted in capturing, its name changed to Fort Cumberland, is quite certain. The burial was doubtless in the near vicinity. Of the fort, scattered relics, we are told, mark the place of the walled enclosure, but his grave no man knoweth.

Stark, in early manhood educated in the Provincial army as a school of arms, lived to gain in his stalwart prime a signal, almost decisive, victory in the War of the Revolution, and survived in vigorous old age to follow with deep interest the events of a second war with England. He died May 8, 1822, aged 93 years. His native state has fittingly commemorated by statue conspicuously placed, the martial deeds of the distinguished patriot soldier and loyal son of New Hampshire.



"THE OLD SQUIRE LORD" HOUSE.

By John Livingston Wright.



THE expenditure of wealth is always to be commended, and in no respect is the spectacle more gratifying than when investment looks to the preservation of old landmarks. Thousands of fine old estates owe their perpetuation to the timely oncoming of the man of means who desires a retreat where he and his family may retire to a season of rural delights after the exacting routine of business or society. Outings and out of door life are what the nervous, active American in particular most requires. One of the most enduring means of indulging in outing life may be attained through the fortunate possession of a country home.

Thus, when Mr. William F. Fitzgerald, the Boston copper magnate, purchased the famous "Old Squire Lord" house at Lord's Hill, Effingham, the circumstance was one that was not only hailed with pleasant anticipation by the carpenters, workmen, and residents generally of this hillside neighborhood, but the act was in line with what all persons interested in the maintenance of historic buildings and monuments like to see. It is a satisfaction to know that, after many years of neglect, this fine old mansion has become destined to a worthier fate than slowly rotting to the ground. It has been restored to a suggestion of its former greatness.

"The Old Squire Lord" house has been for generations a term typical of grandeur and awesome tradi-

tion round about Effingham. Many a little child has been entertained with marvelous stories about the wonderful days when the "Old Squire" was alive; how rich he was and how queer; what an important man he was; in what magnificent estate he lived; and to cap all, there were the hair-raising accounts of rooms that became "haunted," and devious reports of weirdly-gotten wealth having been the basis of the Lord domain. Give a country neighborhood time and it will inevitably grow into possession of the suitable crop of fables and tales about any individual who arose to uncommon height in its midst. As the years creep on, little by little the hallucinations and legends grow together, for there is none to contradict, and, finally, the stories converge into a sort of phantasmagoria most invulnerable to the irreverent questioner. All he can get in response is: "Well, it has always been said." Thus, in regard to this old estate on Lord's hill, my grandmother (who was born and spent her days not ten miles away) used to say, with an ominous shake of the head, "They allers said the Old Squire got his money by makin' a league with the sperits!" Thus, as a small boy, my imagination pictured wondrous deeds of this mighty man. He might have been a bold roamer of the sea and got untold wealth in the taking of hapless prizes! Who knew? He might have been of the English nobility and for some romantic and pathetic

reason consigned himself to exile in the wilds of America. He might have had huge pots of gold hidden on his estate and when in need of pocket money might have been in the habit of stealing out, at night, into some remote corner of a field, and, by the dim light of a tin lantern, reached his hand into heaps of coin! Thus does a community come to accept visions as facts. Despite, however, the maze of romance that gossip has woven about the builder of this great house the truth about Isaac Lord, Esq., takes on a hue approaching more of the color of every day existence.

In the late afternoon of a bleak day in November, 1778, there trudged along the lately-hewn trail toward the eminence now known as "Lord's Hill," a sturdy youth who carried a stout pair of cowhide boots upon his shoulder. Those boots were his evidence of aristocracy, for boots in those days were prized, and in order to preserve his dearly-bought footgear, this young fellow walked barefooted and carried the boots upon his back. Also slung from his lusty shoulders was a bundle. If contained a tiny stock of mercantile wares, needles, pins, thread, and the like, the first stock of "goods for sale" ever brought into the hamlet. The exact origin of this stranger seems to be clouded in uncertainty. It is believed, however, that his birthplace was probably in the neighborhood of Berwick, Me. On the tombstone of his father, in Somersworth, N. H., appears the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of Samuel Lord, Esq.; who was drowned the 17th day of May and was taken up

on Sunday 30, 1773, aged 38 years, 3 mos." (The drowning took place, of course, in the Salmon Falls river.) With the coming of Isaac Lord simultaneously arrived the concentrated essence of thrift. This was accompanied by an insatiable capacity for work. These two important attributes were engineered by a farseeing brain. In the history of America it has, thus far, been found that a man thus endowed is pretty likely to be heard from. It was not long until Lord was the big man of the settlement. He established himself in a comfortable home about a mile north of the "Hill," and had a slave, one Cato. The presence of Cato is commemorated by a small rise near the site of the old homestead which is known as "Cato's Hill." About 1780 Mr. Lord erected the large building at Lord's Hill square occupied by the present post-office. Its original purpose was for a store. Here, Lord waxed exceedingly prosperous. He began to acquire lands, and to venture into lumbering among his other enterprises. In 1795 Lord was collector, the early proof of his determination to be a prominent man among his townsmen. The record books which he kept show a curious system of enumeration. Part of the record, up to March 18, 1796, revealed the use of the terms of English money—pounds, shillings, pence. In June, 1797, he adopted the names of United States coin—dollars, dimes, cents, and mills. But in employing the new plan, he always drew a line down the page for the mills. Of course there were never any mills to be denoted, yet he invariably put the zero in the mills column. From entrance as a boy, with little else than

his cunning brain and strong hands, Lord steadily progressed in material possessions until, in 1802, he was listed in the poll books of Effingham as owning 1,634 acres of wild land, and tillage 35 acres. By 1804, this had grown to 2,684 acres, tillage 92 acres. Far from "buccaneering" or inheriting wealth from feudal barons, the money of Isaac Lord came from his own brave enterprise. In a few years he married, and his wife is thought to have been a woman who aspired to a life reaching beyond the limits of this obscure nook in the hills. She wanted to reside in a city, and in a manner commensurate, to her mind, with the wealth and importance of her Lord (in name as well as hopes). After having helped build a public bridge and new roads, as well as assisting in the improvement of the place generally, for the records evince clearly that Isaac Lord was a most public-spirited citizen, he prepared to leave the scenes of his active commercial career.

He bought a fine mansion in Portland, forty miles distant. The house was a splendid type of the old English manor. It was begun in 1765, but various changes had been made by the several owners, and at the time Lord came into possession, it had three stories and a low hip-roof surmounted by a wooden balustrade. Existence in the city did not prove so glorious as Lord and his ambitious spouse had imagined. Within a few years, they were back again at Lord's Hill. Then, with the remark, attributed to him by neighborhood tradition, that "He'd rather be a king among hogs, than a hog among kings," Isaac Lord began preparations for the construction of

a house that should perpetuate his dignity and fame. In 1822, a few rods from the public square and on the road leading to Effingham Falls, he built the "Old Squire Lord" mansion. Three boss carpenters were employed, and under their direction scores of laborers and mechanics were hired for the getting out of stone and the hewing of timber. The undertaking was an immense one. Hand-painted wall-paper, bricks, and furnishings were brought from England, coming in the sailing vessels from London to Portland harbor, and then hauled by ox teams inland from Portland. This venture of the "Squire" was the sole topic of conversation for miles and miles around. When the house was finally completed, there stood on the steep slope, a few hundred feet from the corners of the two roads, a memorable institution. In outline, the structure showed how faithfully the clever mind of the owner had led him to copy the outline and general style of his former home in Portland. There were the three stories, the almost flat hip-roof, the wooden balustrade, the cupola or observation tower rising from the centre.

The grounds about had been beautified in all possible degree. At the left of the main entrance to the grounds was a large artificial pond, upon which a couple of swans were gracefully riding. Here and there were magnificent bowers of roses and foreign shrubbery. Terrace after terrace led up to the great house. Within all was as sumptuous as the fancy of the owner could dictate. He was not an educated man, in the sense that the word is correctly used,

but he had remarkable powers of discernment, and he had copied into this structure every idea that he regarded as aristocratic or pompous. On the dining-room walls was the hand-painted paper representing scenes from Venice. There was the massive fireplace and the great fire-dogs. In the parlor was the hand-painted paper portraying actual Parisian scenes. Northward, toward the huge barn, were the rooms for the hundred servants and laborers on the great farm of many hundred acres.

And here, with a great house, and a great farm, Isaac Lord sat him down to be a great man. But the huge rooms seemed solemn and gruesome, sat in day by day and day by day. Amidst such regality, his simpler neighbors did scarce dare to look even within the large yard that the long iron chains, slung to numerous stone posts, enclosed. After all, in order to secure that most precious benison the human being can know, namely, communion with other human beings, the disappointed old man had to resort to his store down in the square. There he could sit and meet his townsmen on a plane where they were not so awestricken, and could occasionally express an unbiased word to the mighty sage.

The years came on. Isaac Lord had to leave the mansion that he had thought to realize so much gratification in, and yet had actually found so very little in. He died, and was laid to his long sleep in the near-by plot that he himself had caused to be set apart.

After the owner's death the estate gradually disintegrated. Acre by acre, piece by piece, it went out of the hands of the family. Some years

later, a farmer who was living in the great house not having conventional use for a fraction of the rooms, was storing his corn in an upper chamber! There was the weird tale of a certain apartment on the upper floor being "full of sperits." The door never could be kept shut. Close the door at night, it would be open in the morning. Here, years ago, tradition had it that a crazy woman had been confined; most of the time it had been necessary to keep her chained to the floor. Decay began to lay hold upon the structure. Sills began to come down, clapboards to drop off, desolation to hold sway. For years the house remained as a pathetic monument to the ambition of Isaac Lord.

Then a new era for the old house began. It began when Mr. Fitzgerald recently purchased the house and the hundred acres of land surrounding. For a second time, an army of workmen were brought to the spot. The weeds, tangled bushes, decaying branches and rubbish were speedily cleared away. Presently the loosened clapboards were nailed back in place, the roof repaired and resplendent in new paint, the Old Squire Lord house seemed to have renewed its youth. The glory of former days had returned in a day, as it were. Soon merry young people in picturesque costumes were trooping about the broad grounds, playing at the tennis and croquet courts or lolling in the hammocks. Brilliancy and animation lent charm to the restored estate. The rehabilitation of this fine old place had its reflex influence upon several other long-established homes in the village. It was not long until neighbors were

"fixing up," too. The Fitzgeralds friend, visiting me," she said, "asked were doubly welcome at Lord's Hill me if the Fitzgeralds were aristocratic." "I told her I did not know, when the townspeople found the new purchasers were people of kindness for if they were, they were too well-bred to show it." May they spend and refinement. I enjoyed the incident told me by a lady who has many a delightful season in their long resided in the village. "A summer home at Lord's Hill.

MY VALENTINE.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

I found a yellow valentine,
 Wild roses clinging to it still,
 As sometimes ivy leaves will twine
 The spaces of lost bloom to fill.
 I wondered that these flowers should hold
 Their brilliant tints, their hearts of gold.

Is it a sign that o'er the wave
 Where mortal barque but once may glide,
 Mindful of love that once they gave,
 Our dear ones wander to our side?
 If so, your fond eyes look in mine
 Across this crumpled valentine.

What holy dreams the sweet thought brings,
 As heaven and earth in message blend,
 Where cupids twine with angels' wings,
 This sweet remembrance to send.
 Tossed with forgotten things away,
 You must have sent it back to-day.

Ah, had you lived I had forgot
 You sought me for your valentine;
 Now wreaths of sweet forget-me-not
 Intwine your angel soul with mine.
 Had time its dreams of roses spared,
 You had forgot and I not cared,

Had you but lived, these violets rare
 Were to the old dead summers thrust;
 I 'll keep them now, with tender care,
 Because your heart is only dust.
 'T is thus; these roses of the past,
 We fondly hold them to the last!

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WOMAN.¹

By Mrs. N. P. Hunt.



HE nineteenth century had a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning would never recognize the end, and would have to be introduced. The middle was so busy with scientific discovery and application, with literary stars and meteors, that it had no time to contemplate either extremity. In ferreting out the composite woman from these different parts of the century, we shall find such a divergence as will make it impossible to reduce the product to a single type. But it will never do to snub the early product of the century.

The smoke of the French Revolution had cleared away. Napoleon was seating his family and friends upon the thrones of European dependencies. The coast of America was ravaged by British vessels. Public buildings in Washington were destroyed. The attempts to seize Canada failed. Our currency was almost worthless. Not till 1814, after the abdication of Napoleon, was the treaty of peace signed at Ghent and tranquility restored. There was not a railroad on the continent. Steamships were unknown. The first one crossed the Atlantic in 1819. Fulton launched one upon the Hudson in 1807. Science, social, and industrial economics received little attention. The unfolding and application

of governmental principles, together with Indian adjustments and territorial expansion, occupied American statesmen.

The American woman of this period bowed herself before two altars, in all reverence. I say reverence because at that period of our history there was a reverence imbibed and diffused that has become all too rare at the present time. The two altars of woman's reverence were home and church. The first she accepted without complaint as to its conditions or opportunities. The terrors and hardships of the war for independence and of Indian depredations made security so sweet a boon that she asked little else. Perhaps the home, in its high, far-reaching sense, in its record as the conservator of liberty, did not consciously possess her soul, but she went about, from day to day, making firm what the Revolutionary soldiers had won. The hearth-fire blazed, the shining pewter or tin adorned the walls, the cradle was animated, her song of contentment filled the air. Carding, spinning, weaving, soap making, sewing, and knitting filled the sunlit hours, and by the light of tallow candles (also made at home) progressed into the dark ones. Far from nervous affection she thought it no hardship to saddle and bridle her horse and go to mill, or upon any errand of mercy or social duty. To

¹ Paper read before Molly Stark Chapter, D. A. R., of Manchester, Saturday, January 6, 1900.

be mistress of a home was not a dim possibility for which young women waited silently and sadly. It was a burning certainty, and its simple requirements were known at an early age.

I do not know how tender was the chief sentiment of home, but it was strong, and rarely suffered dislodgment. Its inception was not hindered by lack of means. The following is a true story: There lived in a New England town, in the early part of the century, two young men, each ready to start life for himself. They were firm friends, a kind of Damon and Pythias, with Dionysius left out. These friends were in love with and wished to marry the same young lady. It ought to be said that the young woman was absolutely the only one in town. Here was a dramatic situation? Would the friends become enemies? Would there be a duel? Not at all. One of the friends said to the other, "Take her and be happy."

Now there is one curious thing about this story. It is not recorded that the lady had any choice between the friends, nor is it intimated that her feeling in the matter had any weight. The supposition is that her choice was transferable. The swain that made the sacrifice did not take to the violin nor to poison. He simply visited an adjoining town, met there by chance another young woman, Mary Grout by name, and learning a lesson by his former experience, he suffered no chance to arise of a second interference with his choice. The wedding day was named before he left town some two days.

Now this woman was typical of the

New England home maker of that period. She reared a large family of American citizens, and her crown of motherhood lends brightness to-day, in the United States congress. She was a direct progenitor of ex-Governor W. W. Grout of Vermont. Once, when all the men in the place where Brattleboro now stands were away from home, there was an alarm of Indians. She instantly put together an ox-team, and going about from house to house carried every woman and child to a block house, where in safety they awaited the coming of the men. Such were the home makers of that period—the New England women of the early nineteenth century.

The altar of religion was found in the home and was a part of it. Its stern principles and pure faith encircled the women of that period like an aureole. It was the still call to devotional exercise, the pledge to upright behavior and right thinking, the stay in sorrow, the appeal in perplexity, the chief foundation stone in character building. The Southern woman of this period touched into a somewhat finer tenure by the plume of chivalry, and by climatic influence, did not rise above her Northern sisters in physical or mental vigor, or any essential virtue. The avenues open to women for intellectual or industrial improvement, North or South, were necessarily few, and, though other influences were at work, her chief activities were given to home and church.

The next, or middle period of the century, is the formative one of the wonderful, newly-fledged nineteenth century woman. For the better understanding of this woman I shall

consider the middle century period, under a type not of the most numerous but of the most influential in bringing about present conditions. The peace of Ghent, the rapid acquisition of territory, the building of railroads and manufactories, the bettering of schools and churches and homes, steam navigation and the telegraph, could not silence the discontent that existed between the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding states. Whenever new territory was acquired, the burning question to be settled was, "Shall it be a slave or a free state?" The Missouri compromise came as early as 1820. In 1831 William Lloyd Garrison established in Boston the *Liberator* in which he said, "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." From this time on to the Civil War the great anti-slavery struggle was in progress.

This struggle would not concern us much here and now were it not for the fact that this movement first drew American women to consider what they could do to better the political conditions in which they lived. As typical of this period I will mention the case of two Southern women, whom it was my good fortune to know well, and one of whom, the wife of Theodore D. Weld, may be known to some of you. These sisters, Angelina and Sara Grimkie, usually called the Grimkie sisters, were reared in affluence in South Carolina. Judge Grimkie of the supreme court of that state was a man of large means and cultured tastes. The family home was beautiful in every way save that it held slaves. Both Angelina and Sara took a

course of social triumphs, with accompanying fine apparel, when in their teens. Gradually deep religious convictions changed the tenor of their thoughts. One day there was a cushion to be stuffed and Angelina brought out solemnly lace flounces and kerchiefs, and ribbons, and other flimsy things, and filling the cushion with them went her way. This was but a beginning of her many sacrifices. The slaves that were given her for her own use she promptly freed, and Sara did likewise. The noise of the anti-slavery agitation in the North brought them, after hot tears of separation had been shed, to the scene of conflict, and for many years they devoted all their energies to the anti-slavery cause. Angelina, with her gentleness, her womanly purity, her direct naturalness and simplicity, her fire of conviction, carried everything before her. As she could control the tide of thought, so she could still the violence of mobs.

On one occasion she arose amid a shower of missiles that were hurled through crashing windows and stood so still and fearless that the mob element was hushed, and as she went on it gathered to listen at the openings made by its own violence. Sara was more self-conscious, and not so delightful a speaker, though she was equally devoted in spirit. Angelina, beautiful of face and figure, thought no sacrifice too great for the cause of freedom. She spoke repeatedly before the Massachusetts legislature in the interest of better laws. She became the wife of Theodore D. Weld, and to illustrate one of her truest charms I want to say that one of her sisters, a pro-slavery woman, came to reside with her after the war had

overtaken affairs in South Carolina. In the presence of that sister no visitor, no member of the household was permitted to drop a word that could remind her she was not among people of her own belief. Even the praises of Sumner were hushed when this dark-eyed Southerner came into the room.

I feel the impossibility of picturing that woman in the purity of her devotion to relief of suffering in all forms and to the advancement of what is noblest in humanity. Her death was the direct result of lingering at the deathbed of a friendless sufferer until much exhausted. May I quote a little from the words of Wendell Phillips, spoken at her funeral. At her Hyde Park home the shutters swung wide that the sun's rays she so loved might stream in unhindered, where there was no crape, no costly trappings, but everything light and simple and true. Wendell Phillips said:

"When I think of Angelina there comes to me the picture of the spotless dove, in the tempest, as she battles with the storm, seeking for some place to rest her foot. She reminds me of Innocence personified in Spenser's poem. The eager soul must work, not rest in testimony. Coming North at last she makes her own religion one of sacrifice and toil. Breaking away from, rising above all forms, the dove floats at last in the blue sky, where no clouds reach. Farewell for a little while. God keep us fit to join thee in that broader service on which thou hast entered."

I have considered thus long the course of Angelina Grimké because her life was typical in a movement

that through bitter opposition made its way up to the great world-wide triumph of the late nineteenth century. There were others of a similar type. Lydia Maria Child was ready to sacrifice her literary reputation if need be in the conflict. The work of Harriet Beecher Stowe need not be mentioned. Lucy Stone, who went through Oberlin college with only one best dress, and hardly any minor dresses, was fearless and devoted. Mary A. Livermore, our beloved Julia Ward Howe, and others all along the line, were touched into an activity that never rested.

The anti-slavery workers came to feel the injustice of their positions when at a convention in London the women were denied the right to sit as qualified delegates. In 1848, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., the first woman suffrage convention was held. Its announcement passed over the nation in a smile of derision. Woman suffrage, indeed! Were men to darn stockings and rock cradles? Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, beautiful Lucretia Mott, in her Quaker garb, were among the speakers. Editors grew funny. One of them remarked that Miss Anthony's feet did not steal in and out of her skirts like mice. Few shafts were directed at Mrs. Stanton. The daughter of Judge Cady, the wife of Henry Stanton, commanded respect. Nobody could resist her smile, her distinguished bearing. Once an Albany editor grumbled a little about her during a convention held there. When at the evening session she came gracefully and smilingly forward and proposed that a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup be immediately tendered the writer.

At that time married women had no property rights. The woman who toiled all day for her pittance must, per force, give it to her husband at night, if he asked for it. There were few industrial avenues open to women, and those were poorly paid. Twenty thousand women earned their bread at starvation prices in New York city. Mothers could not claim the guardianship of their minor children. Since that time in all the Eastern, Northern, Western, and Middle states the laws relating to the personal property rights of married women and widows have materially changed in consequence of this movement. In eight states women are equal guardians with their husbands of their minor children. Four states, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado, have given women full suffrage. There are thousands of women physicians, a hundred or more ministers, perhaps half as many lawyers, while many lucrative avenues of labor are wide open to them. In this industrial competition there are sociological problems unsolved, still the conditions are much improved. Mrs. Stanton's fine head stands in marble beside that of Wendell Phillips. Miss Anthony, who bore such show-ers of abuse, is an honored guest among the nobility of England, and was invited by the queen to visit at Windsor castle. She ministers to her audiences in the old way; but they sit in hushed admiration, respecting, if they cannot adopt her convictions.

The women of the late nineteenth century owe more than they will ever know to the high courage and fidelity to principle of the middle

century woman. Women's colleges have risen from what Oberlin was in the days of Horace Mann, from what Mount Holyoke was at its inception, to the splendidly equipped institutions of Wellesley, Radcliff, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar, Lassell, and many others. From these institutions, from art and industrial pursuits, from cultured homes, comes the late nineteenth century woman. She is all about us. She fills the air with a feminine force and energy that is felt in all departments of life. She plans and executes. She dashes over the golf-links, climbs mountains, hunts, whirls through space on a wheel, swims, fences, plays basketball, understands football, and knows when to wave her flag on the field. She moves about the home with a clear light in her eyes, with ministration in all her movements. She does not "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and live upon strawberries, sugar, and cream. Her appetite is excellent, and her food quite the ordinary kind. Her fine physique does not even succumb to age. Does anybody know of an old woman?"

She has reared about her undertakings a great defense of organization. She is organized for charity, philanthropy, music, education, physical culture, psychic research, sociology, suffrage, needlework, domestic science, business, temperance, literature, civics, art, parliamentary law, social good times, patriotism, and so on. She uses the committee system in doing business. She makes motions, as a surprised Manchester scientist said, "as naturally as can be." She speaks with ease and keeps to the point. She scans the globe with the white light of investi-

gation and coins the result for the club world.

In legislation her work is for the most part behind the throne. There she has an influence that ripples the civilized world. In art her place is an honored and a growing one. In education she is seated among the councilors, and is found in every department that follows down the line. When Yale offered her its Ph. D. the response was a final answer to the brilliant query of T. W. Higginson, "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?"

In business there are conspicuous examples of her success. Asking for money is fast fading away from her perplexities and her assets are growing. In philanthropy she is a power, whether it be on the business or on the humanity side.

There are shining examples in our own city, in our own organization, of her activities in this direction. A Manchester woman went before the New Hampshire legislature and by her argument there and her efforts elsewhere caused the enactment of a law that placed the children of paupers where they would, at least, have one chance to be somebody.

Nor was this all. The board of charities will in future inspect jails, houses of correction, reform schools, all departments of almshouses, and extend their protecting care over the defectives of the state. Also the accounts of the county commissioners will be audited. The fight was very bitter as you know, and the victory a proud one.

The revered treasurer of the Woman's Aid Home has performed a work that is felt all over our city and state. Other officers of that institu-

tion are worthy of all praise. The word auxiliary in Manchester when applied to an institution means women workers. The power of this work in hospital or mission work is a great, I had almost said the chief, power. Manchester women have built up our Children's Home. There are brighter examples and more widely known of the late nineteenth century woman in philanthropy; but we are more than satisfied with the record of our own city.

Jane Addams has done a peerless work in Chicago. Hull House is almost a university. Three large buildings are used in its work and her exposition of adapting methods of instruction to all conditions and nationalities shows a clear conception of the different ways there are to reach an obscure intellect. The New York settlement followed closely the Hull House in 1889. The last decade has, under the College Settlements Association, established eighty settlements in America. All erected and supported by the nineteenth century woman.

In literature she is well up on the immortal scroll by reason of faithful service. As a writer she is not only honored but is paid. Now comes a hint which may not materialize, that she will reinstate the old-time French salon in New York city, bringing political and literary discussion into an atmosphere of beauty and refinement, and at the same time redeeming and strengthening the so-called lost art of conversation. I need not add that the new woman is prominent and that she likes it; she is prominent in philanthropy, education, society, literature, the home,

everything that moves up and on. She helps to organize the world's increase for comparison, and sends laden ships over the water on errands of mercy. She has reared a standard of intellect and all its stars are true. Artificial distinctions sound hollow in the air that surrounds her. In one of the continental congresses of our order a woman arose and said: "No organization can succeed that does not rate its members and honor them according to their own individual merit." That idea sounds in the bugle call of the nineteenth century

woman. It was the leading one in the minds of those who founded our republic.

Lowell says that Americanism is thinking yourself no better or worse than your neighbors because of any artificial distinction. Guizot once asked him, "How long do you think the American republic will endure?" "So long," he replied, "as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant." If then the nineteenth century woman is guarding these ideas, she is the proud conservator of American liberty.

MY SNOW MAIDEN.

By A. P. S.

"She's coming," the breezes whisper low,
That lightly, softly kiss her cheek,
My heart cannot but quickly beat,
At sight of her I worship so.

Her timid look makes my heart brave,
Her eyes meet mine—I tremble now—
Where is the courage that I crave?
Why does my spirit lowly bow?

The flaky whiteness stealing down
Nestles in her shining hair
For her drooping lashes make a crown,
I like to see it hiding there.

Her hands, like birds within their nest,
In furry muff are nestling warm,
She's here—I care not for the rest
For what may come of good or harm.

Little Snow Maiden! sweet and pure,
Fairer than anything can be,
I care for nothing else, but now
And always have her near to me.

SOME NOTES ON THOMAS PACKER.

By Irving A. Watson.

NEW HAMPSHIRE was fortunate in its Colonial period, in having a relatively large number of men of perhaps more than ordinary ability, and especially is this true of the medical profession, from which were developed judges, generals, governors, members of congress, as well as many officials of lesser note.

Biographies of many of these have been written, but there is one worthy of a record, who, so far as the writer can ascertain, has received only the briefest mention in history — Dr. Thomas Packer.

He was regularly educated for the medical profession in London, came to this country when a young man, and resided for a short time in Salem, Mass. From the latter place he removed to Portsmouth about 1687, where he remained until his death, in the year 1724. He was probably the third physician of Portsmouth, Renald Fernald being the first, and John Fletcher the second.

Dr. Packer was a man of marked ability, and not only attained eminence in medicine and surgery, but also in military and civil life. It is from fragments from here and there, and from manuscripts in the possession of the state, that the few facts herein given have been obtained.

Dr. Packer held the offices of Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia, Judge of Probate for the province for many

years, Judge of Common Pleas, Judge of the Superior Court, as well as other official positions. As Judge of Common Pleas he was superseded in 1695. He was dismissed from the offices of Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia and Judge of Probate for the province in 1697, by the President of the Council, when public sentiment was divided by political disputes. In the year 1717 he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, and on July 17 of that year took the oath of office.

In 1719 he was appointed Councilor, and held the office until his death. He was a representative to the General Assembly from Portsmouth at the time of his appointment as Councilor; was chosen speaker of the former in 1717, and held the office until he was made Councilor.

He presented a bill of ten pounds to the Council as early as July, 1697, probably for professional services during the French and Indian troubles. His name appears upon a petition in 1689. He was justice of the peace in 1693. In 1693 he was captain of a military company, as it would seem from an order issued to him by the Council, commanding him to direct the clerk of his company to "levy by distress and sale of the several persons goods hereinunder mentioned, the sum of five shillings on each person, for their not appearing with their arms" on a certain day as the law directed.

In 1693 one Elizabeth Fahens complained to the Council that he had charged her three pounds for probating a will, and the Council ordered that "Capt. Packer forbear to grant any Probate of Wills, or Letters of Administration, till farther ordered;" and at a subsequent meeting "Ordered, That Capt. Tho. Packer return back the money to the widow."

He was actively engaged in his military capacity, and in July, 1694, was ordered to march with his men to the relief of Oyster River. He reported to the Council relative to the massacre at Oyster River, as follows:

"Portsmo., July 18th [1694].

"Just now arrived a post from Oyster River. The Indians haue destroyed the place killed & burned all they could. Nere— haue Escaped and are too badly wounded doe not know but they be all oner our frontiers.

"Wait y^r Honors Mention

"Tho. Packer."

In 1694 the Council appointed him one of the committee of three to receive and examine the "accounts of the Province debts."

Dr. Packer's activity in military affairs led to his promotion. In May, 1696, Lieutenant-Governor Usher directed the Council to take due care of "y^e souldiers in y^e King's pay; w^{ch} if nott Col. Packer is not oblidged to continue them outt." Dr. Packer was evidently a man of large executive ability, and was looked upon as such by Lieutenant-Governor Usher, as may be seen by the latter's letters to the Council, in which he is frequently mentioned. The Council conferred upon him special powers at times, in his capacity as lieutenant-colonel. On January 19, 1696-'97, the Council "Ordered that notice be given by the Secretary from this Board to Lt. Col. Thomas Packer,

that for the future he do not exercise the office of Lt. Colonel over the Militia of the Province, nor that of Judge of the Probate of Wills and Grant Letters of Administration, by being hereby dismissed from both these offices." This action was probably taken at the instance of Lieutenant-Governor Usher, between whom and Colonel Packer it is evident from other records the best of relations did not exist at that time. Colonel Packer was charged with having granted warrants to raise men, under a warrant from Mr. Usher, in a manner not exactly in accord with the latter document. He was directed to appear before the Council to explain, and after receiving an "admonition," and acknowledging the government he was dismissed. The feeling against Usher, among the Council and the leading men of the province, became so great that he was superseded in his office in 1697 by Lieutenant-Governor Partridge.

In the Council records of 1703, July 3, bills were allowed Dr. Packer for "expenses upon the two Indian Treaties." From same records, February 24, 1703-'04: "Mr. Thomas Packer's Debenter amounting to 1£: 6s: 7d, for entertaining an Express, and some Indians about making Indian Shoes &c.," was allowed and ordered to be paid out of the next Province Rate in course.

"Mr. Thomas Packer's Debenter, am^o to eight pounds, for fire and candles for the Governour, Council and Representatives, in the year 1703; allowed him six pounds, and ordered to be paid ut supra."

February 17, 1704, he was allowed a sum for "entertaining Capt. Mor-

ris Commander of her Maj'tys shipp *Advice*, and several Dinners for her Maj'tys Council, &c.;" also "7^{lb} for fire and candles from February 1703, to February 1704."

May 8, 1705, he was paid "tenn pounds, two shillings, nine pence, for entertaining his Excellency and attendance." It would seem that Dr. Packer was again, at this time, on harmonious terms with the provincial authorities. His "entertaining" the governor seems to have been reciprocated to a certain extent, for we find upon the records of the Council, September 5, 1705, the following: "His Excellencys Letter dated Boston the 20th Aug^t, 1705, signifying to the Council that he advises and directs that they forthwith fortify Mr. Packer's house at the Bank, either with Square Timber and two regular Flankers, or with Stone and brick, and that the Line of the town be Reformed, and the Watches duly kept," etc.

The Committee of Militia of the town of Portsmouth "ordered Col. Packer's house to be fortified as a Garrison House for the defense of the Subjects against the French and Indian Enemy," and selected several persons to defend it. This order was not speedily carried out, so the Council at its meeting September 20, directed "Mr. Packer's house to be forthwith fortified." . . . In the meantime the governor had learned of the delay, and again under date of May 10, 1706, directed that "Colonel Packer's House in Portsmouth be forthwith fortified in good form, to receive the women and children, &c."

Whether the finances of Dr. Packer became somewhat impaired or not

at this time, is open to conjecture from the following entry in the records of the Council, July 29, 1706: "Whereas there is a warrant given to Mr. Thomas Packer for 10^{lb}, 2^s, 9^d, being the proportion of this Province for entertaining his Excellency in May 1705, out of which several persons are to be paid several sums:

"Ordered, That the Treasurer, when the said Packer comes to demand the 10^{lb}, 2^s, 9^d, take care that the said several sums belonging to the several persons be first deducted out of the said 10^{lb}, 2^s, 9^d; and by the Treasurer paid them accordingly, being for Hay, Graine, &c."

It appears that the meetings of the Council, Assembly, and Courts were held in Dr. Packer's house. Under date of July 30, 1706, the Council ordered that "unless Colonel Thomas Packer accepted the terms offered him by the Treasurer, about the two rooms for the Council and Assembly and the courts, that the Treasurer speak to Mrs. Harvy for two rooms in her house for the Council and Assembly to sit in; and that the Courts be held at the Meeting House." Satisfactory arrangements were, however, soon effected. The records of October 10, 1706, contain the following: "The Council, having discoursed Colonel Thomas Packer for the rooms, one to hold the Courts in and the Assembly to sit; the other for the Gov. and Council to meet in—It was agreed, that the said Packer have 8^{lb} a year for the said rooms; the rent to commence from the 25th July, 1706: the said Packer to find Chairs, Tables, &c."

In 1707 Thomas Packer's name appears among the jurymen, with place of abode Great Island. From the

records of the Council, October 22, 1707: "Thomas Packer his account Am^o to two pounds four shillings, for administering physic to Benjamin Lamperil, a soldier in the Expedition to Nova Scotia, was allowed and ordered to be paid out of the 'Treasury.'" "Thomas Packer, his account am^o to four pounds, for fire and candles for the year 1706, and allowed, was ordered to be paid out of the 'Treasury.'" "Thomas Packer, his Debenter Am^o to 16:8— for Wine and Beer, allowed and ordered to be paid out of the 'Treasury.'"

Dr. Packer's financial standing at this time must have been excellent, as he was accepted by Governor Dudley as one of the two sureties required of Thomas Hullard to guarantee fulfilling the commission and instructions as commander of the ship *Neptune*, "burthen two hundred Turns, or thereabouts, mounted with sixteen guns, with the said shipp and Company to warr, fight, take, kill, suppress, and destroy any pirates, privateers, or other the subjects or vassals of France or Spaine." . . .

On November 17, 1710, the Council allowed his bill of nine pounds for "Entertaining His Excellency General Nicholson, Leut. Governor & Council &c, on Thursday the 16th Currant, being a day of Thanksgiving for the success of Her Majesties Forces at port Royal."

Dr. Packer was, undoubtedly, a good entertainer, for in December, 1713, the Council ordered the Treasurer, when he knew of General Nicholson's coming into the province, to "acquaint Col. Packer thereof in order to provide for his reception, &c., at his the said Packer's

house." In July, 1714, the governor, General Nicholson, and some Indian Sachems were at Portsmouth, as the guests of the province, and were entertained at Packer's. Usher was again lieutenant-governor, and came to Portsmouth a few days prior to the reception of the distinguished visitors, and presided at the meetings of the Council. At the meeting of August 2, immediately following the entertainment, he asked the treasurer to bring in Packer's bill, which was done. The records say "The said Acc^t being read, it is lookt upon as noe proper acc^t and therefore, Ordered, That the said Colonel Packer be directed to draw out an Acc^t of the number of persons that dined every day, and of the quantity of the sorts of liquors," and that it be referred to a committee for examination. Usher apparently had not forgotten old relations during the lapse of a few years.

October 6, 1703, he presented the following bill to the Council and General Assembly for entertaining Major-General Povey:

"Majr. Genll. Povey's Bill for Diet and Lodging Augt. ye 13th, 1703.

Due to Thomas Packer.

13 Aug. 1703, Maj. Genll. Povey,

Dr.

	£.	s.	d.
To 1 pt. wine eggs & bacon . . .	00	01	06
14, to breakfast, 4d, 1 pt. wine			
10d, 5 meals	00	10	00
To Madara, 2s., Grean wine, 2s. 6d.	00	04	06
15, to breakfast 4d., to 5 meals,			
10s, 2 qts. Grean wine, 3s,			
4d	00	13	08
to 1 qt. Grean, 1 qt. madara .	00	02	10
16, to breakfast, 1-2 pt. wine, 5d.,			
to 6 meals, 12s	00	12	09
to madara and Grean wine .	00	03	08
17, to breakfast, 4d., to 5 meals .	00	10	04
to 2 qts of Grean wine . . .	00	03	04
18, to breakft. 4d., to 3 meals,			
10s., Grean wine, 2qts., 3s.,			
4d.	00	09	08

	£.	s.	d.
19 to break., 4 meals, 8s., 3qts. Green wine, 5s.	00	13	04
21 to meals, 4s., 1 qt. wine, 1s. 8d.	00	05	08
22 to breakft., 3 meals, 6s., 1 qt. wine, 13s. 8d.	00	08	00
23 to 3 meals, 6s., 3 pt. wine, 2s. 6d.	00	09	01
24 to break, 3 meals, 6s., 3 pt. wine, 2s. 6d.	00	09	01
25 to break., 4 meals, 8s., 2 qts. G. wine, 1 pt. mada.	00	12	08
27 to breakf., 4 meals, 8s., 1 bottl. wine	00	10	00
To your man's diet	00	12	00
To your chamber, 6s. yr man's lodg- ing, 2s.	00	05	00
To keeping yr hors 36 daies & nights	01	16	00
To keeping yr man's hors 14 daies & nights	00	14	00
	£	10	10 : 01

Upon this bill he was allowed nine pounds and six shillings; it is not stated on what items the deduction was made.

In 1707, under date of April 7, the following appears upon the journal of the Council and Assembly: "It being reported at this Board that Colonel Thomas Packer, Chirurgurgeon, has taken the Indian squaw lately wounded under his care and protection, to be cured, It is therefore directed that the said Packer proceed in curing the said Indian Squaw, and that the charge thereof be paid in proportion by the Massachusetts and this Government."

In October following Dr. Packer sent a bill to the Assembly of 79£, 6s., for "provisions and medicines for the wounded Squaw," most of which was allowed. What propitious circumstances favored the squaw's receiving such handsome treatment, at a time when the province was paying five pounds for an Indian scalp, the record does not show. At a little later date, May 12, 1711, the Assembly "Voted, That

for Indian man slayn in the Province sixty pounds, for every woman thirty pounds, and for every minor or Papoose, fifteen pounds to be paid out of the Treasury."

July 16, 1713, a bill was allowed to Dr. Packer by the Council "for Rent for the Court House, Council Chamber, and fire and candles," showing that these bodies still met in his house. In May, 1718, the following occurs in the journal of the House: "Mem: It being ye time of ye sitting of ye Superiour Court, ye House adjourned from ye Court House to ye great room in Mr. Speakr. Packer's house."

With all his public and official duties, Dr. Packer practised his profession. The following entry in the records of the Council, while he was a Councilor, under date of May 30, 1723, indicates this:

"N^o 13 an account Signed Thom^s Packer for house rent fireing and Candles 15£ and 2£ for visiting two vessels and also another acc^t for Medicines &c am^o to 5^{lb}. 6d we allow as follows (viz)

"For house rent fireing &c as pr Establishm^t For visiting two vessels 2 days and for the acct of 5£. 6d. we refer it to the assembly."

The Assembly voted to refer the bill for medicines (5£. 6d.) to the next session.

In the journal of the House, under date of May 30, 1723, in a bill of items presented to the province, is the following: "Tho. Packers acct fireing & 2 visits to ye sick, £12 : 0."

The action of the House in referring the account above-mentioned to the next session, is entered upon the journal as follows:

"Voted" . . . "thay Coll.

Packers acct of the Box of Medicens & Instrum^{ts} ly under consideration till next sessions and that the box be ordered to be returned and what is wanting to be made good." . . .

Dr. Packer married, August 7, 1687, Elizabeth, widow of Joseph Hall. She was a niece of the celebrated Maj. Richard Waldron of Dover. He had a son Thomas, who was well-known as Sheriff Packer, by reason of his executing the first two women hung in the Province of New Hampshire. He also had a daughter Elizabeth, who married Henry Deering.

O LITTLE BIRD.

By C. C. Lord.

O little bird,
That in the smile of summer sang for me
Thy rarest song, the sweetest ever heard,
A strain now echoes in my heart, to be
The gladness of a love that lists each word :
Thy music lives, though dumb thy leafless tree,
O little bird !

THY WORK.

By Luella Clark.

Do but thy work and all good powers
Agree thy path to bless ;
Fill but with work and love the hours,
Thou needst not seek success.

Honor or fame thou needst not seek :
Heaven careth for its own.
Thy praise attendant angels speak ;
Heed thou thy task alone.

Speak thou thy word, do thou thy deed
And leave to God the rest ;
He wills thee martyrdom or meed,
With either thou art blest.

Single thy purpose and thine eye ?
Single thy hand and heart ?
Then, rise or fall, then, live or die,
One knows and takes thy part.

NECROLOGY

GEN. CHARLES H. BARTLETT.

Charles H. Bartlett, one of the best known citizens of New Hampshire, and one of the most accomplished orators in the state, a recognized leader of the Republican party, though never aspiring to any of its higher honors, died suddenly at his home in Manchester, early in the morning of January 25, from paralysis of the heart, having been about his business at his office and on the street the previous day, apparently in his usual health.

General Bartlett was born in Sunapee, October 15, 1833, the son of John and Sarah J. Bartlett. He was a lineal descendant in the eighth generation of Richard Bartlett, who came from England to Newbury, Mass., in 1634. His early life was mainly spent upon his father's farm, laboring through the summer season and attending school in the winter. He early developed a taste for literary pursuits and showed remarkable facility in both prose and poetic composition.

He completed his education in the academies at Washington and New London, after which he began the study of law in the office of Metcalf & Barton at Newport. He studied subsequently with George & Foster at Concord, and with Morrison & Stanley in Manchester, being admitted to the bar of Hillsborough county from the office of the latter in 1858. In that year he began the practice of his profession at Wentworth.

In 1863 he removed to Manchester, where he afterward resided. For two years he was a partner of the late James U. Parker, the partnership terminating with the retirement of the latter.

In June, 1857, Mr. Bartlett was appointed clerk of the United States district court for the New Hampshire district, since which time he had not actively practised his profession, but devoted himself to the duties of his office, which became onerous and responsible on the passage of the bankruptcy law, about the time of his appointment.

He was clerk of the New Hampshire senate from 1861-'65; Governor Smyth's private secretary in 1865-'66; and treasurer of the State Industrial school in 1866-'67. In the same year he was unanimously chosen city solicitor, but declined a reelection.

In 1872 he was elected, as the nominee of the Republican party, mayor of Manchester, and served till February, 1873, when he resigned in accordance with the policy of the national government, which forbade United States officials to hold state or municipal offices. On retiring he turned his salary over to the firemen's relief association.

Mr. Bartlett was a trustee of Merrimack River Savings bank from its organization, in 1874, and also a director in the Merchants' National bank. He was mas-

ter of Washington Lodge of Masons from April, 1872, to April, 1874. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876, and chairman of the commission appointed by the governor and council to investigate the affairs of the asylum for the insane.

In 1881 Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts. In 1882 he was elected to the state senate, resigning his position as clerk of the United States district court. At the assembling of the legislature he was chosen president of the senate.

Mr. Bartlett had been a trustee of the State Industrial school, having been appointed by Governor Goodell to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Daniel Clark, whom he succeeded as clerk of the board.

He had been commander of the Amoskeag Veterans, was judge advocate on Governor Tuttle's staff, with the rank of general, and had been president of the Manchester board of trade for two years, president of Hanover-Street Congregational society and treasurer of the Manchester street railway.

Mr. Bartlett was united in marriage with Mrs. Hannah M. Eastman, a daughter of the late Capt. Moses Eastman, of Croydon, December 8, 1857. Mrs. Bartlett died July 25, 1890. They had two children, Charles Leslie, who died when four years old, and a daughter, Clara Belle, wife of Charles H. Anderson of Manchester.

JOHN C. FRENCH.

John C. French, one of the most prominent insurance men in the state and in New England, one of the organizers, for many years secretary, and for some years past—since the death of ex-Governor Weston—president of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company, died at his home in Manchester, from Bright's disease, January 8, 1900, having been ill for several months, and confined to the house several weeks.

He was the son of Enoch and Eliza (Cate) French, and was born in Pittsfield, March 1, 1832. His opportunities for obtaining an education were very limited, but his ardent desire to learn impelled him to supplement his common school privileges by reading at home, and afterwards to obtain, by working on a farm in summers and teaching in winters, the money to pay his expenses at the academies at Pittsfield, Gilmanton, and Pembroke. What he learned at these institutions only fed his ambition to know more, and as there was little opportunity for him to gratify his tastes and aspirations at home, when he became of age he made an arrangement with J. H. Colton & Co., to solicit orders for their mounted maps. The tact and activity which he showed in this work led his employers, a year later, to give him the Boston agency for "Colton's Atlas of the World," then in course of preparation. In this he won another success, selling over 1,200 copies of this large and expensive work. In 1855, he was appointed general agent for the house in New England, and subsequently gave considerable time to the introduction of Colton's series of geographies into the public schools. He was afterwards employed by Brown, Taggart & Chase, and Charles Scribner & Co., in bringing out their school publications.

In 1866, having been appointed state agent of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance company, he established his residence in Manchester, which has since

been his home. Three years later, in 1869, he conceived the idea of a stock fire insurance company, and in that year, by persistent efforts, succeeded in organizing the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company to which his energies were subsequently devoted, with wonderful success.

Mr. French always took a lively interest in his native town, and when the project for building a railroad which would promote its growth and prosperity took shape, he gave himself heartily to the enterprise, and it was largely through his efforts that the \$350,000 necessary to build the Suncook Valley road was secured by subscriptions to the capital stock and gratuities from the towns along the line.

He had decided literary tastes, and wrote articles of valuable historical nature, with special reference to New Hampshire and New Hampshire men. For many years he had been an active and enthusiastic member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and at the time of his death he was the president of the Manchester Historical association.

Mr. French was a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire asylum for the insane, a director of the Manchester Shoe company, a director of the Merchants' National bank, a trustee of the Guaranty Savings bank, a trustee of the Manchester city library, and president of the Franklin-Street society.

He married, in 1858, Annie M., who survives him, daughter of L. B. Philbrick of Deerfield, and had three children, Lizzie A., Susie P., and George Abram. He was a member of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar.

JOSHUA L. FOSTER.

Joshua Lane Foster, a well-known journalist of Dover, died in that city January 29, 1900.

Mr. Foster was a native of the town of Canterbury, a son of Daniel K. Foster, born October 10, 1824. When three months of age his parents removed to the home of his maternal grandparents at Chichester, where he passed his boyhood.

He was educated in the district school and at Pittsfield and Gilmanton academies. Mr. Foster began life on a farm, but being of a mechanical turn of mind, learned the trade of carpenter and builder, and afterward pursued the study of architecture under the instruction of Prof. Benjamin Stanton of New York. He followed the architectural profession at Concord about ten years. During that period he designed and constructed many public buildings in New Hampshire, including churches, court-houses, and schoolhouses. July 30, 1848, he married Miss Lucretia N. Gale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew Gale of Upper Gilmanton.

Mr. Foster began his editorial career in 1858, when he, in conjunction with Dr. Joseph H. Smith, bought the Dover *Gazette*. A partnership was formed with Edwin A. Hills, son-in-law of Dr. Smith, and the paper was published by the firm of Foster & Hills for three years, when Mr. Foster sold out. In 1863 he founded the *States and Union*, a weekly paper at Portsmouth, and in 1868 began the issue of the *Daily Times* of that city. Subsequently he sold these papers to Thayer & Guppy and removed to Connecticut, where he published the New Haven *Lever* for a time, and afterward issued a paper of the same name at Manchester, N. H.

In 1872 Mr. Foster returned to Dover, where he started *Foster's Weekly Demo-*

erat, the first issue appearing January 20, 1872. On June 18, 1873, the daily edition was started. He never cherished ambition for public office, but served three successive seven-year-terms as a member of the board of trustees of the Dover public library, a position which he held at the time of his death. July 30, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Foster observed their golden wedding anniversary, which was a grand event and was largely attended by prominent people in that section.

The deceased is survived by a widow, two sons, George J., and Charles G., and two daughters, Lucia E., wife of Mercer Goodrich of Lynn, Mass., and Ena V., wife of Fred J. Whitehead, and nine grandchildren.

HON. ISAAC W. SPRINGFIELD.

Hon. Isaac Woodbury Springfield, born in Rochester, October 27, 1823, died at South Wolfeborough, January 7, 1900.

Mr. Springfield was bereft of his father when thirteen years old, being left with two other children in his mother's care in destitute circumstances. At fourteen he entered the employ of the Norway Plains Manufacturing Co., of Rochester, remaining ten years. Later he was for three years in the lumber business.

In 1850, conjointly with John Hall, he erected a woolen mill on the Salmon Falls river, at East Rochester, and commenced the manufacture of woolen goods, buying out his partner's interest in the business five years later. After two years of success, the establishment was totally destroyed by fire, leaving him heavily in debt. This he paid in full, principal and interest, during the next five years. In 1858 he commenced the manufacture of blankets at South Wolfeborough, where he increased the business, continually improving the quality of his products, until the mills have the reputation of turning out the best blanket of any concern in the country. Aside from his manufacturing, Mr. Springfield had business interests in a variety of directions. He has done lumbering on an extensive scale, and he has also been engaged in large farming enterprises.

Mr. Springfield was one of the corporators of the Rochester Savings bank and was long one of the directors of the Lake National bank at Wolfeborough. He represented Rochester two years in the legislature and also served a term in the state senate. He was a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow, a charter member of Rochester grange, and its first master, holding the chair for ten years. He was elected president of the Rochester Agricultural and Mechanical association upon its organization, and held the office until his resignation, when an entire new board of officers was chosen.

He was twice married, his first wife having died many years ago and his second wife surviving him. He leaves three children by his first wife, Charles W. of Rochester, who, like his father, is a successful manufacturer; Jennie, who lives at the Springfield home in Rochester, and Mrs. T. L. Thurston of Wolfeborough.

CHARLES M. DORR.

Charles Melville Dorr, born in Somersworth, May 30, 1845, died there December 31, 1899.

He was a son of Ezekiel and Belinda Dorr. He attended the public schools in Somersworth after which he took a course at West Lebanon academy. After

being graduated from that institution he returned to Somersworth and acted as clerk in various places, at one time in a drug store. Later he went into the dry goods store of the late Moses Bates, and became, in company with James E. Hobson, successor to Mr. Bates. For quite a number of years this partnership continued doing a successful business, but about eight years ago Mr. Hobson retired, and Mr. Dorr thereafterwards carried on the business until he sold it out in 1897, shortly after accepting the position of cashier of the Somersworth National Bank for which position he was specially well qualified from having served as National Bank examiner, under the administration of President Harrison, and during which incumbency he had rendered the government signal service.

Mr. Dorr served for many years as town clerk, and subsequently as moderator for Somersworth, under the old town government. In 1879 he was elected to the legislature, and was re-elected in 1881. He was a member of the Constitutional convention of 1889. He was prominent in Republican politics not only in the city and county, but throughout the state as well, having for years been a member of the State Republican committee. He was a member of the Free Baptist church and one of its staunchest pillars. He was also prominent in Masonry, and had taken the thirty-second degree in the order. May 30, 1868, he was married to Miss Eunice O. Hayes of West Lebanon, Me. To them were born four children, three sons and one daughter, of whom only one, Percy O., a member of the class of 1902, Dartmouth college, survives.

GEORGE W. MURRAY.

George W. Murray, Esq., a prominent member of the Grafton County bar, died at his home in Canaan, where he had long resided, January 5, 1900.

Mr. Murray was a native of the town of Hill, born July 31, 1830, the son of John and Rhuannah (Wells) Murray. He studied law with Nesmith & Pike at Franklin, was admitted to the bar and located in Canaan about 1855, where he ever after remained, and where he was quite successful in practice.

He represented Canaan in the legislature in 1861 and 1866, and was a member of the Constitutional convention of 1876. He had the honorary degree of A. M. conferred upon him by Dartmouth college. While always interested in public affairs, a staunch Republican, and in the early days of the party an able and earnest advocate of its principles on the stump, he had little taste for public office, and his life had been devoted to the practice of his profession. Always deeply interested in the welfare of his adopted town of Canaan, he was one of its most generous and public-spirited citizens. His advice upon business as well as law matters was sought and followed by the people of his town, and he enjoyed their confidence, respect, and esteem.

December 17, 1856, he was married to Jeanette F. Barnes, then a music teacher in Union academy. Six children have been born to them, Julia, now Mrs. O. P. Wright; Ellen, Mrs. W. A. Plummer; Kate, Mrs. A. L. Davis; Charles Edward, Claude M., and Carl B. All are living but "Ned," as he was familiarly known, who died while he was attending the Holderness School for Boys.

Mr. Murray was a prominent member and liberal supporter of the Methodist Episcopal church in Canaan.

COL. JOHN B. HALL.

Col. John B. Hall, of Manchester, long prominent in the business life of that city and in state militia affairs, died at his residence on Walnut street, from pneumonia, January 15, 1900.

Colonel Hall was a native of West Bradford, Vt., born July 11, 1841. At the age of seven years he removed, with his parents, to Piermont in this state, where he lived until about 1855, when he went to Manchester and learned the machinist's trade, but on account of dull times went to New York city where he was located when the war broke out. He enlisted in the Eleventh New York volunteers on the 7th of May, 1861. His regiment was originally known as the Ellsworth Fire Zouaves, and he remained with them until they were mustered out, and then returned to Manchester in very poor health. In the spring of 1863 he went to Shelbyville, Ill., and was engaged as a locomotive engineer for a number of years. From there he went to northern New York and there engaged successively in the wood and lumber business, hotel business for five years, and the musical instrument business. Not liking the latter he sold out and, obtaining a license as a first-class engineer, he went to the steamboat engineering business on Lake Champlain, on the boat *River Queen*, where he remained until she went to pieces on Hathaway's Point. He returned to Manchester, August 4, 1872, and after that time was successfully engaged in the drug business in that city.

He had a superb military record, having served with distinction as assistant surgeon, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of the First regiment of the N. H. N. G.

In religion he was a Unitarian and politically a Republican. He was an old time fireman, a member of the lodge of Elks, of the United Workmen, of the Queen City lodge, Knights of Pythias, of the Amoskeag Veterans, and also of a lodge of Masons in West Chazy, N. Y.

He leaves a widow, a half brother, and a mother, Mrs. Susan H. Prescott of Manchester.

COL. JOHN B. DANE.

John B. Dane, a noted old time stage and express man, son of John and Chloe (Bowers) Dane, born in Sunapee, (then Wendell), July 16, 1821, died in Hillsboro, January 19, 1900.

His parents removed to Francestown when he was three years old, where his education was received in the public schools and at Francestown academy under Benjamin Wallace. After leaving school, at the age of eighteen, he entered the employ of his uncle, Moses Dane, who was in trade in Greenfield, going twice a week to market in Lowell. A short time later he was admitted to partnership with his uncle, and for several years they carried on an extensive trade in butter, cheese, and eggs. In 1844 he married Almira P., daughter of William Whittemore of Greenfield, removing to Francestown where he carried on the same business for a short time. In 1846 he commenced driving stage for Robert Moore on the route from Greenfield to Manchester, afterward changing to the Deering and Manchester route. About this time he was much interested in military affairs, and in the early '50's he was a colonel in the New Hampshire state militia.

In 1852 he removed to Antrim, soon after which the firm of Morrill, Howison

& Dane was formed, he taking charge of the upper end of the several stage routes controlled by the firm. About 1860, S. I Vose being admitted to the firm, he removed to Peterborough and became general manager of the entire business, which included routes from Peterborough to Wilton, Peterborough to Keene and Munsonville, and the Forest line from Alstead and Antrim to Greenfield. At this time they controlled all the express business from Peterborough to Boston by way of New Ipswich and Greenfield. About 1870 they sold the entire stage business to the Boston & Lowell R. R., and he became manager for the railroad company in whose employ he remained until they sold out. He resided in Hancock from 1871 to 1875, removing then to Greenfield. Since retiring from business he had resided a larger part of the time with his son, John H., in Peterborough. For the past five years he has resided in Hillsborough. He is survived by his wife, two sons, John H., William F., of Somerville, Mass., and one daughter, Fannie P. Cummings of Peterborough.

EDWARD P. KIMBALL.

Edward P. Kimball, born in Hillsborough, February 23, 1819, died in Troy, January 23, 1900.

Mr. Kimball was the son of Retyre and Lucy (Bill) Kimball. His father was a tanner, currier, and shoemaker in Hillsborough, and was colonel of the Twenty-sixth New Hampshire Infantry. He died in 1839. Young Kimball was educated at private and other schools in the vicinity of his home, and after the death of his father lived two years with his uncle, who kept a store. He then went to Frances-town, working on a farm and gaining some farther education. Then he learned the hat and cap business in the store of Benjamin F. Grosvenor at Hillsborough Bridge, removing to Troy in 1836 with Mr. Grosvenor, who opened a hat store there. At the end of four years he bought out his employer, adding groceries and other merchandise, and building up a large and successful business. In politics he was a Democrat. He was appointed a deputy sheriff in 1844, and held that office until his death, except while he was high sheriff for two years, being when he died the oldest deputy in the state, both in years and point of service. He was postmaster of Troy under Pierce and Buchanan, and had been town clerk, treasurer, agent, etc., holding many positions of trust. He was a Freemason, and for a number of years previous to his death was the only surviving charter member of the lodge in Troy. July 6, 1844, he married Mary A., daughter of Cyrus Fairbanks, who survives him. They had three sons, Charles E., G. Fred, and Warren W. The second son died some years ago. Charles and Warren reside in Troy.

REV. JOSIAH W. KINGSBURY.

Rev. Josiah W. Kingsbury, who died at Braintree, Mass., January 14, was essentially a New Hampshire man, though a native of Underhill, Vt., where he was born October 2, 1838.

He removed, with his parents, early in life to Tamworth in this state, where he was brought up and received his preliminary education, and where his remains now lie in their last resting-place. He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter

academy, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1862. In 1863 he began the course at Princeton Theological seminary, and after he was graduated from that institution he was appointed principal of a school in Schenectady, N. Y. In 1865 he was licensed to preach by the White River Association of Congregational churches of Vermont. The following year he was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Quechee, Vt., and served there four years. Afterwards he held pastorates at Woodstock, Conn., Montague, Mass., Biddeford, Me., Rye, N. H., and Middleboro, Mass.

Rev. Mr. Kingsbury retired from active work seven years ago, and settled in Braintree. Since that time he was engaged in literary work until his death.

Mr. Kingsbury married Mary H. Jackson of Tamworth in 1863, who, with three daughters and five sons, survives him.

WILLARD O. HURD, M. D.

Dr. Willard Otis Hurd, who died, January 11, at the Soldiers' Home in Tilton, a son of Henry and Abigail Hurd, was born at Croydon, December 7, 1839. In 1847 the family removed to Lempster where he attended the public schools and academy until he was seventeen, when he entered the office of his brother, Dr. William H. Hurd, at Carlton Place, Ontario, preparatory to the study of medicine. Later he entered the medical college at Albany, N. Y., and immediately upon his graduation in the spring of 1863, entered the army, receiving a commission as assistant surgeon in the Eighty-third New York Volunteers. On the mustering out of that regiment, a year later, he was transferred to the Ninety-seventh New York Volunteers, and served until the close of the war.

In 1866 he entered upon the practice of medicine in the town of Grantham, in this state. In the following year he married Randilla Howard, of Grantham, by whom he had two children, Harry Wilbur, for several years past principal of Whitefield academy, and Annie M., now connected with the New Hampshire State library.

In 1884 he removed to Hyde Park, Mass., where he continued in practice till 1890. In 1895 he entered the Soldiers' Home at Tilton, where he had charge of the hospital. He died suddenly of heart disease.

CHARLES H. BROOKS.

Charles H. Brooks, a native of Bolton, Mass., born February 22, 1820, died at his home in Peterborough, January 21, 1900.

Mr. Brooks had been a resident of Peterborough more than fifty years, locating there in 1849, and was for many years engaged in the transportation of freight and general teaming, which before the advent of the railroad was an important item of local business. Later he was interested in banking and real estate, and was for a long time, and up to his decease, a director of the First National Bank of Peterborough, and president of the Peterborough Savings Bank.

He was a public-spirited citizen and a man of sound judgment and business sagacity, and served his town faithfully in many capacities as selectman during the Civil War period and several times subsequently, as treasurer for a number of years, and on various important committees. He was a Republican in politics

and represented the town in the legislature of 1895. He was an active and interested member of the Unitarian society of Peterborough. His wife died in August, 1898, but he is survived by two daughters, Caroline B., wife of Hon. M. L. Morrison, and Fannie M., wife of Hon. Frank G. Clarke, representative from the Second New Hampshire district in the national house of representatives.

JAMES C. HILDRETH.

James C. Hildreth, editor and publisher of the *Hollis Times*, died at his home in that town, January 27. He was a son of Amos and Mary E. (Stearns) Hildreth, born in Hollis, May 26, 1846.

His education was received in the district schools of Hollis. In 1869 he established the printing business which he has since conducted. Several years ago he founded the *Times*, a weekly paper devoted to the welfare of the town and its inhabitants. Mr. Hildreth was a charter member of Charity lodge, I. O. G. T., and remained a member until it disbanded. He was also a charter member of Hollis Grange and Hollis Commandery, U. O. G. C., continuing a member of both until the time of his death. He had been a member of Hollis Congregational church since November 4, 1866. He left a widow, one son, A. F. Hildreth, one brother, H. F. Hildreth, editor of the *Lawrence Eagle*, and an aged mother, Mrs. M. E. Hildreth of Harvard, Mass.

MYRON W. COLE.

Myron Wesley Cole, postmaster of Hampton, died at his home in that town, January 9, 1899. He was a native of Portsmouth, a son of William G. and Hannah T. (Brooks) Cole, born May 27, 1857. He graduated at Hampton Academy to which town his father removed when he was about twelve years of age. He was for several years a clerk for J. A. Lane of Hampton. He was appointed postmaster May 28, 1889, serving four years, and four years after the expiration of his first term, in 1897, was again appointed and held the office at the time of his death. He was a prominent member of the Congregational church and of Rockingham Lodge, I. O. O. F. November 5, 1891, he married Miss Carrie R. Leavitt, who survives him.

ELDER JOSEPH SPINNEY.

Joseph Spinney, one of the oldest and best known preachers of the Advent faith in the state, died in Wakefield, December 21, 1899.

Elder Spinney was born in Wakefield, March 11, 1812. He was educated at Limerick, Me., and Wakefield academies, and taught school winters from 1830 to 1850. He commenced preaching at twenty-one years of age, and was ordained to the ministry of the Free Baptist church, but in 1843 he associated himself with the Adventists with whom he continued up to the time of his death, preaching most of the time in Wakefield. He had united 225 couples in marriage, and officiated at between seven hundred and eight hundred funerals.



Canal Street.

THE CEMETERIES.

The cemeteries are most interesting places to visit, as interments are wholly made above ground. The Chalmette is located near the old historical battle-field where the battle of New Orleans was fought, between the British and American forces, in 1815. It is the National cemetery, tastefully laid out and beautifully kept.



Entrance to Metairie Cemetery.

The St. Louis is the oldest in the city, while Metairie cemetery is the handsomest. The latter contains some magnificent monuments, and the most beautiful mausoleums, unlike those seen elsewhere in this country. Of those that are prominent mention should be made of those of General Albert Sidney Johnson and General Stonewall Jackson, and tombs to the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee. The remains of Jefferson Davis were for a time in a tomb in this cemetery, and his name may yet be seen from the outer gate on the vault where his body was placed.

NAMES OF STREETS.

The people of New Orleans are proud of the nomenclature of their streets, and it is claimed that no city in the Union has so well preserved

all the romance of its early days in the titles of its streets, and that the entire history of the French and Spanish dominions may be recalled by referring to a city directory. As to the French names, there is a Napoleon and Lafayette avenue, a Jena, Austerlitz and Murat street, and the whole northern section of the city is named in honor of Napoleon, his victories, or his generals.

The Spanish names are equally prominent. For a time it was fashionable to name streets from antiquity, and those survive to-day. There is an Achille, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, Nayades, and Emphrosium street. After many of the streets are located it is difficult to know how to spell or even to pronounce them, and to be unable to do so is considered a serious offense by society people, and in the case of



Cotton Bales on Dock.

a state official who had misspelled a name of a street there was the utmost indignation displayed by the population, and he was never forgiven for his mistake. The city also boasts of a Goodchildrens street, a Love street, Madman's street, Mystery and Piety streets.

New Orleans has been under the ownership of five different countries. What a history of incidents, vicissi-



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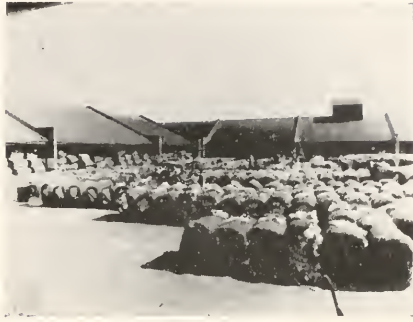
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Under the Oaks, City Park.

tudes and romances with so many different masters! And this tells in its street nomenclature.

THE OAKS.

The Oaks, or the old duelling ground of New Orleans, is now a part of the city park, and is a little forest of gigantic live oaks with immense branches reaching to the ground. There is still great interest lingering about these famous oaks for reason of the memories which they recall, and the tradition that makes them immortal.

So well recognized was the code before the war, by all who had any pretensions to good breeding, that judges on the bench would resent an insult from lawyers at the bar. The Oaks became a place of rendezvous for duellists in the year 1835; prior to that date another locality was used for fighting.

After a challenge was accepted, if either of the principals failed to put

in an appearance, then it became the duty of the second to do the honors. In one instance two military gentlemen fought a duel with navy revolvers at ten paces with six barrels loaded; with agreement to fire at will while advancing, one of whom was killed. Both had declared they did not know the cause of the difficulty.

Early in the history of Louisiana six Frenchmen were enjoying a promenade when one exclaimed, "What a beautiful night and what a level ground for a fight! Suppose we draw our swords and make the night memorable by a spontaneous display of bravery and skill." Upon the word they drew and paired, and in the clear moonlight their shining blades gleamed until two of the number remained on the field corpses, victims of foolish bravado.

In the St. Louis cemetery my attention was called to the following epitaph:

Sacred to the memory of
Mica Job Lewis
Brother-in-law and Secretary of
Governor W. C. C. Claiborne
Who fell in a duel Jan. 14, 1804.
Aged 24 years.

The above is on one side of a shaft erected over the remains of Governor Claiborne who left the gubernatorial mansion to fight Congressman Clark, which resulted in severely wounding the latter.

For a time there were always one or two encounters daily, a daily procession of pilgrims to the bloody Mecca; once on the field honor required that some blood should be shed; now and then a drop would satisfy; at other times it must be death. There were duels with swords, rifles, revolvers, broadswords, and shot guns, the latter being considered the most dangerous, and more often fatal. There were instances of duels when the parties were

mounted on spirited horses, and with broadswords as weapons. The code was very strict, for instance, one could not fight a man who could not be invited to his house.

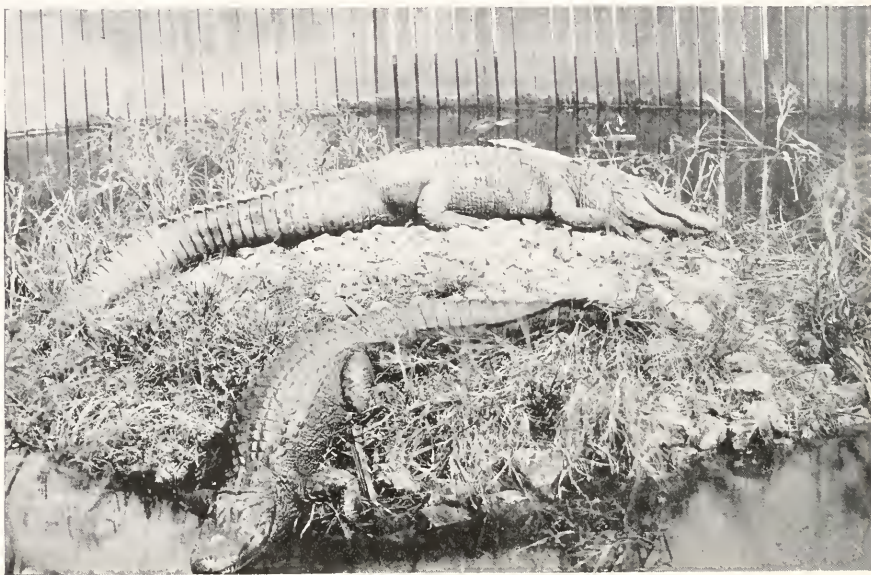
A man still living in New Orleans did much to arouse bitter prejudice against duelling. He received a challenge as to a claim and he was charged with being a coward. His answer was that a just claim could be collected through the courts, and if the man considered him a coward to attack him on the street and demonstrate the fact. The people realized that there was argument in the answer and a better way to adjust difficulties than to take life, and from that day duels grew less, and are wholly discontinued to-day in New Orleans, although The Oaks are referred to in nearly every business transaction.



Mississippi River

A splendid answer to a challenge was once sent by Mirabeau to Marquis du Chatalet, both members of a Constituent assembly of France, each

winter he gives his attention to hunting duck, quail, and deer which abound in that vicinity, and a ready market is found at New Orleans.



A Cheerful Couple.

leader of the opposite party. It happened that Mirabeau had used some expressions in debate which the Marquis considered offensive and demanded satisfaction. Mirabeau replied as follows :

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS:—It would be very unfair for a man of sense like me to be killed by a fool like you.

I have the honor to be
With highest consideration,
MIRABEAU.

ALLIGATORS.

Alligators are numerous during the summer season along the banks of the Mississippi river and hunting for them is a regular business by a large number of colored men, the skins being sold at \$1.25 each. One hunter stated that last season he killed 1,000 alligators. During the

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The First Presbyterian church has as pastor Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., who enjoys a national reputation, and at home is exceedingly popular. He is eighty-two years of age and has been pastor of that church forty-five years. Last year a reception was given him and ten thousand persons called to pay their respects. He is a vigorous preacher to-day and speaks without notes. No one would suspect that he is over sixty years old. During the war he was forced to take his departure from New Orleans on the appearance of the Union army, for reason of his denunciation of the North, and I was informed that he is now one of the few unreconstructed men of the South.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The colored people of the South are not yet enjoying the privileges that are supposed to be vouchsafed to them by the law of the land, but so far as I could learn they are fairly satisfied, and are not making contentions or complaints. The coaches and steam cars are made with separate compartments, one for the white passengers and the other for the colored people, and each station has separate waiting-rooms. While the colored race are permitted to ride in the street cars in New Orleans, should there be excursions or attractions at any point, the advertisements always make mention that there will be extra cars for the colored people.

If a colored man desires to entertain two of his friends at the bar, he will be asked for his money in advance and will be informed that the three drinks will cost him fifteen dollars, and, of course, they have not the money, or will not be imposed on to that extent. Should a colored gentleman register at any first-class hotel he will be told that his room over night will be thirty-five dollars, and the man, of course, leaves the house. Proprietors of hotels, when



Milk Cart.

the rights of colored people were being tested in court, instructed their employés to refuse to serve them; then the proprietors, if found, would say, "You can see we are powerless; our waiters decline to serve you; certainly you cannot expect me to wait upon you."

No tickets are sold for theatres or the opera other than for the third gallery, which is reserved for them, and if a negro should attempt to enter with a ticket purchased by another, he would be immediately ejected.

Bishop Henry W. Turner of the Methodist Episcopal church was recently refused a sleeping berth on the Central Georgia railroad, notwithstanding he was ill at the time, and he was forced to occupy the second-class day coach reserved for the negroes. A man with colored blood in his veins, although he may be a gentleman, and highly educated, speaking several different languages, and in possession of much wealth, is never recognized in society or expected to enter the house of his neighbors, although their lawns may join.

The naval officer, Hon. John Webre, at New Orleans, is a colored



Negro Hamlet.

man. As the naval officer at Boston has been considered a part of the patronage of New Hampshire since 1869, so this position in the South, since the war, has been given invariably to the colored race.

Col. James Lewis, United States surveyor general, Hon. Walter N. Cachén, United States register of the land office, and J. M. Holland, correspondence clerk at the custom house, are colored gentlemen, all

recognized as men of ability, and, with the exception of Mr. Holland, presidential appointments, and would be received by the president of the United States, yet none of these gentlemen at New Orleans can enter the theatre or opera unless they take the seats in the upper gallery as above-mentioned, and, at death, their remains must be taken to that section of the cemetery reserved for the colored people.

MASCOMA VALLEY SKETCHES.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND NOTES.

By Ernest Albert Barney.

1. The highway winds around the brow of the hill between magnificent maples, and then downward, by an abrupt descent, to the Gulf bridge. The brook is very low and the music of the flow-



1. The Gulf Bridge



2. Profile on Balance Rock.



3. Mt. Cardigan from Canaan Intervale.

ing waters among the rocks is hushed to a faint murmur. After the bridge is crossed the ascent to the level of the long ridge beyond is very steep and is a novel experience to one unaccustomed to New Hampshire hills.

2. This visitor of the drift epoch is situated on a height of land, and the stone profile that can be seen only as a side view is, apparently, looking toward Blue Mountain Park and Mt. Ascutney. To the eastward, from this point, is a magnificent view of the Cardigan range.

3. This photograph was taken December 21, 1899, on what would have been called an ideal fall day; no snow in the valley and only a thin coating of ice along the stream. Mt. Cardigan is crowned with white and the trees, five hundred feet below the summit, are touched by the "elfin fingers of the frost."

4. This farm road leads through a natural park in a valley between two fields. Large paper birches, beeches and evergreen trees have escaped the woodman's axe. It is an ideal bit of forest rapidly disappearing from points easily accessible from the highland villages of the state. Spare these natural parks that have small monetary value, but require generations to replace.

5. Thoreau Basins, near the highway from Canaan to the summit of Mt. Cardigan, are especially pretty. The three falls are almost in line but only a part of the view appears in this photograph. On a ledge above the brook small rock ferns (*Polypodium vulgare*) and lichens (*Peltigra canina*) are bright with just a sprinkling of snow for a background. A grim rock profile is on the right, near the margin of the photograph.

6. Across the ravine a puff of smoke ascends from a mica mine and the explosion of dynamite is heard. Canaan village is seen nestling among the hills below. The mountains of Vermont loom up on the horizon.



4. January in the Highlands.



5. Thoreau Basins, Mt. Cardigan.



6. The Road from Mt. Cardigan to Canaan.

SONG OF THE MERRIMACK.

By Frederic Brush.

Ever falling, softly calling
Day and night and into day ;
I was nursling of the glaciers ;
I shall see the world grow gray.

Ever flowing, ever growing,
Onward to the sea I glide,
Fed by fountains from the mountains
Where the storm-god loves to hide.

Downward sinking, ever drinking,
From the East and from the West
Juices chastening, I am hastening
To the Mother Ocean's breast.

All this throbbing, murmuring, sobbing
Is her spirit voice in sleep.
And the bubbles are all troubles
Cast up from the secret deep.

Ever flowing, never knowing
Time to doubt or time to pray,
I am giving to the living
Love's sweet labor all the way.

CONCORD'S CHILDREN.

By Clara Frances Brown.

“**L**ET us read and recollect and impress upon our souls the views and ends of our forefathers in exchanging their native country for a dreary, inhospitable wilderness. Recollect their amazing fortitude, their bitter suffering, the hunger, the nakedness, the cold which they patiently endured ; the severe labors of clearing their grounds, building their houses, and raising their provisions amidst dangers from wild beasts and savage men.” Turning slowly the pages of many an ancient book, I have been made proud and happy to see how many illustrious names belong to our be-

loved city, and it is my purpose here briefly to recall to memory the noble men and women who have gone out from this place and given their lives in service to the world. Not boastfully would I recall their deeds, but in simple words draw a picture of their lives, that, pausing a moment in the rush of this busy century, our lives may be ennobled and strengthened by a few moments' contact with theirs. In the *North American Review*, some years ago, a writer expressed great wonder that a state so rich in beautiful scenery had produced no poets. We do not claim the greatest of our poets sprang from New Hampshire soil, but many of them have drawn inspiration from the sublime scenery of our mountains, lakes, and rivers, and not infrequently has Concord, for a time, at least, been honored as their abiding place.

"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness about work," remarks Carlyle, and the first settlers of Concord, then Penacook, were the hardest of workers. While their busy hands leveled the forests and cleared the meadow land, their no less busy brains were coining thoughts that burn. From his plow Parson Walker went to his study, and amid the severe labors of the week found ample time for penning sermons whose strong words roused the hearts of his hearers, and cheered them through a week of toil; and the same careful hand found time to fill the pages of a diary which we prize to-day as an accurate and almost only picture of life when the good man prayed with his gun by his side, and the whoop of the Indian drove the settlers for refuge to the garrison-house nearest at hand.

There was little chance in those early days for the gentler arts.

We come to a period of tragical interest in our little town. The Penacook tribe of Indians, under the wise management of Parson Walker, were always friendly, but from Canada, instigated by the French, who, from 1744-'62, were almost always at war with England and her colonies, hordes of savages poured down upon the settlement, but in spite of all the discouragements they stood their ground against the enemy, supported themselves with all the necessities of life, gave a goodly quantity of provisions to neighboring villages, and were ready upon notice of danger or trouble of any kind to go to the assistance of their neighbors. Belknap says: "The history of a war on the frontier is little except the recital of the hair-breadth escapes, exploits, and sufferings of individuals, families, or small parties."

Among the familiar names in our city of those who at this period freely offered liberty and life for the safety of their fellows are Abbot, Eastman, Bradley, Kimball, Evans, Carter, Colby, Chandler, Walker, Virgin, Shute, and to-day their descendants occupy positions of trust and honor in our midst. With Rogers' Rangers were representatives from these families, and many others, and through the Revolutionary War Rumford did her part, freely sending her bravest and best in her country's hour of need. At the Battle of Bunker Hill it is said Captain Abbot's company fought without even the slight protection of the rail fence or heaps of hay enjoyed by most of the regiment.

The second minister of the old North church, Israel Evans, was the only chaplain who served during the whole of the Revolutionary War. He was always first in danger, often leading the men himself, and in Sullivan's engagement with the Indians was constantly under fire, acting as aid to the general. With such men as her spiritual leaders is it any wonder that the children of Rumford grew fearless and strong? And listen! as we read the earnest words of Mrs. Little do we not hear echoing through the years the slogan of Clan McFarlane, and in fancy see the fiery cross glancing swiftly from the Scottish shore till it reaches our own and settles down over this city? And were not the labors of that scion of Scotland equal to those of his noble ancestors? Who has performed more exhaustive work for the benefit of our city than the man, who, as pastor of the old church from which we all sprang, found time to deliver two written sermons every Sunday, to attend a third service in town hall or schoolhouse, to preach frequently in the outer districts, to respond to the call for ordination sermons in other towns, to perform missionary work in northern New Hampshire and Fryeburg, Me., to serve as trustee of Dartmouth college during the exciting period of its controversy, to act as president of the New Hampshire Missionary Society, to leave the manuscript of 2,054 sermons, a book of 276 pages, and the names of 441 persons added to the church during his ministry to attest how faithfully he had "sprung to the rescue?"

In Munich is a statue of one of Concord's adopted sons—Benjamin Thompson, born in Woburn, Mass.,

in 1753, spending most of his life abroad, yet retaining sufficient love for the home of his adoption to take its name as his title; a brilliant man, with a remarkably handsome face and graceful manner which won him favor wherever he went. A calculating, shrewd Yankee, yet one, who by his scientific research has greatly benefited humanity. He came to this city at the age of nineteen, fell in love with, and married, a widow of thirty-three. Driven by the patriots from Rumford in 1774 on account of Tory sentiments he placed himself under British protection in 1775. At thirty he was a colonel in the English army, with half pay for life, and a baronet. In 1784 he went to Munich by request of the elector, remaining there eleven years. He reformed the government, reduced beggary, introduced new methods of cooking, made numerous scientific experiments, and published many essays, the first in 1796. About this time he gave \$5,000 to the American Association of Arts and Science in Boston. There are probably some still living who remember the countess, his daughter, whose home at the South end is now known as the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum. The count died near Paris in 1814.

Concord has ever had reason to be proud of her medical fraternity, and the name of Carter is deservedly honored in our midst. Dr. Ezra Carter settled in Rumford about 1740. A good scholar, a skilful man, he was universally beloved. Often in his work he was menaced by the Indians. At one time he was saved by the playfulness of his horse, which, declining to be caught, saved his master from falling into an ambushed

party of Indians. Dr. Philip Carrigan was another physician whose name has descended to us covered with honor. He was born in the city of New York in 1746. But little is known of his early life. His father was at one time in the service of the Pretender. Dr. Carrigan came here in 1763, and established himself as a physician and surgeon. There were but few of the profession in the state, and, as he possessed extraordinary skill, he rose rapidly and had a more extensive practice than any physician of his time. We speak proudly of New Hampshire as the Granite state, but how many of us ever knew whence the name originated? Philip Carrigan, son of the doctor, born in 1772, first made use of the term in a poem written on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Concord, June 25, 1825.

Philip Carrigan might be spoken of as a literary "Jack-at-all-trades." Ostensibly he was a lawyer. His engaging personal qualities, his reputation for talent and learning, his gift of light speech and easy versification, his readiness to take part in all festive occasions, combined to surround him with popularity. No political, agricultural, or social gathering was complete without him. A toast, a speech, a poem, was always ready in his prolific brain. He complimented the ladies, flattered the farmers, and won the applause of all. In 1805 he was secretary of state; in 1806 one of an association of gentlemen who carried on a newspaper called the *American Patriot*; in 1821-'22, clerk of the state senate. But he is principally remembered by the map of New Hampshire which he succeeded in skilfully putting together from

very incompetent surveys. Frequently called upon to sign a recommendation for some office, he never refused, but it was understood by the governor and council no signature was worthy of attention unless accompanied by a flourish under his name ending in an eagle's beak. Called upon suddenly one day to translate the motto on the seal of John Randolph of Roanoke, he instantly rendered "*Fari quae sentiat*," "My God and my country." He never married. He won his popularity too easily, and died poor. His tombstone was erected by friends of his better days.

S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, passed some time in Concord in his early life. He is described as tall and symmetrical, with a face of Italian cast, and is said to have astonished the good people of the town by three things—first, by painting pictures they could recognize; second, by capturing from Concord young men the most desirable lady, and last, by giving a large fee to the minister who performed the marriage service. It is impossible for us to follow the career of this brilliant man.

Who among the Woman's club fails to consult the phases of the moon in *Leavitt's Almanac*? Are not its quaint cuts dear to our hearts? Does not a glimpse of its covers as it comes each year from Eastman's recall the time when as children we believed in its inspiration and scanned its pages in fear and trembling for the next day's weather for our picnic? Yet how many of us knew Dudley Leavitt was once a teacher in the old Bell schoolhouse in 1816-'19?

The best blood of New England comes from the Huguenot religionists, and Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., sprung from this old French stock. Called a pastor to the North church March 26, 1825, for forty-two years he faithfully guarded and guided his flock. When he came to Concord there was a small Quaker meeting-house in which two or three families were accustomed to worship. A few Methodists were in town, and a small Baptist church was organized, which met in the old town hall or in a schoolhouse. The congregation Dr. Bouton addressed every Sunday numbered over 700, and the period covered by his ministry was the most difficult and trying of any in the history of the church and city. Not only was he interested in every thing pertaining to the affairs of the city, always working with great zeal for every improvement that seemed to him right, but he exerted a great influence in the state and nation. It was not New Hampshire alone that received the benefit of his knowledge. He estimated that he had preached 7,180 times. Thirty-four printed sermons, nine articles in various periodicals, six books, among them the valuable history of our city, and ten larger volumes of provincial and state papers, prepared while he was state historian, remain to us. His motto was "one thing at a time." Therefore he had time for all, and in the words of the Rev. Dr. Ayer, "By daily fidelity he made the transient yield a grand residuum of the permanent, and brought together and left much that will endure."

John Farmer, historian, antiquarian, doctor, gentleman—all these titles apply to the compiler of one of

the best, if not still the best history of New Hampshire. He was born in Chelmsford, Mass., in 1789; he traced his ancestry back to Henry, VII of England. It is said that one can scarcely conceive of Dr. Farmer as a boy. At the age of thirty-two he came to Concord where he spent the rest of his life, engaging for a time in the sale of drugs and medicines, but at last devoting himself wholly to his literary pursuits. Dr. Farmer seldom mingled in company; led by bodily infirmity he preferred communion with books rather than men. He is, however, described as a genial, companionable person, always particularly fond of the society of young men. There was a vein of quiet sportiveness about him that lasted all his life. He died in 1838. His last residence was at the home of Daniel Clark of Millville. In connection with Jacob B. Moore he published the *Gazetteer of New Hampshire*, contributed largely to the publications of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and published three volumes of historical collections, containing rare and valuable matter.

Madame de Stael Holstein once said, "that the adventures of almost every individual would, in competent hands, supply interesting material for a novel," and, surely, after reading the crowded pages of Cyrus P. Bradley, we regret that we can only pause to say of Gov. Isaac Hill that he was a descendant of Abraham Hill of Charlestown, admitted freeman in 1640, and that the day before he was twenty-one he became a resident of our city, and at the close of a long and eventful career had been given every honor it was possible for city and state to bestow.

Franklin Pierce, fourteenth president of the United States, "New Hampshire's favorite son," as history calls him, lived in several different houses while practising law in this city. He died here in 1869, and is buried in the Old North cemetery. And still another of the nation's leaders in early manhood gained his daily bread in Concord. Levi P. Morton, vice-president of the United States in 1889-'93, was for several years a clerk in the dry goods store known as the "Great 8," kept by Mr. Esterbrook. And another of our citizens, George Gilman Fogg, served his country as minister to Switzerland during the administration of President Lincoln.

Among our citizens who came to us from other towns we must not forget the name of Col. William Kent, who, for fifty years or more, was actively engaged in business of some kind in Concord. He was justice of the peace, member of the state house of representatives and senate, bank cashier, and merchant. Energetic and public-spirited, he aided in all work of improvement. He is remembered by some as the founder of the Unitarian church in this city.

Abial Chandler is known as the benefactor of Dartmouth college, founder of the Chandler Scientific school. Thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Bradley and Eastman he obtained a start in life and his college education. He was at last a commission merchant in Boston. Dying, he gave to his native state and city \$75,000.

Lewis Downing, born in Lexington, Mass., in 1792, came to Concord in 1813. By frugality and industry he gained a foothold. His life was

"earnest work not play," and to-day vehicles made by his descendants go around the world; from Alaska to Africa their worth is known. And, following in their wake, for years the Blanchard churn lightened the labors of many a housewife from the mountain farms of our Granite state to the peasant homes of Russia.

Our library building speaks to us of the loved labors of Judge Asa Fowler and wife for the youth of our city, —our library of Capen, Crawford, and the unwearied care of the patient and faithful Daniel Secomb. The records of the bench and bar contain no prouder names and none more worthy of honor than Bellows, Upham, Perley, Minot, Foster, George, Carpenter, Hutchins, Eastman, Low, West, Ambrose, Rollins, Evans, Mason, Howe, Odlin, Kimball,—all models for our young business men to follow. All railroads know the names of Gilmore, Stearns, and Todd. Our navy mourns the loss of Concord's honored son, Commodore Perkins. Our apostle of freedom, Parker Pillsbury, lives in the hearts of his countrymen the world over. Nathaniel White was born in Lancaster. He arrived in Concord, August 25, 1826, with one shilling in his pocket. From that time success crowned his efforts. To him our city owes much of her business prosperity. His home in anti-slavery days was the refuge of many a fugitive slave. Most essentially was he a progressive man. His wife still lives in a green old age, and retains his interest with her own in our city's welfare.

Time faileth me. Who of Concord's children can I pass by in silence? Surely not Miss May Clark

of Millville, our early poet, she who first started a little library, and, calling the children she loved so well to her home on Saturday afternoons, told them a simple story of birds or flowers, and loaned them for the week some cherished volume. Nathaniel H. Carter, whose letters from abroad still afford pleasure to the seeker after knowledge, and who sang in strains of surpassing melody of the haunts and streams of his boyhood's home in Millville. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the first Unitarian minister of Concord, took as his wife the daughter of one of our most eminent citizens. The noble Augustus Woodbury, the saintly Father Tilden, the revered Dr. Cummings, the beloved Henry Parker, the benign Elder Curtis, the quaint old Elder Hook, the genial Drs. Moore and Flanders, the courtly Dr. Eames—are they not enshrined in all your hearts? They need no words of mine to sing their praise, or tell the benefits their labors have brought to Concord. The names of Drs. Morrill, Carter, Crosby, Gage, Bancroft, still linger in our memory, hallowed by tenderest recollections. Nor would I forget our teachers, Stone, Peabody, Webster, Woolson, Bartley, Stanley, and Kent. To these her children of early and later date our city is most deeply indebted.

Have I seemed to omit the women among the children of Concord? Not so, from Hannah Dustin, who tarried but a night on our shore, and the Abiah Bradley who was hard to kill, from my own great-great-grandmoth-

er, who, with Mrs. Walker, watched the Indians all night holding a dance on the Intervale (no man in the house to defend them from sudden attack), down through the generations the women of Concord have nobly borne their part. They spun the flax, tended the children, watched by their sick neighbors, sent their husbands and sons to war, and managed the farms at home.

As teachers, as missionaries, as leaders of society, as literary women they have gone into the world. Who has sung so sweetly of our hills and vales as Laura Garland Carr, and Concord's adopted daughter, Abba Gould Woolson? Whose name resounds from shore to shore like Mary Baker Glover Eddy's? Who has raised the tone of our city's literature and morals but the women of our clubs? From Maine to Rhode Island their voices are heard in debate. They institute reforms, redress wrongs, and in our "city of homes" make the fireside a sacred spot. The criticism in the *North American Review* may be true, but Concord has no reason to be ashamed of the literary talents of her daughters; from the Old club to the Cymberline and Hathaway, from the Fortnightly and Concordia and the latest reading club just started have come papers of literary value.

"Her people,—well is this the place,
To laud my neighbors to their face
And tell them pleasant things?

"I spare my words, but we'll agree
That angels they would surely be
If only they had wings!"



SWEET HOME.

By Martha Shepard Lippincott.

No spot in all this world
Is half so dear as home ;
All round that cottage old
Sweet memories will roam.
'Tis there my mother sits,
Her face so sweet and fair,
And toils away for us
With heart so full of prayer.

Of self she scarcely thinks,
But for her children lives,
And to our humble home
The life and light she gives.
Oh, how could it be home
If mother were not there ?
'T would seem so sad and lone,
The home be cold and bare.

Yes, all around the house
Shows touch of mother's hand ;
The blooming roses, too,
Her kindness understand.
Those flowers sweeter are
To me, than orchids rare,
Because they grow and live
My mother's home to share.

Oh, dearest spot on earth,
My home shall ever be,
For there my mother dwells,
In sweet serenity ;
And everything around
Sweet memories will bring,
Although I'm far away
To home my thoughts take wing.

I see my mother's face
So smiling, sweet and fair
Has there another been
That with her could compare ?
She seems the queen of all
The mothers of the earth ;
And more than diamonds rare
Her loving heart is worth.

A MIDSUMMER'S DAY DREAM.

A PREHISTORIC IDYL.

By Caroline C. Lamprey Shea.

IT was one of those insufferably hot days among the mountains, and, longing for a cool retreat, I wandered into the pine woods.

I had with me a volume of seaside poems, that I might get a whiff of the salt breeze, and catch a murmur of the waves on this midsummer afternoon.

As I listened to Celia Thaxter's music of the sea it was echoed through the pine trees faint and indistinct at first, but growing stronger and clearer, until, at last, the low voice whispered a story to me.

It was a story of long ago, ere the gentle Evangeline loved and lost her Gabriel, ere the dusky Hiawatha wooed Minnehaha.

It was the story of Monadnock and Wachusett, lovers of an olden time.

Fair Wachusett, a daughter of the Green Mountains, was betrothed to "brave Monadnock," who dwelt among the White Hills, and ere winter came he hoped to claim her as his bride.

Wachusett was in a maze of delight, to her the songs of the birds were ballads of love in which she heard Monadnock's name repeated with her own. For hours would she watch the ever-shifting clouds as they painted pictures of her lover, and would then bid the winds bear them back to him, with her own

image floating in their dreamy masses.

So the summer passed away, and the winds of September played with Wachusett's tresses and breathed messages from Monadnock which made her cheeks blush scarlet, for he asked her to fulfil her promise, to leave home and friends, and come to him.

Wachusett's was a sorrowful departure, for it was hard indeed to leave her childhood's home. The birds sang sweet good-bys to her and the brooks chanted an epithalamium. Never had she looked fairer than now as she went forth,

"Into the shining mists of morning,"

arrayed in brilliant robes of scarlet and crimson and gold.

She traveled, southward at first, for she would say farewell to her brothers, Onaway and Onagon¹, from whom she would go to Monadnock.

For a long time the hoary-headed Agischook² had wished his son to take Wachusett for his bride, but the Old Man, the magician of the mountains, whose stony face you may see over the notch, sternly forbade this union. Years before he loved Wachusett's mother, but she refused to be his wife, and married a Green Mountain chief. In revenge the

¹Mounts Tom and Holyoke.

²Mount Washington.

stern old man refused to allow Monadnock's marriage with Wachusett. They dare not break his command, for his was a mighty power, but he had been asleep for years, and it was murmured among the hills, that he had cast a spell upon himself and would never more awake, so the young chief ventured to go forth to meet his bride. With all eagerness he began preparations. His weapons of war and chase were hurled aside, his huge powder flask fell thundering down the chasm, and there to-day it hangs a solid boulder, lodged between the walls of the Flume. With one last look at the Old Man of the Mountain, whose face was stern, even in sleep, he was gone.

Never had an autumn been so beautiful as this, for October, an enemy of the magician's, delighted in Monadnock's wooing, and threw his richest colors over hill and dale, with an unsparing hand. The young chief traveled without rest, day and night, accompanied part of the way by his old friend, Indian Summer.

Suddenly November met them, and full of malice and ill-will shrieked and howled among the mountains until he roused the Old Man from his slumbers, then he poured into his willing ear the tale of Monadnock's departure.

When the magician knew that Monadnock had broken his stern command his anger knew no bounds. The valley echoed with his fierce rage, the Saco trembled and swelled within its banks, while the snow-browed chiefs bowed their heads in fear. He vowed that he would make the disobedient Monadnock a lasting example.

Agischook entreated him to spare

his son, and the brothers begged him to stay his mighty wrath. These pleadings were of no avail, they had transgressed and they must suffer.

Meanwhile the lovers were still slowly approaching each other. The days had been sullen and dreary, when again there came one of sunshine. The travelers rejoiced in the lifting of the clouds, for it seemed that the sun was a messenger coming to bring tidings of their speedy union. But the sky grew thick and dark, and such a tempest as was never before known, swept over the land. The winds in frantic fury rent Wachusett's garments, while the lightning quivered and flashed in the black clouds which enveloped Monadnock's form.

When the storm ceased both were motionless. The magician had done his work. He had cast a spell upon them, and never again would they move. They were fixed as the Eternal Hills.

To-day the tourist may see "Brave Monadnock" and "Fair Wachusett," where, ages ago, the Old Man of the Mountain touched them with his magic wand. Wachusett, calm and quiet, stands as a background to the sunny meadows of the Nashua. She prophesies the changing weather, and by one glance at her summit may we foretell the coming storm.

Monadnock has grown bald and hoary, and shows many traces of the magician's terrible wrath. When the thunder rolls around his head and the winds go muttering through the caverns of the mountain, the lad in the valley tells his frightened companion not to be afraid for 'tis Monadnock mourning for his bride.

THE WAITING OF THE MOOR.

By Fred Myron Colby.

Where the proud Sierra rises
Spectral with its crown of snow,
And the silvery Darro rushes
Through the olive groves below ;
In a mountain cavern lonely
Fast locked within its rocky gate,
With his swarthy chieftains round him,
King Boabdil sits in state.

Swinging bells and chant of vespers
Do not reach the Moors' retreat,
And the vineyards of the Vega
Vainly yield their harvests sweet.
Deaf to all the din and turmoil
Of the centuries as they go,
Sit the Moorish warriors silent
Brooding o'er Granada's woe.

Still below them the Alhambra
Rises with its time-worn walls,
Stately home of Moorish glory,
Rich with airy, marble halls ;
Where the cooling splash of fountains
With a gentle cadence low,
Lulls the senses with the glamour
Of the days of long ago.

Gone the tourneys and the revels
Of those wondrous days of old ;
Watch no more the Moorish maidens
O'er the sports of warriors bold ;
Gleaming eyes and raven tresses
Wake no more the minstrel's lays,
Where the pomp of empire flourished
In the brave Granadan days.

But in their mountain cavern hidden
The Moorish warriors wait,
For the dinning bray of trumpet
To charge the Elvira gate.
Each knight in shining armor
Beside his courser fleet,
His sword and battle axe in hand,
The Christian foe to meet.


Then once more the Moslem crescent
 Will float above the cross ;
 And Boabdil and his warriors
 Avenge the Alhambra's loss.
 So they watch, those Moorish chieftains,
 And their lonely vigils keep,
 Till the warlike blast of bugles
 Shall wake them from their sleep.

NOTE.—There is a legend among the Spanish Moors that Boabdil, the last king of Granada, and his bravest knights are locked within one of the caverns of the Sierra Nevadas, and there, with their armor on and their steeds all bridled and saddled, they await some signal, when they will rush forth and once more rule Spain from their ancient palace of the Alhambra.

USELESS THINGS.

[Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre.]

By Frances C. Stevens.

“HE diligence from Paris,” cried a waiter, throwing open the door of the dining-room of the “Grand Pélican” at Colmar.

A traveler of middle age who was finishing his breakfast, rose quickly at this announcement and hastened to the hotel entrance where stood the heavy carriage just arrived. At the same moment a young man thrust his head through the little door of the coupée. The two recognized each other, and each uttered an exclamation of joy.

“Father!”

“Camille!”

The carriage door was quickly thrown open, and the new arrival, clearing the steps with a bound, fell into the arms of the older traveler who held him for a moment in a close embrace.

The father and son were meeting for the first time after a separation of eight years, which time the latter had passed in London at the house of

his maternal uncle. The death of this relative, who had made Camille his heir, permitted him at last to return to his father's house which he had left when scarcely more than a child, and to which he was returning a man.

After the first greetings and questions M. Isador Berton proposed to his son that they should immediately start for the country where he lived near Ribeauvillé, and Camille, impatient to see again the place where he was born, gladly assented; the cabriolet was soon ready, and they were off.

There is always in first interviews between friends after a long separation, a certain embarrassment which causes conversation to be broken by long pauses. Unaccustomed to each other, each studies the other, observes closely, tries to discover what changes time has wrought in ideas as well as in appearance; each seeks the past in the present with a vague sort of anxiety. M. Berton especi-

ally was anxious to know the young man who had returned to him in place of the child who had left him. Very much as a physician examines a patient, he questioned his son slowly, noting carefully his replies and analyzing them.

While continuing this study of Camille, M. Berton led the conversation in such a way as to bring out his own tastes and occupations. The proprietor of Ribeauvillé was neither a savant nor an artist, but, powerless himself to produce, he loved the noble productions of others; he was a mirror which, without creating anything, reflects creation; he encouraged genius, and responded to every noble emotion. He interested himself in recent discoveries, in scientific investigations, and encouraged whatever was in the direction of progress. For him to live was not simply to keep alive the divine spark which God has placed in every one of us, but to kindle it to a flame, increase its glory, and kindle other sparks from it. Thanks to the leisure which a rich patrimony gave him, he had been able to develop liberally his own natural tastes; not being confined to any occupation, he had taken great interest in the occupations of others, sustaining their courage by assistance or sympathy. Alsace had seen him at the head of every enterprise organized for the advancement of letters, science, or art, and the museums of Strasburg had been enriched by his gifts.

Just at present he was making expensive excavations in the side of a hill, where some remains of antique pottery had been discovered. He showed this knoll to his son, in passing, and told him that in order to get

possession of it he had given in exchange an acre of his best meadow land.

Camille appeared surprised.

"You think I am very foolish, do you not?" said M. Berton who observed it.

"Oh, pardon," said the young man, "I was only surprised at the bargain."

"Why so?"

"Because it seems to me that in everything we should have an eye to utility, and this sterile hillside cannot be worth an acre of meadow land."

"I see that you are not an archæologist."

"No, indeed, I have never been able to see what the discovery of old pottery proves, or how any one can take an interest in extinct generations."

M. Berton looked at his son, but made no reply. Anxious to know him thoroughly, he would not frighten away his confidence by a discussion. A silence of a few moments followed, suddenly broken by an exclamation from Camille, who had just perceived in the distance the grand tower of the manor, his home.

"Ah! yes, that is my observatory," said his father smiling, "for I am not only an antiquary, but an astronomer as well."

"You, father!"

"I have turned our tower into a study, and have pointed a telescope there with which I observe what passes among the stars."

"And do you really find pleasure in concerning yourself with things so far from your own door, which you can in no way change, and which are of no use to you?"

"It passes the time," said M. Berton who continued to avoid a serious discussion. "I have many other changes to show you. The old poultry yard has been turned into an aviary, and the orchard into a botanical garden."

"All these changes must have cost you a great deal of money."

"And bring me nothing in return."

"Ah! then you condemn them yourself!"

"I did not say that; but here we are."

The groom hastened to take the reins, and our two travelers left him to take the horse to the stable while they entered the house.

Camille found the vestibule full of old armor, geological specimens, and herbariums full of the flora of Alsace.

"You are looking for a peg to hang your coat upon?" said M. Berton who saw his son look around with an air of disappointment; "that really would be more useful than my curiosities; but let us go into the drawing-room."

The walls of the salon were covered with beautiful paintings, rare engravings, and medallions. The father tried to call out from his son some expression of admiration for these choice works of art, but the latter excused himself, acknowledging his ignorance upon such subjects.

"Well, really, all this is not of great importance, perhaps," said M. Berton with good humor; "we are all great children pleased with curious things; but I see that *you* have taken life by its practical side."

"I owe it to my Uncle Barker," replied Camille with an air of modesty a little theatrical; "he often

complained of the time and money spent for works of art, and sought in vain to find any profit that humanity could draw from engravings and paintings."

They were interrupted here by the appearance of a servant who announced dinner, and who handed to M. Berton a new book which had just arrived by the post; it was the work of a favorite poet which had been impatiently looked for. He began to examine the book, but suddenly closing it said, "Come, come, it will never do to delay dinner for verses! Uncle Barker would never pardon that, eh!"

"I am afraid not," replied Camille smiling, "for he often asked what was the good of poems."

Father and son seated themselves at the table, where the conversation continued upon the same subject. Camille brought out very frankly the opinions which he owed to Uncle Barker's teaching, for the latter had taught him to be sincere, only this sincerity sprang less with the old economist, from the worship of the true than from love of the useful. He respected a straight line, not because it was straight, but because it was short. With him falsehood was a wrong calculation, vice a bad investment, passion a tremendous expense! In every thing utility was the supreme law. For this reason even the good actions of the old man were barren and unfruitful, and his virtues seemed to be nothing more than problems well worked out.

Camille had adopted the doctrines of his uncle with all the ardor with which youth accepts the absolute. Applying this question to everything, "of what use is it?" His

reason, or what he took for his reason, brought everything to the exactness of mathematical propositions. Cured, as he said, of the "mental derangement called poetry," he treated things after the manner of the Jew who effaced a painting by Titian in order to have a clean piece of canvas which was good for something.

M. Berton listened to these opinions without expressing disapproval or impatience. He raised some objections which the young man refuted victoriously, appeared impressed by his arguments, and when they separated expressed his wish to talk further upon the subject in their next conversation.

The next day and those following, M. Berton led the conversations to the same subject, yielding a point now and then as if being convinced to his son's views, and Camille finding himself in the singular rôle of teacher to his father felt greatly elated, redoubled his arguments and eloquence and felt triumphant. At last, obliged to go on a visit to relatives, he left M. Berton, as he thought, wholly converted.

At the end of a week's time he returned home. Spring was bringing forth her many delights; buds were opening, leaves unfolding, the swallows were darting hither and thither in the clear, soft air, uttering joyful notes, the peasants sang at their work in response to the songs of the herdsmen in the fields; the cool breeze, which waved the young grain, brought the sweet scents of the hawthorn, of primroses and violets. In spite of his systematic indifference to all poetry, Camille could not entirely escape from the charms of the season,

this awakening of life everywhere. Without intending it he yielded to the subtle charms of the sunlight, of the songs, of the perfumed air; an involuntary emotion took possession of him, and he arrived at the manor in a sort of intoxication of delight.

He found his father in the flower-garden surrounded by workmen whom he was directing to pull up the plants and cut down the shrubs. Two lilacs which shaded the lower windows of the house with their fragrant flowers, were being cut down, and cut into fagots.

The young man could not restrain a cry of surprise.

"Ah! here you are," said M. Berton at that moment perceiving his son, "you have come just in time to enjoy your triumph."

"My triumph!" repeated Camille, who did not comprehend.

"Do you not see that I have become your disciple?" replied the proprietor of Ribeauvillé. "I have thought a great deal upon all that you have said, my dear, and have made up my mind that you and Uncle Barker are right. One must give up in life all useless things. Now, flowers and shrubs in a garden are just what poems are in a library, and, as you say, of what use is a poem! except, perhaps, to light a fire, as these lilac twigs will. But come, come, you will see many other changes. I have profited by your absence, and hope that you will be pleased with what I have done." So speaking M. Berton drew his son's arm familiarly through his own, and thus together they entered the manor.

The vestibule had been thoroughly cleared of the curiosities which for-

merly filled it, and in place of them were canes and umbrella stands, spittoons, and other useful articles. In the salon all the engravings and paintings had been removed, and the walls, completely bare, had been whitened. Plain and simple furniture took the place of the Louis Quatorze chairs and ottomans, the inlaid cabinets, and elegant tables, which were there before.

M. Berton turned to his son with a radiant look.

"See," cried he, "you cannot accuse me now of sacrificing to the frivolities of art; our salon has now only its four walls, and no one can dispute their utility. We shall now have a place to hang up our pot-herbs and our guns, and to take off our sabots."

Camille was about to make some objection, but his father prevented it by recalling the anathema he had pronounced in Uncle Barker's name upon engravings and paintings which "could never be of any profit to humanity."

Changes were not confined to the salon; the entire house had been subjected to the same transformation. Everything which had for its object simply *to please* had been pitilessly sacrificed. Everything now had a daily and positive *use*, the beautiful had given place to the useful.

M. Burton, who showed this new arrangement with a certain pride, informed Camille that he should not stop there. His flower-garden just destroyed was to be turned into a poultry-yard, his botanical garden into a cow-yard. The new purpose to which he should devote his observatory he had not quite decided upon; he was undecided between

making it a windmill or a pigeon-house!

Camille was amazed at the exaggeration of the reform, but the principles which he had expressed prevented him from blaming, though he could not praise. Wishing to relieve his embarrassment by speaking of other things Camille asked if any letters for himself had arrived from England.

"Yes, I remember that one came," said his father, "but as you have no affairs there I gave orders not to keep it."

"What do you say?" cried the young man. "Why! I was expecting news from one of my dearest friends, and he promised to keep me posted on the Irish question!"

"Bah!" replied M. Burton, with indifference. "What pleasure can you find in concerning yourself with matters so far from your own door? Is not Ireland to you just what the stars were to me? Its revolutions cannot affect you, and you cannot change them."

"But I have a great interest in the subject, and my sympathy is with Ireland."

"Can that be of any use to yourself or to Ireland?" tranquilly asked M. Berton. "Can your interest or sympathy influence her destiny, or your wishes be of any help to her?"

"I did not say that it could."

M. Berton went on not heeding the remark. "So the letter was of no use to you; you must admit that and so condemn it yourself."

Camille bit his lips; he was beaten with his own weapons, and for this reason was all the more irritated.

This rigorous application of his own doctrines had the air of a pun-

ishment. He felt it keenly, but went on to criticise in detail the proposed changes, and those already made, but M. Burton had anticipated every objection, and had a reply ready. At last, Camille, at the end of his criticisms, said the parterre would never be a suitable place for the new purpose, because a courtyard should be paved. His father appeared to be much impressed by this.

"Certainly, certainly, you are right," cried he, "and I have exactly the thing I need for it, some stone slabs just the right size."

"Where are they?" asked the young man.

"In the little cemetery of the chapel; they are the tombstones of our family, but of what use are they there?"

"And do you mean that you will take them for paving stones?" cried Camille.

"Why not? Is it possible that you can take any interest in old stones or in 'extinct generations?'"

"Ah! this is too much," exclaimed Camille. "You are not serious, my father! You cannot believe that instincts, tastes, and sentiments should be sacrificed in this way! You cannot wish that the soul should be subjected to the rules that govern common things, and be-

come a book in double-entry, where every value is expressed by figures. I understand now; this is a lesson."

"Say rather an example," said M. Benton, drawing his son tenderly to him. "I wished to show you where the doctrines of Uncle Barker would lead you, and in what destitution one might be left though surrounded by useful things. Never forget the sacred words which you have heard repeated from your childhood: *Man shall not live by bread alone*; that is to say, by that which is simply necessary to the material life. Above all things it is necessary that the *soul* should be nourished; it has need of science, arts, and poetry. The things which you have called useless are precisely those which give value to useful things; the latter support life, the former make us to love life. Without them the moral world would be like a country without verdure, without flowers and birds. One of the vital differences between man and the brute is exactly this need of the superfluous. It proves our aspirations to be higher, and our tendency towards the infinite. It proves the existence within us of something which seeks satisfaction beyond the real world, in the supreme joys of the ideal."



THE POET'S MISSION.

By C. C. Lord.

O mission high and holy ! Cross and loss,
The bleak wind sighing on the barren wold,
Deter him not. In troublous things he sings
Of pleasures vast, untold.

In the world's thought he toils in fears and tears,
The restless breezes sob far over sea,
But faith beams in his dewy eyes, nor dies
Though time's illusions flee.

He loves and longs and feels life's dart and smart,
The airs but whisper woes to hill and dale,
Yet all his heart endures to smile the while
He soothes earth's sorrows pale.

A SUGAR SEASON AT THE FARM.

By Esther E. Ellis.



NOT until late in November was it decided to build the new "sap house." and not too soon either, for the old one was n't much more than a rough shanty, and the round arches which were built of stones, topped out with bricks, for the big iron kettles to set on, had to be patched up every little while, and smoked at that. We had lumber on hand and went to work with a will, and it was a great day when "Charles Henry" came from Bridgewater to lay up the brick arch and build the chimney. In the old one there was only a stovepipe that ran out of a hole cut out on the back of the camp.

Grandfather at first was n't in favor of the new arch. He would walk round, look it over and say "he only hoped 't would work well ;" but after the camp was finished, the roof shingled, two windows, and a side door put in, he was as pleased as any of us—though compared with a "sugar camp" of to-day it would be thought a primitive affair. There was no floor, only a few boards laid down for a walk, and the fitting up very simple—four or five wooden pegs for the skimmers and dippers, an old chair, and two three-legged stools; and after the sap holders and draw tubs were in there was n't much room left.

Our fingers were numb with cold

on the last day we worked, and we had n't finished any too soon, for the leaves on the big maples, that had changed from green to red, and yellow and brown, lay on the ground frozen by crisp frosts, and there was a snow bank in the sky.

"We sh'll hav' snow 'fore mornin'," said grandfather as he came from the barn that night. Sure enough, in the morning the ground had its white mantle. Snow was steadily falling; winter had set in. As soon as it was good sledding we got up the wood for the "sap house." It made a big hole in a wood pile to run the fire in a good sugar season. The new arch was about fifteen feet long, and it would take a good many big sticks to keep the fire up and pans boiling. This winter we hauled to the camp about twelve cords that we hired chopped. It was now February. The snow was deep, and the prospects were that we should have a good sugar year, for there were good and poor sugar crops, as in everything else. There were stormy days now, and we thought the spiles had better be looked over and see how many new ones would have to be made. We brought them from the shed chamber, and with the little bench and shave, into the back kitchen, where in the winter there was always a fire in the fireplace. We made the spiles from sumach, for there was only the pith to punch out then.

As the sugar orchard was on the north side of the hill we tapped out about the first of March, for the sap did n't start as soon as though on the south side. Everything was ready; the hoops on the wooden buckets were tightened, the new sap pans scoured, and sap holders cleaned up.

We had none of the modern improvements that are used nowadays, but it is n't so many years ago that neatness, skill, with hard work were all that was thought necessary to turn out a first-class article. There was warmth in the air in the first days of March, and it looked like a thaw. We were now, as grandfather said, "ship shape," and ready for a start. He was fond of old sea yarns, and next to Leavitt's almanac, which he considered the only one that had correct time on the sun's rising and setting, he treasured an old book, "Captain Kidd." We were his sugar crew. He was captain, father first mate, Dick and Ben,—that's me—the crew. We took notice that the first mate generally had his say about how things should go.

The sugaring off was done at the house. The sap, boiled down to thin syrup and strained into pails, was carried to the house, poured into a big brass kettle, and put on the stove to boil down and be run into cakes, or stirred off into dry sugar. Grandmother did the sugaring off, for it took a good deal of skill to get it just right, and not have the batch scorch. Sometimes, as a great favor, we were permitted to run the cakes in little tins, or help stir off, but only under her vigilant eye.

This year we had a new sugaring-off pan. Grandmother said at first that she would n't use the new-fangled thing, but after we scoured and carried it in, she said we might hang it up—"p'haps she'd use it"—and she did. We found out why. The big brass kettle had sprung a leak.

It was thawing, the wind in the west, and we were ready to tap out and not lose the first run. Grand-

mother said we "sh'll hav' 't go first and get Sa Jane t' help out." Mother was n't strong and took no part in sugar making; and from some remote part of the neighborhood, "Sa Jane" was sought for and always came. There never had been within our remembrance a sugar season without her. We suppose her name was Sarah, it might have been Samantha, but to us she was always "Sa Jane" that helped out.

The wood road had been open all winter, but a road would have to be broken out to the trees. The snow was deep and the oxen slumped, but we got round all right and left the big sled at the camp, loaded up with our buckets and spiles for an early start in the morning. It froze hard that night, and, after breakfast, we took our handsleds for a short cut across the fields, leaving the rest of the crew to follow the road with the oxen and sleds; "Bose" ran ahead, barking and poking his nose into walls for a squirrel. It was a large sap orchard, and sometimes it took two days to get tapped out, but we kept busy and had a good many buckets hung up when "Sa Jane" blew the horn for dinner. While the crust lasted we had fine coasts. After a high wind, when some of the buckets had blown down, or, after a storm, were full of rain or snow, we would start for the woods with our sleds, and when we had the buckets righted up, go out into the clearing and coast down the steep hill to the camp. Sometimes, on a frosty morning, we would be at the highest point of the hill when the sun rose, and as the bright rays streamed up, the air would seem alive with thousands of sparkling little crystals.

We had a famous appetite in those days. The brick oven was heated twice a week in "sugaring," and the beans and brown bread, pumpkin and apple pies never tasted any better than they did then. Sometimes grandmother would stand the tin baker in front of the fireplace and say, "Sh' gessed she'd clap a few bis'kit in 'f supper." We used to eat syrup on these, and how good they tasted! We could make way with a lot, too. "Sa Jane" would say "sh' sh'ld think we'd bust."

Grandfather knew the signs of a good or poor sap day, a high wind would stop the flow; or, if it was too cold, he thought sap ran better after the brook back of the camp opened.

We were having a big thaw—the wind out for a storm, and it looked like rain; the buckets were running over, and holders at the camp full. It was great fun in the camp after dark. The fire roared and crackled under the pans, and there were red gleams from the open arch door. The sap boiling up in little white foams, and throwing off clouds of steam, through which the lighted lanterns, on the pegs, looked like glow-flies. As a great privilege we could stay until "Sa Jane" blew the horn; then we had to start. She had a wonderful memory. We used to think, reproachfully, that she might forget us once in a while, but she never did.

The rain was over and in the clearing sky was a prospect of good weather. The snow was settling fast, and the waters that now came rushing and foaming down from the high mountain springs, had cleared the snow as if by magic. The little brook was open. Not until sugar-

ing was well over, did we have our annual "sugar party," for the first runs were the sugar maker's harvest, as the sap was not only sweeter, but made whiter sugar and brought better price in the market. To our party the young and old in the neighborhood were invited. The sugaring-off pan was half filled with thick syrup and put on the stove. Grandfather sugared off at these times, and had his little twigs twisted in little hoops at the end to dip in the syrup and blow bubbles through as a test when done. We filled tin pans with snow, pressed it hard to run the sugar on; or, instead of the brittle sugar on snow, you could have a "toad in the hole," which was a pine stick thrust in the hot mass, before it had time to cool, and twisted round and round; or some cooled in a saucer,—and you could have all you wanted, too, for the rule at a sugar party was to eat all you could and then eat some more. We noticed on these occasions that "Sa Jane" would sit quite near the cellar door. It was a wise precaution of hers that she had seldom failed to observe since the time we ate the pickles all up in the pickle tub, for pickles and sugar used to go well together. The only one of the party that didn't enjoy himself at these times was Bose, and he was a dog that had a sweet tooth, too. He remembered a time that he had been used roughly, though in fun, and his jaws shut down on a "wob" of hot sugar that burned his mouth. On the eve of a sugar party he would discreetly disappear, and go under our bed upstairs. And, turning a deaf ear to all calls, would stay, until in the night we would hear him jump on the bed and with a wag of his tail curl down as much as to say, "they didn't come it on me this time."

Sugaring was over; the buds were starting on the maples and robins swayed on limbs in the high tops. There had been a general cleaning up and putting away 'till another season, and our hard work was over; but through it all we had many good times that are not to be got out of a sugar season in these days.

Old sugar days, you are but a memory gone with our youth into the unchanging land of the past!

MISJUDGED.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

He thought she did not love him and he went
 Throughout the world his life a sad eclipse,
 He had misjudged her. News at last was sent
 That she lay dead, his name upon her lips.





FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF FRANKLIN.

By Mary Eastman Daniell.

THE movement for establishing Unitarian worship in Franklin was inaugurated in the autumn of 1878, and regular services have been maintained since that time. On January 12, 1879, Rev. J. B. Harrison of Vineland, N. J., preached to a good-sized congregation in Shepard's hall, where services were afterwards held for more than four years, and he was called to be the first pastor.

In December, 1879, the first Unitarian Congregational society of Franklin was organized "for the purpose of establishing and sustaining the worship of God in public and social religious services, and to secure for ourselves and our children the benefits of religious instruction, and as a means of illustrating and extending rational and practical Christianity." In the second article of the Constitution, the objects of the society are declared to be the "cultivation and diffusion of useful knowledge, the promotion of fraternal justice, and of a serious and intelligent

public spirit, and the earnest endeavor to supply a centre and home of religious sympathy, and of all good influences to those who seek and need our fellowship."

This church accepts the religion of Jesus, holding in accordance with His teaching that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. Its object is to seek and proclaim truth, to interpret the Bible as the supreme literature of the religious life, to emphasize the dignity of human nature as the highest manifestation in this world of the Creator's love and wisdom, and to affirm the priceless worth of the soul and the impossibility of its ever becoming separated from God. And while it looks with sympathy and charity upon every form of religious faith, it seeks to put the chief emphasis upon truth, righteousness, and love, rather than upon creeds which divide the disciples of Christ. It welcomes to its fellowship all who are in sympathy with these high aims.

On the occasion of the organization of the society the following persons were elected its officers: George B. Wheeler, clerk; Alexis Proctor, treasurer; Warren F. Daniell, Al-



Rev. Edwin S. Elder

vah W. Sulloway, Rufus G. Burleigh, Alexis Proctor, Daniel Barnard, E. B. S. Sanborn, Frank H. Chapman, trustees.

In April, 1881, Mrs. Persis Smith of St. Louis offered the sum of \$4,000 toward the erection of a church edifice and \$1,000 toward building a parsonage provided a suitable lot be given for the latter.

At a meeting of the trustees held on April 30, it was voted that they proceed to build a church at a cost of not less than \$10,000. They were also authorized to build a parsonage as soon as the necessary funds could be raised.

At the annual parish meeting held on December 31, 1881, Mr. Alvah

W. Sulloway reported that a parsonage had been completed at a cost of \$2,500, exclusive of the lot, which had been given by Warren F. Daniell. In the same year, the society received from its most generous benefactor, Mrs. Smith, \$3,000 toward forming a library.

Persis Smith was the daughter of James Garland, one of the early settlers of the town of Franklin, then Salisbury, and was born in 1806. She married James Smith of Peterborough, and went to St. Louis to reside in 1830. She was a woman of rare endowments and a fine presence, possessing great dignity and strength of character. She and her husband were among the original



Mrs. Persis Garland Smith.

members of the Church of the Messiah at St. Louis and were lifelong friends and supporters of Dr. Eliot during his long pastorate in that city.

Mrs. Smith died in St. Louis, Feb-

ruary 13, 1890, and was buried from the Franklin church, in which she felt so deep an interest, Rev. E. S. Elder officiating, and the trustees of the society acting as pall bearers.



Rev. Henry C. McDougall.

The library at Franklin Falls, that bears her name, contains 3,000 carefully chosen volumes, and is an instrument of helpfulness to the entire community.¹

The church was completed in November, 1883, at a cost of \$16,120, including \$2,250 paid for the land. It was dedicated on December 19, Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston preaching the sermon. Among those who participated in the services of the occasion was Rev. Horatio Wood of Lowell, who, fifty-one years before, preached the first Uni-

tarian sermon ever heard in Franklin.

The church edifice is built in the Queen Anne style of architecture, surmounted by a tower eighty feet in height, and is one of the most picturesque structures in New Hampshire.

The interior is beautifully frescoed in warm, harmonious tints, is finished in polished ash, and is well lighted by large windows of cathedral glass. On one side of the pulpit is the pastor's room, and on the other is the organ gallery.

The auditorium, containing fifty pews, is connected by sliding doors with the vestry, which has a raised platform and curtain, and can be en-



Warren F. Daniell.

larged by opening the wide doorway into the parlor, a pleasant room, with fireplace and large bay-window. Here are hung the portraits of Dr. Channing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Starr King, Rev. William

¹ Miss Daniell has modestly omitted to mention the fact that she has generously volunteered her services as librarian, without recompense, since the foundation of the library, and been entrusted with full charge of the same. This being the only public library in that part of the city, east of the Pemigewasset river, and it being open to all citizens on like terms, has made her services of a public character, and earned for her the gratitude of the general public as well as the love.—ED.

Morse, and Dr. Ezra Gannett, the latter a gift from Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. In the rear of the vestry is a well-appointed kitchen.

The handsome organ was the gift of Mrs. Charlotte Stevens of North Andover, Mass. The Bible for use in the pulpit was given by Mrs. Annette Eastman Daniell, and the clock by Mr. Gilbert G. Fellows.

In January, 1884, Rev. J. B. Har-

ciety was privileged to enjoy the ministrations of this servant of God. A thoughtful man of unusual ability and high purpose, who endeared himself to his parishioners by his large-heartedness and tender sympathies. For several years he preached under great physical difficulties, being assisted into the pulpit, and sitting while conducting the services. He resigned in the autumn of



Alvah W. Sulloway.



Rufus G. Burleigh.

rison, who, by his earnestness and a high order of ability, had drawn a congregation together, and held them during nearly five years, in which time religious services had been held in Shepard's hall, withdrew from the pastorate of the society. In the following September, Rev. Edwin S. Elder accepted a unanimous call from the church, and became its pastor. He was a native of Milton, and a graduate of the Harvard Divinity school. For fourteen years the so-

1898, preaching his last sermon on Christmas Day.

At the annual parish supper a few weeks since, at which Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester, Rev. G. H. Rice of Laconia, and Hon. James O. Lyford of Concord were the guests, Dr. John W. Staples, speaking for the Franklin society, paid the following tribute to Mr. Elder: "The courageous man, who, under physical pain and mental stress that would crush most men to earth, for many

years taught us the truths of the higher life with an intellectual grasp, a sublime faith that puts our doubts and misgivings to shame. If ever a man gave the best of himself to his people, if ever a man in the crucible of pain separated the dross from the pure metal, and coined that metal into the genuine coin of the kingdom of God and His righteousness, that man was Edwin S. Elder."

to Rev. J. B. Harrison and another was built at a cost of \$4,200, upon a lot of land given by Mr. A. W. Sulloway.

The past of the society is a source of gratitude, and the outlook for its future is full of promise. More than sixty families are connected with the church. The Sunday-school under superintendence of Mr. W. F. Duffy is in a flourishing condition, and the



John W. Staples, M. D.



Edward H. Sturtevant.

In March, 1899, a call was extended to Rev. Henry C. McDougall of Marblehead, Mass., which was accepted, and his installation took place June 13, Rev. J. E. Wright of Montpelier preaching the sermon. Mr. McDougall is a native of Michigan, a graduate of Ann Arbor university, and of the Harvard Divinity school, a man whose power and strong personality have already made themselves felt in the community.

In 1886, the parsonage was sold

Young People's Union, Mr. Ernest Atwood, president, meets twice a month. The purpose of this organization is to cultivate and deepen the religious spirit, and to educate the young men and women of the parish to be loyal and efficient Christian believers and workers. The Woman's Alliance, Mrs. S. H. Robie, president, supplies the social element, with its monthly suppers and pleasant gatherings, where young and old meet together. That there are earn-

est workers in the Alliance is shown by the fact that their yearly earnings average \$500.

The present officers of the society are as follows: Rev. Henry C. McDougall, pastor; Edward H. Sturtevant, moderator; Edward G. Leach, clerk; W. F. Duffy, treas-



Edward G. Leach.

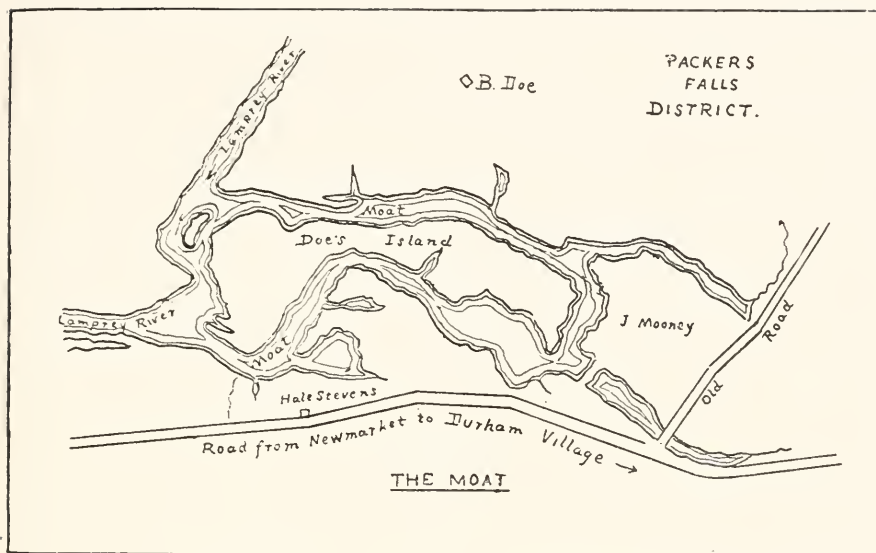
urer; Warren F. Daniell, Alvah W. Sulloway, Rufus G. Burleigh, Alexis Proctor, John W. Staples, Edward H. Sturtevant, Edward G. Leach, trustees.

The society is indebted for its existence and prosperity to an unusually favorable concurrence of circumstances. It was no common talent

that attracted, and no common ability that held together, a congregation drawn from the other churches. It was no ordinary interest in a liberal church, and in what it stands for, that prompted the generous gifts of over nine thousand dollars from distant friends towards a church, a parsonage, an organ, and a library, and this generosity was seconded by a corresponding liberality on the part of the society. And what is more significant and promising, those ideas, convictions, and purposes of which the Unitarian church is the exponent and representative, were heartily welcomed by a large part of the community. It is to be hoped that, as an institution for the promotion of goodness and righteousness in the lives and characters of its members and for the advancement of the kingdom of God, the Unitarian church of Franklin will abundantly justify the faith, fulfil the hopes, and reward the endeavors of all who have in any way contributed to its establishment. May this church be a home for all reverent souls. May it be a garden of God, wherein the seed sown may spring up in fragrant blossoms, and bear rich fruit in human lives.

May it be a shrine of holy and blessed memories of those "who walk with us no more," of her, who, in reality, laid its corner-stone, by her teachings and by the gracious influence of her beneficent life.





PACKER'S FALLS.

By Lucien Thompson.

THE article in the February number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, written by Irving A. Watson, M. D., has been read with much interest, and as Thomas Packer's name is connected with the early history of Durham, from the fact that he once owned land and mill privileges on the Lamprey river, and that a large section of Durham is still called "Packer's Falls," the writer has ventured to present the following notes regarding the same.

Packer's Falls are in the Lamprey river, which flows through the southern part of Durham. The name was originally applied to a series of falls, but is now confined to the falls just below the bridge on the road to Newmarket. The name of Packer's Falls was derived from

Col. Thomas Packer of Portsmouth, who was a physician, judge, lieutenant-colonel, and member of the governor's council. The town of Dover, April 11, 1694, "granted to Capt. Packer, Jonathan Woodman, James Davis, Joseph Meder, and James Thomas, the *hole streame* of *Lampreh River* for the erecting of a sawmill or mills, that is to say, the one half to Capt. Thomas Packer, the other half to the other *four men befour* mentioned."



Packer's Falls.

Captain Packer received a grant of fifty acres of land "on the south side of the aforesaid falls, or elsewhere, for his *conveniency*, leaving



Gen. John Sullivan.

eight rods of land by the river for a highway."

Captain Packer sold the above grant and mill privilege to Philip Chesley of Oyster River, December 1, 1711.

The name has also been given for a long time to the southwestern part of the town on both sides of Lamprey river, extending to the adjoining towns of Lee and Newmarket.

General John Sullivan's mills at "Packer's Falls" are spoken of December, 1774, when Eleazer Bennet, of the Fort William and Mary expedition, was in his employ. In 1774, John Adams (afterwards president) in a letter said that John Sullivan then had "a fine stream of water with an excellent corn-mill, sawmill, fulling-mill, scythe-mill, and others, six mills in all, which are both his delight and profit."

A few years ago the paper mills in Packer's Falls were burned, and the

present year an electric light plant has been erected on the Lamprey river to furnish heat, light, and power for Newmarket and Durham. In the Packer's Falls district once stood the David Davis garrison, the Pendergast garrison, which is now occupied by Mr. John H. Scott, and the Joshua Woodman garrison.

Moharimet's Marsh and Moharimet's Planting Ground are in Packer's Falls, and are localities named after an Indian sagamore of this region.

Mention should be made of Col. Thomas Tash who lived at Packer's Falls. He was a brave officer in the French and Revolutionary wars, and at one time he was stationed at Charlestown No. 4 (a fact of interest in connection with the article in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, February, 1900, on "Charlestown No. 4.")).

Thomas Packer's name is also associated with Greenland, N. H., as Packer's Creek, and Packer's Point were named from him. He acquired a part of the Champernonne farm.



A Mill Scene.

Most people would better locate this land if the writer had called it the "Pierce farm" which was a part of the Packer estate.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.¹

By James De Normandie, D. D.

THE opening years of the century now drawing to its close witnessed a great awakening and overturning in the intellectual, social, and religious life of New England.

James Freeman Clarke was born in the midst of these movements; they became a part of his life, and he a large part of their life, so that if we would seek the explanation of his remarkable and humane activities we must make a brief review of these movements.

Among these, perhaps, the one of chief moment was transcendentalism. The term in its best meaning was applied to those who believed in an order of truth transcending the external senses; a faith that in human nature was an intuitive faculty which clearly discerned spiritual truths, and that spiritual knowledge did not come by special grace, and was not attested by miracles.

To many, transcendentalism was only another name for the highest and most beautiful interpretation of a spiritual Christianity, just as the Quaker trusted to the teachings of the inner guide of God's ever-present spirit, but many were full of fears lest it was about to establish a new Christian sect which should gather to itself the highest types of life in the community, for it was noticed with keen apprehension that the most of these were, at least, touched by, if not imbued with, the new philosophy. The transcendental club numbered a

large proportion of the most thoughtful, refined, educated, artistic, and humane persons in and around Boston, men like George Ripley, W. E. Channing, Emerson, Hawthorne, Bartol, Parker, Hale, S. I. May, Wm. Henry Channing, Crauch, Thoreau, Bancroft, and women like Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Hawthorne, Miss Ripley and Mrs. Ripley. Still the community in general, and especially the church, were full of fears as to whither this philosophy was leading these young and gifted lives. It was easy to criticise them; to say they were given too much to idealism, that they divorced the mind from matter, and abandoned the earth to gaze upon the heavens, but it is true that to this movement very much of the best influence of American life is due. One of the marked fears of this movement was seen in a general suspicion and condemnation of all German theology.

When I had my call to the South Parish in Portsmouth, in 1862, I wrote to the committee of the church that I should like to put in my acceptance a condition, that after two or three years I should have a year to pursue my theological studies in Germany, and the reply came that the parish would be delighted to grant the request but begged that while such a step might be highly useful for a student, it would be much wiser to leave the word German out of my request because there was such a prejudice

¹ An address delivered before the New Hampshire Historical Society, February 8, 1899.

against German transcendentalism, which shows how, to the popular mind, there was conveyed some dim vision of an awful and impending evil to the Church of Christ.

In New England transcendentalism found its best expression in Emerson, and it is something of a literary as well as spiritual curiosity to see in what terms of horror the sweet and uplifting writings of this beautiful soul were received, or rather shunned. The criticisms of those who afterwards became his warmest admirers, but who were alarmed lest he were overturning the whole structure of Christianity, are to us now almost incredible. They reveal the fact that even with the strongest minds the atmosphere of the society in which they move, and the current opinions of their day are of greater influence than their own judgment. "The effort of perusal," said one when "*Nature*" appeared in 1837, "is often painful, the thoughts excited and frequently bewildering, and the results to which they lead us uncertain and obscure." "The writer aims at simplicity and directness, as the ancient philosopher aimed at humility, and showed his pride through the tatters of his cloak." "He is sometimes coarse and blunt that he may avoid the imputation of sickly refinement, and writes bathos with malice prepense, because he abhors dignity and unnatural elevation."

Professor Bowen says of the chapters on "*Spirit*" and "*Prospects*," "We prefer not to attempt giving any account until we can understand their meaning."

Bartol says, "He seems in some places to know no difference between

light and darkness, sweet and bitter; of reverence we perceive but the faintest traces."

Felton says, "With many of Mr. Emerson's leading views we differ entirely if we understand them; if we do not the fault lies in the author's obscurity."

Of hardly less importance, for a brief period, than transcendentalism, was the "*Brook Farm movement*," for it was supported by many of the same noble persons.

Brook Farm was not any form of Socialism as is now understood, or little understood, for a vast and subtle influence which in its best and its worst features is now rapidly penetrating and transforming society under the name of Socialism, but Brook Farm was an expression of that sentiment which for long ages has animated many of the loftiest souls, a dream of some Arcadia, some Plato's Republic, some Island of the Blest, some Apostolic community of goods, some Utopia, some Augustine's city of God, where the heavy burden of social life may be lightened, where the vast irregularities may be tempered, where the ugly discords may be harmonized, where a community of interests may take the place of this everlasting envy and over-reaching, and where the physical, intellectual, social, and the spiritual parts of man's nature may have room for a more even development. From the Egyptian Therapeutæ and the Christian Hermits down to the Brook Farm community there have been, and as long as there is so much social unrest there will be, all kinds of attempts to help society by withdrawing from society, to redeem the world by going apart from the world.

It was out of this feeling that a company of most highly respectable, refined, and humane persons, wanting the disparity of condition and opportunity which were working such injustice in the world, to be for a little circle righted, bought the Brook farm in West Roxbury in 1840. Lowell was there, and George William Curtis, and Hawthorne, and George Ripley, and many enthusiastic and congenial spirits. There were high ideals, and fine conversations, and zealous coöperation, but the practical details of living could not be mastered, and it was soon abandoned. Hawthorne says, "There is a most vicious animal in the yard, a transcendental heifer belonging to Margaret Fuller. She tries to rule every other animal, and a guard has to be placed over her while the other animals pass in and out. Whether the fact that the creature belonged to Miss Fuller, or that she was a transcendental animal, caused it to be so undesirable a companion is not announced."

Again Hawthorne writes,—April 14, 1841: "I did not milk the cows last night; either because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns, I know not which."

April 16: "I have milked a cow. Ripley said he liked to milk cows,—such an occupation was eminently favorable to contemplation, particularly when the cow's tail was looped up behind."

James Freeman Clarke owned the Brook farm in 1861, and when the Second Massachusetts regiment was about to be organized, I offered it, he says, to the quartermaster, and it was accepted. "I never raised much of a

crop upon it before; but in 1861 it bore the greatest crop of any farm in Massachusetts, in the courage, devotion, and military renown of the officers and men of that noble regiment."

Brook farm was such a failure as must come to all experiments where the practical knowledge is wanting; it was such a success as follows every movement where men are honestly making some attempt at higher living.

Then came the Anti-Slavery movement which formed so large a part of Mr. Clarke's interests and writings and labors and prayers. No pen has ever given, no pen ever can give, even a faint picture of the misery the slave trade has caused; and yet two centuries ago there was not the slightest moral feeling aroused in connection with it. Bishop Berkeley had no scruples about it; Jonathan Edwards, saintly and profound, thought it no evil; Whitefield advocated it; the society for the propagation of the gospel sent slaves along with their missionaries, and as if to show the moral blindness and even profaneness which the trade encouraged, one of the ships which the English sent to open the trade in new quarters was called *The Jesus*.

By and by one after another began to see how the moral law bore upon it. Blind and selfish as many were fifty years ago, clergymen passing it silently by, many a congregation stirred into a fury if the subject were but introduced, nevertheless the contagion of liberty spread; children were educated in the better aspects of the question, older persons enforced them, political and social influences turned towards them, and a

crime which began so far as this country is concerned in 1562, which flourished with hardly a rebuke from the most saintly lives of Christendom for two centuries, and which was mildly spoken against at the opening of the third, was swept from the English speaking nations by a fearful war before the century closed.

I need not refer at any greater length to this subject here, where there must be some familiar with Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of the Apostles" of the Anti-Slavery cause; some, too, now remember the disturbances and riots and works at Derry and Dover in this state and in particular the disgraceful behavior of the students of Dartmouth, at Hanover, the birthplace of Mr. Clarke.

In the last place we have the religious movement into which Mr. Clarke threw his whole powers.

A great movement of the divine spirit was stirring men's minds and hearts as they had not been stirred since the rise of Puritanism struggling against the Church of England. Calvinism under the inexorable logic and the terrible theology of Jonathan Edwards held triumphant sway and darkened, discouraged, and poisoned human nature at its very heart. Man's reason was held to be helpless and blind, and the fairest, most moral, and most spiritual soul counted for nothing unless by the arbitrary decree of election it had been selected for salvation, and that without any regard to the purity and fidelity of its own life. A few of the elect were exalted into a theological aristocracy, the most pernicious and undeserved that has ever soiled the page of human history, while all the rest of mankind were by the eternal

purpose of the Creator destined to a realm of torture, malignant, endless; in comparison with which all temporal suffering would be sweet and grateful.

Never was there a clearer call out of the heavens for a protest against such an appalling belief, and never was that call more faithfully obeyed than by the mission of Channing, with its quiet, spiritual, persuasive pleas for the nobility of human nature, for reliance upon human reason, for salvation according to the actual quantity of human goodness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing else; for the imitableness of Christ's character because all natures are one in kind, but differing in degree; for a universe so full of God that there was no room for a hell where He was not, and yet so full of law there was no escape from the just and eternal penalty for every wrong; and for a God who knows no few elect and millions lost, but who is without partiality the Father indeed of all.

No justice has yet been done to that noble band who took up the strain of Channing. They have been called respectable, refined, scholarly; they were more than that, they were men of the spirit, they were friends of God, they were seekers after and servants of the truth, they were lovers of humanity, they had caught glimpses of great, broad, spiritual thoughts, which lie at the foundation of all true religion, by which alone that parliament of religions six years ago at Chicago became possible. I am not unfamiliar with ecclesiastical history, and I say confidently that not since Christianity was introduced has there been in any land within so brief a time or so small a circle, so

distinguished and consecrated a company as the early leaders of the Unitarian movement, and by whom the standard of the Christian pulpit has been lifted up as it never was before. But think of them, Channing, Dewey, Emerson, Hedge, Priestley, Gannett, Bellows, Parker, Furness, Clarke, the Wares, the Peabodys, Putnam, Walker, and King! What a wonderful company of literary persons responded to their awakening appeal,—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, Hawthorne, Wasson, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, Sparks, Hildreth, Parkman, Thoreau, Hale, George Ticknor Curtis, Margaret Fuller, Lydia Maria Child, Louisa May Alcott, Lucretia Mott, and Helen Hunt Jackson. Think what statesmen and philanthropists found their highest ideas of government in this simple theology,—John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Fisher Ames, Judge Story, Otis, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Calhoun, Quincy, and Charles Sumner. Think, too, what noble lives in every walk of life made that faith their inspiration to every good work,—Horace Mann, Samuel G. Howe, Peter Cooper, Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Pierce, Dorothea Dix, who, with a serener majesty than any queen has ever equaled, made her divine pilgrimage to the prisons and asylums of the world; Pierpont in his noble fight for temperance, Tuckerman in his sweet mission to the lowly, Ezra Abbott, easily first among the revisers of the Bible translation.

All these were Unitarians because a great movement was stirring the souls of thoughtful men, the whole system of popular theology had been

slowly undermined, the times called for greater liberty of individual judgment, for a more reasonable faith. The human heart and the human reason had long rebelled, and now there came forth an open, swelling torrent of opposition and indignation. Man was claiming a larger freedom, a broader faith, a God who was not a tyrant, a human nature not utterly depraved, a race not doomed to helpless and eternal ruin, a human reason not altogether astray, and a system of theology which proclaimed, wide as the fellowship of humanity, that the only salvation here or hereafter was personal righteousness. It was out of this ferment that the Unitarian movement came, and as well the revival of the great interest and prosperity which have marked the wonderful growth of the Episcopal church in this country during the past fifty years.

It was in the midst of such an awakening of the social and spiritual life of New England that James Freeman Clarke was born at Hanover, in this state, on the 4th of April, 1810. His father, Samuel Clarke, was living at this college seat in order to study medicine under Dr. Nathan Smith. He lived here only a few weeks when the family moved to Newton, Mass., in the care and household of Rev. James Freeman, the minister of King's Chapel, while the father returned to Dartmouth to finish his medical studies.

At this time the community had not ceased to talk of the commotion which had been aroused by King's Chapel lapsing from the Church of England. It had been established, as its name implied, as the house of worship for the representatives of the

king in Boston and the neighborhood, but in the opposition to England which arose at the time of the Revolution, every appearance of royalty was frowned upon and removed. The worshipers who remained after the Royalists had left the town, were affected by that theological movement which had then begun, and which culminated in the preaching of Channing, and the proprietors of King's Chapel chose James Freeman to be their pastor, and ordained him themselves because there was no bishop who would do it.

When Dr. Bellows was in England a bishop of the English church asked him to tell him about a church in Boston, where, as he had understood, they used the "Book of Common Prayer," watered. "Oh, Bishop," replied Dr. Bellows, "not watered but washed."

The minister under whom this church became interested in the Channing movement was the grandfather of James Freeman Clarke. It was in his home that he grew up under the most favoring, happy, and spiritual influences, where he could have said as the Apostle Eliot did of the home of Thomas Hooker, in which, for some time, he was an inmate, "When I came to this blessed family I then saw, as never before, the power of godliness in its lovely vigor and efficacy."

We may smile at the austerity of our Puritan ancestors, and in their fear of giving way to pleasure think life had a grim aspect to them, and the prying historian looking over their church records and finding how they sat down the lapses of some brother or sister from honor, truth, or virtue, or temperance, may draw some hasty

and unfavorable conclusion about the state quarrels in those days, but when we know the keen scrutiny of the Puritans, than which no papal inquisition was more searching, when we remember they were not afraid to make a public record of their transgressions, and when we look at the population—there is every reason to believe that these early settlers were exceptionally godly men and women.

And how true it has been from that day to this, when righteousness is plainly manifest in the busy hearts of trade in our metropolitan centres, in the councils of the nations, or in the halls of learning, you go back and back until you find its spring in some sweet home of piety in these little villages, nestling among our New England hills.

In the home of Dr. Freeman young Clarke found every help that could train him for his work in life. It was a home of intellectual activity, of humane interests, of a spiritual atmosphere. It was a home where there was a love for the earth and its products, a delight in all country pursuits, an interest in the lower creatures, the ever-present charm of a simple life in Nature.

Dr. Freeman had a happy faculty of teaching his grandchildren. Before Clarke was ten years old he had read parts of Ovid, Horace, Virgil, and the New Testament in Greek, and had gone as far as cubic equations in algebra, and this without any sense of being overtaken. All studies were made entertaining. Latin and Greek were as interesting as when a child has the joy of finding a new word, and has to tell it to the whole house; problems in mathematics were treated

as a kind of game, and all his walks and sports in the outer world were turned into methods of acquiring knowledge.

Dr. Clarke says of him, "He anticipated sixty years ago the best method of modern instruction. . . . He made our studies interesting to us. First he removed all unnecessary difficulties, and only required us to learn what was essential."

He taught him trigonometry during play hours, so that the boy of ten made himself a little quadrant out of a shingle and measured the height of the trees and houses around him.

In his early home life at Newton he speaks of the habit of church going, and says, "Every one in the town went to church, attending two services with an hour's intermission between. . . . One man in the parish, and one only, never went to church, and he was looked upon with horror as an infidel and wicked person. I do not think the people paid any great attention to the sermon, nor did they regard that as of any consequence. They assisted at the service as the Roman Catholic assists at the mass,—by their bodily presence; that was held to be enough."

There can be no doubt that the general condition of congregations in those earlier days was one of somnambulancy, for we find in the old records minutes of the officers whose duty it was to go up and down the aisles during service time with a rod bearing a tuft of feathers at one end and a brass ball at the other; the feather end to wake up the women sleepers, and the brass ball the men. How could it be otherwise with hard working people, and the interminable sermons? Still everyone was there, and

there was the service of communion, of devotion, of worship, a solemn and awful feeling of the divine presence.

After being fitted at the Boston Latin school Clarke entered Harvard college, at the age of fifteen, in 1825. The class was quite a famous one, made more so by the poems Holmes read at its various meetings, and had in it Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. William Henry Channing, the nephew of Dr. Channing, of whom one who knew him from a child said, "William Henry Channing is the holiest person I ever knew. God beset him behind and before, and laid His hand upon him."

In college Clarke made no special mark in any study or in any way. He was liked for his gentle ways and sweet character, but took no high rank as a student. He spoke of Holmes's wit and poetry as marked then as in after life. One day they were talking of metaphysics, "I'll tell you, James," said he, "what I think metaphysics is like. It is like a man splitting a log, when it is done he has two more to split."

From college he entered the divinity school in 1829, and there was intimate with Hale, Bellows, and W. G. Eliot, and may have seen Emerson, who, that year, was boarding at Divinity Hall.

In the divinity school it was as in college. Mr. Clarke seemed to have no very marked interests, and to give little promise of the work he did, and the eminence of later years. But he was diligent, judicial, not a partisan, and so earnest to see both sides of a theological question that even then it was thought he had no decided opinions of his own.

When the end of his theological

course came Clarke chose a Western field, because the idea of some missionary work interested him, and in the old parish of a New England town he thought there must be little freedom, only the routine of generations, and not so much room for self-development. A church had been established in Louisville, Ky., the year before, but the ill-health of the minister had left it vacant, and soon after graduating Mr. Clarke set out for Kentucky. He preached once before going at Waltham, and his grandmother hearing he was to have a service in the town of factories, suggested for a text, "She seeketh wool of flax, and spinneth diligently with her hands," but the text of his first sermon was "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." That was really his life-motto, for until the end came, he was from that time an earnest, hard-working, unwearied student, seeking for the truth, helping humanity, living close to God.

Then he set out for Kentucky. The only railroad on which trains were drawn by locomotives was a short one crossing the state of Delaware. The Boston & Providence and Boston & Worcester railroads were opened in 1835; and Mr. Clarke notes the extraordinary feat of sixteen miles in seventy minutes. The stage-coach and steamboat were the only means of conveyance. The progress was slow; the forest paths were not infrequently lost sight of, the corduroy roads rose and fell over the swampy prairies, the drivers were sometimes intoxicated, the horses left to pick their own way through the rocks, or to dash down the hills, and the passengers often

expecting, and sometimes experiencing, a turn-over; and serious injuries, with no help at hand, were far from unusual. But to a young man such an experience of the forests and mountains and rivers, the glory of the autumnal woods, of the possibilities of this vast and unsettled region, and of the frontier characters in the beginning of the civilization of a new land was full of fascination and life. In 1840 he went to Chicago on his way to Kentucky, a quiet town of about 7,000.

Arriving in Louisville in August, 1837, he found a small church had been gathered, embracing a few prominent families, among others that of Judge Speed, whose son was the most intimate friend Lincoln ever had.

Judge Speed was a slaveholder, but like so many of his class in that day thought it wrong, and expected that before long all the slaves would be emancipated. A young man from the North once said to him, "Your slaves seem to be very happy, sir." He replied, "I try to make them comfortable, but I do not think that a slave can be happy. God Almighty never meant a man to be a slave; and you cannot make a slave happy."

From such a man the young minister was taking his first lessons in the Anti-Slavery cause.

Mr. Clarke had heard that in the West they would listen only to preaching without notes, so the first Sunday he made the attempt, and he says after talking in a very desultory way for fifteen or twenty minutes he suddenly came to an end. No one spoke to him and he went back to his room thinking he had made an utter failure.

Twenty years after he met in Greenfield, Mass., a man who told him he was in the Louisville church when he preached his first sermon. "You heard a pretty poor one," said Mr. Clarke. "That's so," said he; "about as bad a one as I ever heard." "Do you know what the people said about it?" asked Mr. Clarke. He answered, "Yes, after you had gone out some of them stopped and talked about it. One man said, 'We had better let him go back, at once, to Boston, for he will never do anything here.' But another remarked, 'Do not let him go in a hurry, perhaps he will do better by and by.' I noticed that there seemed to be some sense in his prayer." So they concluded to wait awhile before speaking to him.

During his Kentucky life he kept in touch with his New England life, and with all denominational affairs by his literary work in *The Western Messenger*, of which he was editor. He found it easier to speak against slavery in Louisville at that time than in Boston, and strong words against the evil were quite common among those who felt the deadly coils in which they were bound. Dueling was common, and when Mr. Clarke once preached against it, a United States senator, who was in the congregation, could not understand the minister's objections to the question, and exclaimed, "Why, he might as well preach against courage."

His somewhat lonely life was greatly enriched by an abundant correspondence with many of the choicest spirits of that day, men and women, all afire with the questions of society, politics, and religion shap-

ing the life of this great, new world. Correspondence, that wonderful art of fine communion between kindred souls, which the busy life of our day is placing among the lost arts, or bringing down to the conciseness of a telegram, or a telephone talk, or the limits of a postal card.

Mr. Clarke had a busy ministry at Louisville with the possibility of an exchange only at very rare intervals, manager of the schools of the city, seeking for employment and homes for Polish emigrants, a pronounced and active universal philanthropist.

That ministry came to an end in June, 1840. He returned to New England when society was restless and fermenting with new ideas upon every subject. Emerson said, "Every man carries a resolution in his waistcoat pocket."

On the 28th of February, 1841, Mr. Clarke preached for the first time in Amory hall, on the corner of Washington and West streets, to a company which became the Church of the Disciples, of which church, with slight intermission until his death, he was the minister with an ever-widening, deepening, consecrated influence in everything which concerned the social, intellectual, and religious life of Boston; in everything which concerned the Unitarian church; in everything which concerned the church universal in its highest and finest interpretation.

In 1848, a new house of worship, a chapel in Freeman Place, was dedicated to the uses of the church, and in February, 1869, the new church was built, still known as the Church of the Disciples, on Brookline street, corner of Warren avenue, and here

he preached until the 13th of May, 1888, when the last sermon was from the text, "Lead us not into temptation." It was fifty-five years from that first sermon upon doing "What lies at hand"—the nearest duty, and for fifty-five years that text had been the watchword of his life.

There is not very much to single out and dwell upon in the life of a busy city minister. There is the morning service year in and year out, and perhaps half of the year a second service, and the manifold outside calls come to have a certain routine even in their unexpectedness. You never can tell what will happen within the next half day, but you are pretty sure that something will happen; and yet the calls, the meetings, come to have a certain unity in variety, where the one purpose running through them all will be the opportunity, the obligation, to take sides for the higher humanity, to say another word for the kingdom.

So it was in the busy years of Mr. Clarke's ministry. Besides the morning sermon was a sermon for the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, for fifteen years; there was the writing of innumerable papers for different societies, addresses for various meetings, editorials for two or three periodicals, reviews of books; the writing of books, large or small, counting up thirty volumes; there was the Bible class and social meetings at the vestry every week; ordinations to attend; meetings of the Anti-Slavery party, of the Free Soil party, of the Temperance party, of the Women's Suffrage party; chaplain of the senate, director of the Unitarian association, professor at Harvard, trustee of the public library, member of the

State Board of Education, overseer of the neighboring university, and an ever-increasing correspondence not only in our own country but abroad.

The organization of the Church of the Disciples for Mr. Clarke was not altogether cordially received by the churches in Boston which were in general accord with his theology. The ideas upon which it was based upon the social principle, the volunteer principle, and a sharing of the duties, and even to preaching by the members with the pastor were not popular. They were very different from any which the churches had known, and they were looked upon with a good deal of distrust, of criticism, and of opposition. Dr. Frothingham, of the First church, returning from Mr. Clarke's installation in Freeman Place chapel in 1848 remarked that "David's soul did not rejoice that day." The idea of any social life among members of a church was bitterly resented. It was claimed that the free system, instead of rented or owned pews, threw the expense upon a few, and it was thought Mr. Clarke's intellectual liberty went altogether too far when he ventured to exchange with Theodore Parker; and that he had, on account of his life in the West, ventured to speak altogether too freely of Boston Unitarianism. An air of elegant conservation, of fine breeding, of great respect for tradition, of belief in class distinctions, of interest in liberal thought so far as it did not disturb the established order of society, of a pervading moral sentiment, of great reluctance to overturn anything, of a desire to preserve the best life of puritanism, of a sober, dignified, reverent existence, of an

all-pervading humane conduct inside of the old traditions, of intellectual culture without much logical coherence, of biblical criticism not pressed to any extreme issues, of sweet, spiritual sentiment, and of a far-reaching, generous philanthropy within social centers, marked the Unitarians of New England. At that time they never thought of accepting the logical results even of Channing's theology.

It is interesting to notice how Dr. Clarke came running quite against much of this life, and yet growing to a commanding position among all its representatives.

It was all possible through the fine flavor of the man's character. Here was one who was intensely in earnest, he lived upon the uplands, he impressed everyone as a man of this spirit. He was as saintly at St. Francis, but of a very different aspect. Mr. Clarke was an earthly saint; there are celestial saints, and saints terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There was nothing ecclesiastical about his church, except all that was ever best in the ecclesia, a true assembly of souls; there was nothing in the dress or habit or way of the man to designate the priest, except the deepest life which ever marked any priest; a divine authority to officiate at the altar of God. He knew full well that the one great truth of all ecclesiastical truths is that just as ritualism is introduced, spirituality dies out. Individuals may be just as devout and spiritual amidst the extremest ritualism as anywhere, but all the advance of organized ritualism has through the whole history of man

marked the decay of godliness. Here was an orator as men designate eloquence. His manner was ungraceful; his voice upon the whole rather gruff and disagreeable; his style would be regarded as extremely poor by all merely literary critics, yet few ministers have ever had a greater faculty of bringing spiritual truths right home to their congregations, because of a simplicity, a directness, a clearness, and an earnestness which at once won you.

He was a wide student of theological literature, and had a most happy faculty of picking the wheat from the chaff; of seeing what good there was in all systems, and a frank acknowledgment of it, and a very clear way of saying what he thought was wrong in each. He liked to touch upon every doctrinal discussion which was broached in his day, and hardly a social question of the least moment but was sure to have at his pulpit the benefit of a sermon.

He had, too, a very fair way of stating an opponent's view, and a long study of extempore discussions of every kind gave him a strong and ready expression in debate. And he could say pretty severe things out of a heart so sure of its rectitude that no one could take offense.

One day in the height of the Anti-Slavery discussion, where, at every meeting, some resolution upon the subject was sure to come, at a religious conference, not very long after the Lovejoy affair in Illinois, the inevitable resolution came. Dr. Eliot of St. Louis, who could ill bear any reference to the matter, arose, saying that thus far the meeting had been most harmonious and helpful, and desiring that no word of discord

should be introduced, and started down the aisle repeating the text, "Render under Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; wait for the things that are God's," whereupon Dr. Clarke jumped to his feet exclaiming, "Brother Eliot, just wait a moment, that is exactly my view of the matter, but Cæsar has got hold of some slaves down South that belong to God, and I'm bound God shall have them."

Mr. Clarke's habit of mind was poetical, hence all the sternness of theology vanished at his touch, and yet he never wrote very much poetry; a few hymns which are cherished by his friends. At a time when students of German literature were very rare in this country, he was reading what was best in it. As early as 1841 he translated from the German of De Wette "Theodore; or, The Skeptic's Conversion," and later Hase's "Life of Jesus." The two parts of "The Ten Great Religions" form his most extensive literary work, and show what a happy faculty he had of finding the best part of every religion, as in life he was ready to look for the better things in every person's nature, and nowhere is this so fully shown as in his "Orthodoxy; Its Truths and Errors," which has had a very wide reading.

When many young persons were speaking of great enthusiasm about the equal and superior merits of other sacred books to their own Scriptures,—generally persons who know little of their own,—a person was insisting that passages from the "Rig Veda" should be read as well as from our Bible. "And in what language will you read them?" "In English, of course." "Then you understand

Sanskrit?" Not at all, in fact he could hardly read English. Then Mr. Clarke explained to him that at that time none of the "Vedas" existed in the English language.

Thus he worked on faithfully, joyously, thinking this world of God's was a good world, and ever coming to better things, with an ever-increasing body-guard of loving friends, with an innumerable host who had been helped by his quiet and serene faith, a treasured companion, a man walking in his home with a perfect heart until the 8th of June, 1888, when the end came.

It has been said that when the men who play out the ocean cable lose it overboard in a gale of wind, a calculation depending upon the heavenly bodies, marks upon paper the spot where it fell into the ocean's depths and left no trace behind. After the storm the ship returns at her leisure and pauses with unerring directness on the waste of water as if a stake marked the spot, and the cable is restored.

The soul is always making its voyage from the human to the divine, but often in stormy weather of doubt or the rough tempests of worldliness, the chain which binds us to the eternal seems to drop into the unfathomable deep, but some overwatching, unclouded star still marks the loss, and will not let our relation to the Eternal be quite blotted out from the memory. What then shall bring us back? Only the life of a good man, of a godly man who has been down into the deep things of the spirit, who can find the lost and bring the dead in transgression again to life,—and such a man was James Freeman Clarke.

NECROLOGY

HON. JOHN M. HILL.

John McClary Hill, born in Concord, November 5, 1821, died in the city of his birth and lifetime residence March 4, 1900.

Mr. Hill was the second son of the late Hon. Isaac and Susan (Ayer) Hill, his father having been one of the most distinguished residents of the state, governor, and United States senator, a close friend of Andrew Jackson, and a leader of the Democratic party for forty years. He was the founder of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, the leading Democratic newspaper of the state, and his son, John M., was reared in close touch with the newspaper business, and strongly indoctrinated with the principles of the Democratic party.

His early education was obtained in the public and private schools of Concord, and supplemented with a year's attendance upon the academy at South Berwick, Me., from which he returned home in the spring of 1840, and immediately engaged in journalistic work, as publisher of *The Farmers' Monthly Visitor*, an agricultural publication which his father had established a short time previously, and which soon obtained a large circulation. In the fall of the same year, with his father and elder brother, William P. Hill, he commenced the publication of a new political paper, *Hill's New Hampshire Patriot*, the old *New Hampshire Patriot* having been sold to other parties by Isaac Hill during his absence in public life at Washington. The new paper commanded a large measure of popular favor, and Mr. Hill continued his relation thereto until 1847, when it was merged with the old *Patriot*, under the proprietorship of himself and the late Hon. William Butterfield.

In 1853, Mr. Hill sold his interest in the newspaper to his partner, desiring relief for a time from the confinement of indoor life. In 1856, he accepted the treasurership and management of the Concord Gas Light Company, which he held continuously until January, 1889, a period of thirty-three years. It was in that office that the greater portion of his business life was spent.

Mr. Hill had ever been deeply interested in all enterprises tending to promote the interests of the city of Concord, and in many such had been actively and efficiently engaged. He was, for six years from its inception in 1872, a member of the city board of water commissioners, and was for many years a member of the Concord fire department. His first service in connection with the department was as a member of the board of firewards in 1844. Afterwards he served in various companies and on the board of engineers for a long series of years, and twice held the position of chief engineer, first from 1870 to 1873, and again from 1882 to 1885 in a departmental crisis. No man living had taken a greater interest

in this important branch of the municipal service, and no man who ever held the office did more than he to bring the department to a high state of efficiency, and to firmly establish its reputation as one of the best in the New England states.

In 1861, at the commencement of the Rebellion, Mr. Hill was tendered the position of adjutant-general of the state, but declined it. He was a member of the board of trustees of the Concord Ladies' Soldiers' Aid association, an organization which contributed largely to the comfort and relief of sick and wounded soldiers in the Union army. He was, in fact, the working member of the board, and gave much time and energy to carry forward its operations, raising and dispensing large sums of money and other contributions.

In 1868 Mr. Hill resumed his connection with the *Patriot*, representing one half ownership jointly with ex-President Pierce and Hon. Josiah Minot, and was associated with William Butterfield, who had held continuous proprietorship until the sale of the paper to the late Col. Edwin C. Bailey, in 1873, when both finally retired. He was not, however, personally engaged in the office, but represented by his son, Howard F. Hill, who had graduated from Dartmouth college the year previous.

In his later life his interest in journalism remained unabated, and he became the first president of the New Hampshire Press association, holding the office for four years, from the organization in 1868, and maintained his membership and an active interest in its affairs down to the time of death.

He also retained his interest in fire department matters, and was frequently called upon for counsel and advice. He was active in the formation of the Veteran Firemen's association and was its first president, holding the position for several years.

He had several times held the position of state auditor of printer's accounts, and in 1884 was selected by the justices of the supreme court as a member of the State Board of Equalization. He was chosen its secretary, but resigned at the close of the second year. He was then elected president of the board, which position he held at the time of his death.

He was long intimately connected with the management of the Mechanick's National Bank of Concord as a director and clerk of the board; also with the Merrimack County Savings Bank of which he was vice-president.

Schooled in the principles and traditions of the Democratic party from earliest childhood, by both paternal and maternal teaching, Mr. Hill had been all his life an earnest, working Democrat, laboring zealously for the success of his party. He had been actively identified with the party organization in various capacities, on ward, city, and state committees, having been at different times secretary, chairman, and treasurer of the state committee, holding the latter position for many years. He never made politics a business, however, and never sought public office at the hands of his fellow-citizens. Against his own desire he was nominated on two occasions, in past years, as the candidate of his party for mayor of Concord, receiving, in such case, a vote considerably in excess of his party strength.

In 1884 Mr. Hill was the Democratic candidate for governor, having been nominated in opposition to his own wishes and inclinations, from the general con-

viction on the part of leading Democrats through the state that his name would materially strengthen the party cause before the people. How well grounded was this conviction, and how great was the public confidence in his ability, integrity, and special fitness for the chief magistracy of the state is evidenced by the fact that while the Republican electors in the state received a plurality of 3,957, the Republican candidate for governor had a plurality of only 2,727. In Concord, his home city, his opponent had 55 plurality, as against 403 for the electoral ticket, which showed the popular regard in which he was held by the people. He declined a renomination in 1886.

Although not a communicant, Mr. Hill had been, from childhood, a constant attendant upon the worship of the Protestant Episcopal church, and had contributed liberally of his means for the maintenance of the same, and for the support of all the auxiliaries of the church work.

Mr. Hill was twice married; first to Elizabeth Lord Chase, of Berwick, Me., in 1842; second to Elizabeth Lincoln of Concord, who survives him, as does an only son, by his first wife, Rev. Howard F. Hill of Concord, and two brothers, William Pickering Hill, now of Pitkin, Col., and Isaac Andrew Hill of Concord.

HON. CHARLES C. COMSTOCK.

Charles Carter Comstock, born in Sullivan, N. H., March 5, 1818, died in Grand Rapids, Michigan, February 20, 1900.

Mr. Comstock spent his youth, until eighteen years of age, upon his father's farm in Sullivan, when, upon his persuasion, the latter sold out there and purchased a better farm in the town of Westmoreland to which he removed. In 1842 young Comstock built a sawmill in the latter town, and was there engaged in lumbering until 1853, when he sold out and removed to Grand Rapids, where he entered at once into the same business. He manufactured lumber on a large scale, and in addition established mills for the conversion of the lumber into finished products. He manufactured sash, doors, and blinds, and his mill was the largest in western Michigan, equipped with some of the first woodworking machinery brought here. The output of his mill exceeded the local demand, and he found a market for the surplus in other cities, shipping the stock out by boat down Grand river and across the lake. His shipments were among the first exports from Grand Rapids, and laid the foundation for a trade which grew to large proportions and of great advantage to the town.

In 1857 he purchased a furniture factory, and into this industry put the same enterprise and energy which he had applied to his lumbering and other ventures, and in the shipment of furniture was also a pioneer. Mr. Comstock sold a half interest in his furniture business in 1863 to James M. and Ezra T. Nelson, and two years later sold the remaining half to his son, and the business his energy put upon a firm foundation is still in existence at the old site under the corporate title of the Nelson-Matter Furniture company.

Upon disposing of half of his furniture business, in 1863, Mr. Comstock engaged in the manufacture of pails and tubs, and built up an immense business in this line, consuming over 10,000,000 feet of lumber annually, and continuing in the business until 1883.

During the panic of 1873, when money was scarce, public confidence shaken, and the outlook dark, Mr. Comstock was obliged by stress of circumstances to resort to the issuing of script for the payment of his employés or to shut down entirely. In his mills and factories he gave employment to nearly three hundred men, and to have suspended would have entailed upon them the severest hardship. The script was accepted and for several months passed current about town, confidence in Mr. Comstock's integrity and financiering ability sustaining it. He weathered the storm and with the return of good times redeemed every cent of his script indebtedness.

In his lumbering operations Mr. Comstock acquired large tracts of timber land which proved valuable for farming purposes when the timber was taken away. As old age advanced, he more and more sought the quiet of the farm, and brought the same executive ability to bear upon agriculture that he had put into manufacturing, and made his farms pay substantial profits. For the last ten years he lived almost entirely on his farm or in the handsome suburban home which he built for himself just south of the soldiers' home.

One of Mr. Comstock's farms is the present Comstock park at Grand Rapids. Always interested in promoting industry and agriculture, he gave this property, nearly one hundred acres, to the West Michigan Agricultural society for fair grounds. There is a provision in the deed transferring it to the society that should the society ever cease to exist, or the land be used for other than fair purposes, that it shall become the property of the city of Grand Rapids, to be used for park purposes.

While deeply engaged in manufacturing and other enterprises, Mr. Comstock found time to devote attention to the duties of citizenship. In 1863 he was elected mayor of the city, and in 1864 was elected for a second term. That was during the war period, and he was active in sending the soldiers to the front. In 1870 he was candidate for governor of Michigan and was defeated by a plurality of 18,785 by Governor Baldwin, in a state which two years later went Republican by 56,000 majority. In 1873 he was the Democrat candidate for congress, and in 1878 he was nominated by the Greenbackers for congress. In 1884 the Democrats and Greenbackers fused, he was the nominee for congress, and his election gave the Fifth district its first congressman whose politics were other than Republican. Mr. Comstock declined a second term and since then, although he never lost interest in what was going on, he did not mingle actively in political affairs.

Mr. Comstock was married in 1840, in his native village, to Mary M. Winchester, who died in 1863. In 1865 he married Mrs. Cordelia Davis, daughter of Daniel Guild, and she survives him. His only son, Tieson A. Comstock, died when a young man. His eldest daughter, with her husband, Albert A. Stone, and little son, perished at sea by the wreck of the *Brother Jonathan* off the coast of California in July, 1865. Beside his wife, four daughters survive him, Mrs. Goldsmith, Mrs. Konkle, Mrs. Boltwood, and Mrs. Russell.

ABEL P. RICHARDSON, M. D.

Dr. Abel Parker Richardson, long the leading physician in the town of Walpole, died at his home in that town, after a protracted illness, February 4, 1900.

Dr. Richardson was born in Lempster, February 19, 1834, and was a son of Abel and Almena (Parker) Richardson of that town, and in the eighth generation from Thomas Richardson, the emigrant, who was one of the settlers of Woburn, Mass., in 1641. He was educated in the Green Mountain Liberal institute in South Woodstock and in Westminster seminary. In 1857 he became principal of Walpole High school, and was a thorough and successful teacher, and very popular with his pupils, many of whom became his lifelong friends. He taught the High school four years, from 1857 to 1859, and again from 1862 to 1864. After his first term of teaching in Walpole, he resided for nearly two years in North Carolina, engaged in teaching and other pursuits, and returning at the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion. In 1861 he began the study of medicine with Dr. William M. French in Alstead. He attended two courses of lectures at the University of Vermont, and one course at Dartmouth Medical college, where he received his degree in 1864. He also did post-graduate work in the Harvard Medical school and in New York and Philadelphia. After practising one year in Marlow, he settled in Walpole in the fall of 1865, and spent the rest of his life there. He acquired a large practice in Walpole and neighboring towns on both sides of the Connecticut river. He became prominent in his profession; was president of the Connecticut River Valley Medical society in 1881; of the Cheshire County Medical society; and of the New Hampshire Medical society in 1896. On the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the New Hampshire Medical society, in 1891, he delivered an interesting address, entitled "Looking Backward," in which he took for his subject the life of a country physician one hundred years ago. He was a member of the board of United States Pension Surgeons at Bellows Falls seven years, from 1882 to 1889, and president four years. In June, 1881, he delivered an address before the New Hampshire Medical society on "Death: Its Physical Aspect," and in November, 1883, he delivered the address to the graduating class in Dartmouth Medical college.

He served on the school committee for ten years, from 1867 to 1877, and his annual reports printed by the town were interesting and valuable. He was elected town clerk in 1869, and was re-elected annually, with the exception of one year, having at the time of his death nearly completed his thirtieth year in that office. From this long service as town clerk and from his practice of many years as a physician he had become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the town and its people for the last forty years. He was a Democrat in politics, but not inclined to discuss political questions. He was an active member of the Unitarian society; trustee for many years, and treasurer at the time of his death. He was also a trustee of the savings bank of Walpole. He was a public spirited citizen, interested in everything tending to benefit the town, and ready to do his part by contributing his time and means. He was ready with his pen and an interesting speaker on public occasions.

Descended from the best New England ancestry he exemplified the best New England traits in his life and character. He had a keen sense of humor and a ready wit, was of a social disposition, so amiable as not to be easily ruffled, and kindly in his feelings. He had a taste for general reading, and was a good judge of what is excellent in literature. He was much interested in public events, and

alive to the progress of the times both in his profession and in general affairs. Dr. Richardson was married April 4, 1866, to Miss Sylvia F. Symonds, daughter of Charles D. Symonds of Marlow, who survives him. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Cordelia A. Clark, widow of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; a niece, Miss Ida A. Clark, and a nephew, Dr. Walter T. Clark of Worcester, Mass.

SAMUEL P. CARBEE, M. D.

Dr. Samuel Powers Carbee, of Haverhill, died at his home at Haverhill Corner, January 31, 1900, from cancerous disease from which he had long suffered, though bearing his affliction with heroic fortitude.

Dr. Carbee was a native of the town of Bath, where he was born June 14, 1836. He attended the public schools of his native town, and later pursued his studies at Newbury (Vermont) seminary, where he fitted himself to become a teacher in the public schools, and for a time followed that calling.

In 1860 he began the study of medicine with Dr. Albert H. Crosby of Wells River, and continued his studies with Drs. Dix and A. R. Crosby of Hanover until 1862, when he enlisted as a private in the Twelfth regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, under Capt. J. Ware Butterfield. For some time he was placed on detached duty in the commissary department, but in October, 1863, was commissioned assistant surgeon, and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He participated with his regiment in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and was with the Army of the Potomac from the Wilderness to the capture of Richmond. He was the first Union surgeon to enter the Confederate capital.

At the close of the war he resumed his medical studies at Dartmouth Medical college, from which he graduated in 1866. He soon after began the practice of medicine in Haverhill, and has pursued his profession with assiduity and success for thirty years in that town, where he built up an extensive and lucrative practice.

A man of generous impulses and genial manners, he was well adapted to his profession, and secured the respect and confidence of his patients. He was a member of the White Mountain and of the New Hampshire Medical societies, and for many years was medical examiner for leading life insurance companies. He also served for twelve years on the examining board for pensions for this district.

Enthusiastically devoted to his profession, he yet found time to devote to public matters, and was repeatedly a delegate to the county and state conventions. He was elected county commissioner, as a Republican, in 1884, and was re-elected in 1886. He was elected to the legislature in 1894, and was surgeon-general of the state on the staff of Governor Busiel with the rank of brigadier-general.

Dr. Carbee was a prominent member of the G. A. R., had been commander of the Nat Westgate Post, and the Camp of the Sons of Veterans at North Haverhill was named in his honor. He was connected with several fraternal orders, and was a Knight Templar of Mt. Horeb Commandery at Concord. He was one of the directors of the Woodsville Loan and Banking association, and a director of the Woodsville National Bank from its organization.

September 30, 1885, he was united in marriage at Dorchester, Mass., with Miss N. Della Buck, a native of Haverhill, who survives him.

JAMES H. SMART, LL. D.

James Henry Smart, president of Purdue university, Lafayette, Ind., died at his home in that city, February 21, 1900.

President Smart, who was long recognized as one of the ablest and most progressive of the great array of educators to which New Hampshire has made so liberal a contribution, was born in Center Harbor, June 30, 1841, his father being a physician of local repute. He attended school in the neighborhood and in various academies, supplementing his schooling by assiduous home study until he had mastered the full curriculum of a college course. At the age of seventeen he began teaching, and in 1858 was a teacher in the public schools of Concord, continuing in those and other New England schools until 1861, when he was engaged in the public schools of Toledo, Ohio. Here he remained until 1865, meanwhile publishing his first book, a volume on "Physical Exercises."

In 1865 he was elected superintendent of schools in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and held that post until 1874, being then elected superintendent of public instruction for Indiana. By re-elections he held this office until 1883, when he was chosen president of Purdue university, one of the best appointed technological institutions in the country.

For twenty-seven years he was a member of the Indiana State Board of Education; was elected trustee of the University of Indiana in 1883, and for six years was a trustee of the State Normal school. In 1892 he was an assistant commissioner for Indiana to the Vienna exposition, and in 1878 he was a United States commissioner to the Paris Exposition, where the school exhibit of Indiana, procured and arranged by him, won a gold medal and a special diploma. In 1891 he was a commissioner from the United States Department of Agriculture to the Agricultural congress at The Hague. In 1871 he was president of the Indiana Teachers' association, in 1880 of the National Educational association, in 1890 of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. In 1874 Dartmouth conferred upon him the degree of master of arts, and in 1882 he received from the University of Indiana the degree of doctor of laws.

He has published: "An Ideal School System for a State," "The Institute System for the United States," "Commentary on the School Laws of Indiana," "The Schools of Indiana," and "Books and Reading for the Young."

He married, July 21, 1870, Mary H., daughter of Professor Snow of Grinnell college, Iowa.

President Smart always retained a great affection for the state of his birth, and the greater part of his summer vacations was always spent here. He has been a frequent visitor in Concord.

LUTHER P. DURGIN.

Luther Perry Durgin, whose death occurred Saturday morning, February 17, was one of Concord's most respected citizens. He was the eighth of the ten children of Hazen and Deborah (Thompson) Durgin, and was born in that part of Sanbornton now Tilton, October 21, 1823.

He attended the district schools near his home, but when he was nine years of age his mother died and he was thrown upon his own resources. He went to Lowell, Mass., and found employment in a woolen mill for a short time, engaging also in other pursuits.

In 1838 he found further opportunity for schooling, and supported himself at this time by carrying newspapers. His life as a newsboy interested him in the printing business, and in 1839 he entered the office of the *Lowell Journal and Courier* as an apprentice under the late Leonard Huntress, thus beginning his life work as a printer, which he followed for nearly sixty-one years continuously in Lowell and Springfield, Mass., Concord, Manchester, Portland, Me., and Boston. For the past thirty-six years he had been employed by Morrill & Silsby and by Silsby & Son, as foreman.

Mr. Durgin was originally a Free Soiler, and afterward a Republican in politics. During his residence in Concord he received frequent evidence of the esteem of his fellow-citizens and served one year as councilman and two years as alderman. He was elected from Ward Four to the legislatures of 1874 and 1875 and in 1889 he was a member of the Constitutional convention. For nine years he was a member of the board of water commissioners.

Mr. Durgin was an Odd Fellow of long standing, having joined the order in 1844, two years later becoming a member of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. In 1868 he united with Rumford Lodge of Concord. He was also a member of Tahanto Encampment.

He was for more than thirty-six years a devoted member of the Methodist church and faithfully and diligently served its interests as a superintendent of the Sabbath school, class leader, steward and trustee. He was one of the most active of the founders of the Baker Memorial church, and was a member of the executive committee of the Winnipiseogee Camp-meeting association from its formation.

Mr. Durgin was three times married: In 1846 to Nancy M. Barnes; in 1878 to Hannah M. Bickford; in 1898 to Isadora P. Nightingale, who survives him. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Sevina Vinton of Lowell, and two sons, Luther W. and Hazen F. Durgin of Concord.

JOSEPH E. BENNETT.

Joseph E. Bennett, for many years a prominent and influential citizen of Manchester, died at his residence in that city, February 20, 1900.

Mr. Bennett was the son of Stephen and Hannah Bennett of New Boston, and was born in that town August 9, 1817. He was educated at Francetown academy, New Hampton Institute, Waterville and Yale colleges, entering the latter as a junior and graduating in 1843. The succeeding fall and winter he taught school in Searsmont, Mass., where he was elected on the school board, but removed to Manchester in 1844, and engaged with J. Y. P. Hunt in building mills for the Amoskeag Mfg. Co. In 1847 he became foreman for J. F. Andrews in building operations in Nashua, where he continued most of the time till 1860. During this time he assisted in the rebuilding of the state house at Montpelier, Vt., and in the construction of the passenger station and freight house in Manchester, and of

mills there, at Southbridge, Mass., and other places, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Boston.

During this time he retained his residence in Manchester, and spent his winters in teaching in Maine, at New Boston, and at Manchester in this state, having been master of the schools at Piscataquog Village, Hallsville and Webster's Mills, and the North and South grammar schools of Manchester.

In 1860, leaving the employ of Mr. Andrews, Mr. Bennett returned to Manchester and went to work for himself, being in company one year with his brother, John J. Bennett, and two years with Lyman R. Fellows of Concord. In 1865 he was elected city clerk, a position which he held for more than a decade. He was selectman and ward clerk of the old Ward Five, and had been either assessor or clerk of the board of assessors seventeen years at different times; was elected by the Democrats of Ward Five as alderman in 1849; and as a Free Soiler was chosen representative to the general court in 1851-'52. He represented Ward Five in the school committee in 1852 and 1857. He was a trustee of the Amoskeag Savings bank, having been elected in 1868.

Mr. Bennett was a prominent Free Mason, a master of Lafayette Lodge in 1865-'66, high priest of Mount Horeb Royal Arch Chapter in 1870-'71, and was for a long time recorder of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar. He was always prominent in connection with the First Baptist church and society, and for many years treasurer of the society. In March, 1845, he married Miss Susie Dyer of Searsmont, Me., by whom three children were born, none of whom survives. She died in 1883, and he subsequently married a Mrs. Hartwell, who survives him.

GEORGE R. EATON.

George R. Eaton, one of the most prominent citizens and business men of northern New Hampshire, died suddenly in Lancaster, his place of residence, February 11.

Mr. Eaton was born in Portland, Me., November 16, 1837. He attended the schools of that city and Yarmouth, but at fifteen years of age his school days were over, though not his opportunities for learning. He then entered the office of S. T. Corser, superintendent of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence railroad. When twenty years of age, or forty-two years ago, he left his home city, and came to Berlin, where he engaged as manager for Hezekiah Winslow & Co., in their great lumber operations. This firm changed several times, at last merging into the Berlin Mills Co., but through the changes Mr. Eaton remained, and for fourteen years was connected with the management of that great concern. Berlin chose him one of her selectmen when he was but twenty-one years old, and later elected him to represent her fast growing interests in the legislature. His training and his natural insight into affairs enabled him to discern great possibilities for Coös in the lumber business, and he early made purchases of large tracts of spruce lands, not confining his field of operations to Coös as the years went on, but seeking other sections. In 1872 he bought a stock of goods and a store in North Stratford, and in that town his trade for several years amounted to \$200,000 a year. He was selectman of Stratford, and in 1876 member of the Constitutional convention. In 1882 he took

E. B. Merriam as partner so that he could pay more attention to his landed interests. About this time the Lancaster National bank was started, and being made its president, he removed to that town, where he ever after resided. He served for three years as commissioner and four years as treasurer of Coös county. For some time past he had been treasurer of the Browns Lumber Co. at Whitefield. In politics he was a Democrat, and in religion a Unitarian.

He married, in 1860, Miss Sarah J. Parker of Berlin, who, with three daughters, survives him.

REV. JOHN W. MERRILL, D. D.

Rev. John W. Merrill, D. D., died at his home in Concord, February 9, 1900.

Dr. Merrill was a native of the town of Chester, the son of Rev. Joseph Annis and Hannah (Jewett) Merrill, born May 9, 1803. He graduated from the Wesleyan university in 1834. From 1834 to 1837 he studied in the Theological seminary, and immediately after graduation he was elected president of McKendree college at Lebanon, Ill. Four years later he returned to Massachusetts, and in 1841 organized the First Methodist Episcopal church at East Boston, serving as pastor for thirteen years. In 1854 he was appointed professor of ethics, metaphysics, natural and historical theology in the Methodist General Biblical institution, which in those days was located in Concord. He was instrumental in forming the Boston University of Theology, which later absorbed the Concord Biblical institute. In 1868 he returned to the itinerant work, and in 1873 took a superannuated relation.

Dr. Merrill had lived the greater part of his life in Concord, and was held in highest esteem in the city. He was connected with the Baker Memorial church, and his last church work was performed in September last, when he assisted at the administration of the Communion service. He was a profound scholar, and continued his study of the languages till he had reached his ninetieth year. He was a man of strength, physically, mentally, and morally, and did much to promote educational work in his denomination.

August 17, 1842, he married Miss Emily Huse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Huse of Newburyport, Mass. She died in 1886. Six sons were born, but only three are now living, Charles A., of Worcester, Mass., Edward H., of Concord, and Elijah H., of San Francisco.

TIMOTHY EASTMAN BAYLEY.

Timothy Eastman Bayley of Plymouth died Sunday, February 18, on his 71st birthday anniversary, having been born on the Bayley farm in the south part of Plymouth, February 18, 1829.

He was the youngest of three children of Benjamin and Ruth Eastman Bayley, and came from Revolutionary stock, the grandfather, Solomon Bayley being a soldier in the War of 1776.

The father, Benjamin Bayley, was one of the first elected selectmen of Plymouth and was prominently identified with all affairs concerning the town. Timothy Eastman Bayley married Susan Cochran, daughter of Robert and Harriet (Gill) Cochran, July 1, 1855, and they enjoyed an unusually happy married life

of forty-five years. Six children were born, four boys and two girls, all of whom are living. They are Mary Ann Johnson, George C. Bayley, Lizzie Ardella Randolph, William Cochran, Charles Flanders and Herbert Eastman Bayley. All but George, whose home is in Tilton, reside in Plymouth.

Mr. Bayley was a veteran of the War of the Rebellion. He was mustered into service as a private in Co. H, Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was soon promoted to sergeant. He served three years and received an honorable discharge in 1865. He contracted malarial disease while in the service, from which he never recovered, and which was the primary cause of his death.

JOHN S. HOBBS.

John S. Hobbs, of North Hampton, a lifelong resident and prominent citizen, died in that town February 19, at the age of nearly eighty-four years, having been born March 17, 1817.

Mr. Hobbs was a fine type of the progressive farmer, and as such had found his principal occupation. He was a man of marked business capacity, and his judgment was seldom at fault. He was much in the service of the town, and had well filled every important office within its gift,—collector, clerk, treasurer, representative, and selectman for repeated terms, having served about twenty-five years in the last named office. He had been a director and agent of the Rockingham Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance company for more than thirty years, and in February, 1891, was chosen its president. He resigned this office in February, 1899, but still retained his long connection as agent. Politically he was a staunch Democrat. To Mr. Hobbs that company owes much of its strength and security.

Mr. Hobbs left a widow, one daughter, who is the wife of Collector John W. Mason of Hampton, and five sons,—John W., of North Hampton, Joseph W., of Lawrence, Mass., George C., of West Newton, Mass., Charles P., of Boston, and Thomas D., of Somerville, Mass. A sister, Mrs. Freeman Drake, of North Hampton, also survives him.

HON. AMOS L. ROLLINS.

Amos L. Rollins, born in Alton, December 11, 1826, died in that town, February 22, 1900.

Mr. Rollins was a son of Ichabod and Sally Rollins. His father died when he was nineteen years of age and the care of the homestead and family devolved upon him. In 1854 he was elected town clerk, and since that time he has held all the offices in the gift of the town. He was selectman for twenty years, and very successfully cleared the town of its debt of \$62,000. He has been moderator of town-meetings for twenty-eight years in succession; was town treasurer seventeen years, and for twenty years treasurer of Alton Five Cent Savings bank. He was county commissioner three years, representative in the state legislature four years, and also served as state senator.

December 25, 1851, he married Sarah E., daughter of Nehemiah Kimball, and to them were born three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Rollins died in 1871, and he married, as his second wife, Parmelia A. Pendergast, January 14, 1872, by whom he is survived.

DEA. HENRY F. RUBLEE.

Henry F. Rublee, born in Plattsburg, N. Y., December 6, 1826, died at Lakeport, February 2, 1900.

When a young man he located in Manchester, but removed to Laconia in 1850, and in 1852 established himself in the general blacksmithing business at Lake Village now Lakeport, or Ward Six of Laconia. Subsequently, with his son, Alson F., he did a large and lucrative business in the manufacture of carriages.

Mr. Rublee was a public-spirited citizen, strongly interested in the general welfare of the community and was honored with the esteem and confidence of the people, being elected to nearly all the offices which it was in the power of the citizens to bestow. He was selectman of the town of Gilford for several terms, was a member of the school board and represented the town in the legislature of 1885 and 1886.

He was a devoted member of the Baptist church, having been a deacon since 1857, and had sung in the choir for forty-eight years. He is survived by a widow, a son, and a daughter.

At the International Export exposition at Philadelphia prizes have just been awarded. Over twenty makes of typewriters competed for first prize, including all the leading makes controlled by the trust. The committee awarded the first prize to the Franklin typewriter, "for convenience, quality of work, and excellence of mechanical construction."

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CITY OF DOVER, FROM GARRISON HILL.

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No. 4.

STRAFFORD'S FIRST CITY—DOVER BY THE COCHECO.

By Mary Olive Godfrey.

THOUGH probably the first settled of New Hampshire towns, Dover was the fifth in the state to assume the dignity and expense of a city government, having been incorporated under the same June 29, 1855. Its first settlement was made by Edward Hilton and his associates in the spring of 1623, only two years and a half after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, and this is claimed to have been the first permanent settlement within the present limits of the state, with no substantial ground for doubt of the accuracy of the claim.

The Hilton settlement was upon what is known as the "Neck," lying between the Newichawannock and Bellamy rivers, some six miles up the Piscataqua. Capt. John Smith is said to have visited this region nine years earlier, in 1614, but did not seem moved to recommend it for settlement, probably on account of the comparative coolness of the climate, as he was afterwards attracted to Virginia.

The settlement remained quite small for some years, but, in 1631, Capt. Thomas Wiggin was sent over from England by the owners of the "Dover and Swamscott patent," granted two years earlier, and which covered Newington and a part of Stratham, as well as all the territory subsequently known as Dover, which latter at first included not only the present Dover, but also what are now Somersworth, Rollinsford, Durham, Madbury, and Lee. Captain Wiggin made due investigation, and returned to England the next year, and in the following season, 1633, came back with a company of about thirty settlers, who took up lots on the Neck, and proceeded to establish homes, provide for religious worship, and engage in business activity, which, at first, was more in the line of fishing and lumbering than in the pursuit of agriculture, although the section ultimately became and remains to-day, one of the most productive farming regions in the state. Indeed, the present Dover and the towns about it, originally within its



City Hall.

limits, cannot be surpassed in fruit and hay production by an equal territory anywhere in New Hampshire.

The settlement flourished and increased in population, till, in 1659, thirty-six years after the landing of Hilton, it included 142 male taxpayers. Two years before this a town schoolmaster had been elected, and ever afterward the interests of education were duly fostered and subserved. Located on the frontier this settlement was naturally subject to attack, and suffered to greater or less extent all through the long period of hostility with the Indians, which began to be threatened as early as 1667, and broke out in earnest in 1675, continuing spasmodically for more than half a



Strafford County Court-house.



Strafford County Jail.

century, during which time severe losses were borne, the most notable being the massacre on the 28th of June, 1689, when Maj. Richard Waldron (or Walderne, as it was then spelled) and 22 others were killed and 29 carried into captivity, the garrisons having been taken by surprise.

Nevertheless, the settlement grew and prospered, till, in 1767, the entire original territory embraced 5,446 people, of whom 1,666 were within the limits of Dover proper—Newington, Somersworth, including Rollinsford, Durham including Lee, and Madbury having already been set off.



Central Avenue, looking South.



FRANKLIN SQUARE.

Industrious pursuit of fishing, lumbering, ship-building and agriculture had been accompanied by fair measure of growth and development, so that in 1810 the population of the town reached 2,228; but it was not until the introduction of manufacturing, commencing with the organization of the old "Dover Cotton Factory" company in 1812, followed by the Cocheco Manufacturing Company fifteen years later, that a really rapid

which the legislature had granted, and then only by a bare majority, 454 voters having recorded themselves in the negative, on the proposition, to 498 in the affirmative. In March, 1856, the first city government was duly organized, with Andrew Pierce as mayor.

Since that time there has been no period of particularly rapid growth.



Views on Central Avenue.

growth ensued. In 1820, the population was 2,870, and in 1850 it had reached 8,168. The Boston & Maine railroad had been opened through the place nine years before, the Cocheco branch, to Alton, following a few years later, and when, in 1855, the city charter was granted, Dover ranked among the most flourishing New England towns. It was September 1 of that year that the people voted to adopt the charter

There have been times of depression and of expansion, but, on the whole, a general measure of prosperity has been enjoyed, and a steady increase of population was made up to the census of 1890, which showed 12,779 inhabitants within the city limits.

The Dover of to-day is a substantial, conservative New England city of the third class, as our cities are generally rated, in whose history and traditions, as well as in whose present



THE LANDING.

status and conditions its inhabitants may properly take pride. It ranks as the fourth in the state in point of population, and the fifth in assessed valuation. Its manufactories are extensive and varied, and the reputation of their products world-wide. Its railway facilities, steam and electric, are of a superior order, and, although its shipping is not what it was in the olden days, before the advent of the railroad, when as the head of tide water it was a prominent port of entry, though the commercial emporium at the "Landing" has largely given place to the buildings of the Cochecho Manufacturing Company and the homes of its employés,

its shipping business is now by no means inconsiderable, as the financial prosperity of the Dover Navigation Company most effectively attests, and the expenditure by the federal



Masonic Temple.



View on Silver Street.



Children's Home.

government, in the not distant past, of \$75,000 in removing obstructions in the Cocheco, would naturally lead one to expect. Its remaining banks, —national and savings—are among the very strongest in the state, though others in the midst, like many in all parts of the state, have succumbed to bad management and the stress of circumstances. Its churches, stores, and business blocks compare favorably with those of any other city of its size. Its city hall and other public buildings are superior to those of other cities of the same class, the former, indeed, being the finest and most imposing in the state, and unsurpassed in New England outside the very largest cities. Its charita-

ble institutions are, properly, a source of no little pride, and its fraternal organizations are numerous, long-established, and particularly flourishing as to membership. Its schools, public and private, have always been of the best, and its school buildings are commodious and creditable, while its public library, with its 25,000 volumes,

ranks among the best in the state.

In the walks of professional life Dover men have always been well at the front. The names of Christie, Hale, Woodman, Wheeler, Hall, and Hobbs have been conspicuous among the representatives of the bar in this state in the last sixty years, and, in the annals of the medical profession, those of Martin, Fenner, Wheeler,



Wentworth Home

Lathrop, Hill, Stackpole, Ham, and others have been equally well known. In public and political life Dover has also played well her part. Two of her citizens have been governor of

Guards," has been the most notable military organization in the state.

This company acted as an escort to General Lafayette upon his visit to Dover in 1824. May 5, 1864, it



Strafford Guards on the Way to the Front.

the state, one a United States senator, and four, at least, members of congress, while in the state legislature the influence of Dover has always been materially felt. Moreover, in all the wars of the nation, from the early encounters with the aborigines down to the recent war with Spain, the sons of Dover have proven their courage and devotion in ample measure. More than 800 Dover men served in the War of the Rebellion, and some of the most brilliant names on the death roll from this state in that great struggle are those of Dover's slaughtered sons. For a period of nearly eighty years, indeed from its organization in 1822, a Dover company, the "Strafford

was mustered into the service of the United States for garrison duty at Fort Constitution, remaining in the service till July 28. On the breaking out of the war with Spain, this company, as an organization, also was mustered into the government service, leaving Dover for the camp at Concord May 7, 1898, with eighty-two officers and men, and leaving that city for Chickamauga Park, May 17.

THE CHURCHES.

The First Congregational church of Dover, familiarly known as the "First Parish church," is the oldest in the state, which has continuously maintained religious services from its

establishment, and its history and growth is intimately interwoven with that of the town itself. The first preacher in the settlement was Rev. William Leverich, "an able and worthy Puritan minister," who came over in the company brought by Captain Wiggin in 1633. It was during his ministry of two years that

succeeding him. The first meeting-house was built near the Beck cove, on the western slope of the Neck. A generation later a new house of worship was erected, and this was followed by a third, on Pine Hill, within the present limits of the cemetery. In 1758, a new church was built, still further north, on the site of the present

edifice, which remained, and which was occupied for more than seventy years, when it was sold by vote of the parish, removed, and the present house erected in its place, the same having been dedicated December 31, 1829. This house remained as built for nearly half a century, but was remodeled and improved at an expense of \$23,000 in 1878, being rededicated on Thanksgiving evening of that year, November 28. Ten years later, a large and convenient chapel, connecting with the church in the rear, was built at



First Congregational Church.

the first meeting-house was built, but it was not until December, 1638, that the church was organized, under the ministry of Rev. Hanserd Knollys. Mr. Leverich had remained but two years, being compelled to leave for want of support, and had been succeeded two years later by Rev. George Burdett, who soon proved to be profligate and unscrupulous, and soon after fled the settlement, Mr. Knollys, "a good and pious man,"

a cost of \$13,000.

The influence for good of this First Parish church, as a religious organization, and as a moral force in the town and city and the surrounding communities, cannot be estimated, much less set down in words; but it will never fail to be valued as a priceless heritage by all its children and their descendants for generations to come.

This church has numbered among

its pastors many strong and able men, the most noted of all, perhaps, being Rev. Jeremy Belknap, D. D., who was conspicuous in Revolutionary days for his patriotic devotion to the cause of liberty, and who was subsequently no less noted as a historian. In more recent times, during a ministry of many years immediately preceding that of the present esteemed pastor, Rev. George B. Spalding, D. D., now of Syracuse, N. Y., gained distinction for himself and fully maintained the reputation and influence of the First Parish church and its pulpit.

The present pastor, Rev. George E. Hall, D. D., was installed January 2, 1884. Dr. Hall is the twenty-third on the pastorate roll of this church. He is a native of Jamaica, West Indies, a son of Rev. Heman B. and Sophronia (Brooks) Hall, born February 23, 1851. He graduated from Oberlin college in 1872, and from Yale Divinity school in 1875, being ordained as pastor of the Congregational church in Littleton, Mass., September 2, of that year. In 1877 he accepted a call to the church in Vergennes, Vt., where he remained till his resignation, in October, 1883, to accept the call to Dover, where his pastorate has been thus far one of the most successful in the history of the church. Dr. Hall has been several times a member of the national council of the Congregational church, is a trustee and member of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Missionary Society, and a member of the American Board of Commissioners for foreign missions. He has been for several years chaplain of the First Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard, and a member of



Rev. George E. Hall, D. D.

the Dover School board. He holds membership in the Winthrop club and Monday club of Boston. In 1893, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Dartmouth college. He married first, Alice M., daughter of the late James Monroe Peabody of Lowell, Mass., who died April 6, 1883, leaving two children, and second, Elizabeth Kneeland, daughter of the late William McFarland of Salem.

The first religious services in town, outside those of the First church, were held by Quakers or "Friends," the first appearance of any of whom was noted in 1682, when, according to the records, three traveling sisters of that persuasion were whipped out of town by order of Major Waldron. These people subsequently became quite numerous here, and, according to Dr. Belknap, at one time numbered a third of the entire population. Their first meeting-house was built prior to 1700, and the first

monthly meeting, regularly established, was "set up" in 1702. The first meeting-house, which was on the "Neck," stood until about 1770, when another, the present structure, was built.

The next church established was the Methodist Episcopal. The first

1823 Dover was made a separate circuit, and in 1824, during the second year of the service of Rev. Jotham Horton, steps were taken for the erection of a church in what was then Cocheco Village, where the present St. John's Methodist Episcopal church stands, which building was enlarged four years later, in 1828.

The Methodist society in Dover has always been in a prosperous condition, and in 1876 completed the present elegant and substantial church edifice at a cost of \$37,500 for building and furnishings, exclusive of the lot. Many of the ablest preachers in the conference have been located here. The present pastor is Rev. D. C. Babcock, D. D., who succeeded Rev. Joseph E. Robins, D. D., chaplain of the last state legislature, who, as presiding elder of the Dover district, retains his residence in town. Dr. Babcock is a native of Blandford, Mass., and was edu-



Methodist Episcopal Church.

Methodist meeting in Dover was held at what was then known as "Upper Factory" two miles up the river from the present city proper, where the first manufacturing establishment had been located, and quite a settlement built up. Here meetings were held for a time and a "class" and Sunday-school, organized by Rev. John Lord, then traveling on the Rochester circuit. In

cated at the Providence Conference seminary at East Greenwich, R. I., at the Vermont Conference seminary at Newbury, Vt., and at the Methodist Theological school, now connected with Boston University, but then located at Concord, from which he graduated in 1864. His degree of D. D. was conferred by the American Temperance university in 1896. He joined the New

Hampshire conference in 1861, and was appointed to the Dover pastorate in 1897, where he has since remained.

The Catholics began to multiply in Dover soon after manufacturing was established, and mass was first said as early as the winter of 1826, the old court-house being occupied for the

the pastor, having previously been stationed in Portland, Houlton, and Augusta, Me., and in Portsmouth and Keene in this state. During his pastorate here the Sacred Heart convent and girls' school connected, occupying the old New Hampshire House property, have been established, also an orphanage, and the St. Joseph school for boys.

For some years previous to 1837 Universalism had been preached in Dover, and in that year a church of that denomination was organized, services being held in a hall. The year following a house of worship was built on Third street, and the same enlarged in 1847. About 1870 the interest waned and services were suspended. Subsequently the church building was sold and utilized for business purposes. About 1875 there was a renewal of interest in this denomination, and regular

worship was resumed in a hall, continuing until the erection of the present fine brick structure on Central avenue, known as the Pierce Memorial church, the same having been erected with funds, amounting to over \$25,000, donated by the late Col. Thomas W. Pierce, in memory of his father and mother, the former being Andrew Pierce, the first mayor of Dover. The present pastor of this church, Rev. Ezra A. Hoyt, is a native of



Universalist Church.

service. The first Catholic church was commenced in 1828, and consecrated September 26, 1830, Rev. Father French being the first regular pastor, and remaining two years after the completion of the church. In 1872 the present large and commodious edifice, known as St. Mary's church, on Fourth street, was completed. Since 1881, Rev. Daniel W. Murphy, a native of Liscarroll, Ire., born November 24, 1838, has been

Hanover, Me., born October 31, 1855. He was educated at Hebron academy and Westbrook seminary, Maine, and at Tufts Divinity school, graduating from the latter in 1882. His pastorate here dates from 1891, and has been most successful.

The Calvinist Baptist church now known as the Central Avenue Baptist church, was constituted with thirteen members, April 23, 1828. Rev. Duncan Dunbar was the first minister, and the first services were held in the hall of a building attached to the block now standing on Second street, and familiarly known as the "Old Boarding House," then standing on the spot now occupied

ing the various successive pastorates of good and true men ministering to this people, between nine and ten hundred persons have been received into fellowship in this church, which has at present some two hundred and fifty members. Rev. W. H. S. Hascall is the present pastor. He is a native of Rutland county, Vt., but spent his early life in Maine, where he learned the printing business, and subsequently went to Rangoon, India, in the employ of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He spent several years there largely engaged in the supervision of missionary work. Returning to the United States, he held a pastorate of about six years in Fall

River, Mass., and was called to Dover in October, 1896.

The Free Baptist denomination practically had its birth in Strafford county, Elder Randall, its founder, being a native of New Durham, and for a long time Dover was headquarters for this church in America, the publishing house of the denomination being located here. The first meetings were held here in 1824, and the first church organized September 15, 1826, its house of worship, at the corner of Chester and Lincoln streets,



Central Avenue Baptist Church.

by Morrill block. A year later Rev. Elijah Foster was settled as pastor, and in October, 1829, the present church edifice was dedicated. Dur-

ing the various successive pastorates of good and true men ministering to this people, between nine and ten hundred persons have been received into fellowship in this church, which has at present some two hundred and fifty members. Rev. W. H. S. Hascall is the present pastor. He is a native of Rutland county, Vt., but spent his early life in Maine, where he learned the printing business, and subsequently went to Rangoon, India, in the employ of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He spent several years there largely engaged in the supervision of missionary work. Returning to the United States, he held a pastorate of about six years in Fall

building on Charles street), which was organized February 4, 1840, worshipped for some months in a room at what is now 246 Central avenue, then at the Belknap schoolhouse, and subsequently at the court-house. In the meantime a place of worship was being prepared in a building erected for the office of the *Morning Star* and other denominational publication purposes on Washington street, which was completed in September, 1843, when the church, which then had a membership of about one hundred and fifty changed its name to Washington Street church. In the course of time the printing business, having greatly increased, re-

quired the entire building, which had already been enlarged for its own uses, and a fine new brick church edifice was erected on the same street for the use of the church, at a cost of \$24,000, the same being dedicated October 28, 1869. This new church was destroyed by fire May 2, 1882, but the society bravely entered upon the work of replacing it with another, which was completed within a year, the debt incurred being finally cleared off in 1896. This church is now in a flourishing condition, with about one hundred and seventy-five resident members, under the pastorate of Rev. R. E. Gilkey, a native

of Sharon, Vt., born March 21, 1857. He was educated at Bates college and the Cobb Divinity school at Lewiston, Me., graduating from the lat-



Washington Street Baptist Church.

ter in 1887. He held two or three brief pastorates in Maine before his settlement in Dover, which dates from May 1, 1892, and has been thus far eminently successful.

St. Thomas Episcopal church may not like "Old St. John's" in Portsmouth, with "the first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country," stand foremost historically in the New Hampshire diocese, yet, it was in 1839, that its first rector, Rev. William Horton, was welcomed. In 1841, a church building was erected, costing \$5,800. In 1847 Rev. Mr. Horton resigned; December 12, 1847, Thomas G. Salter be-



St. Thomas Episcopal Church.

came rector, resigning his rectorship July, 1861. September 1, 1861, Rev. Edward M. Gushee became the rector, resigning in April, 1864. December, 1864, Rev. John W. Clark became the rector, but resigned September 16, 1866. In February following, Rev. George G. Field was chosen rector, resigning August 16, 1868. November 8, 1868, John B. Richmond became rector, resigning April 29, 1876. November 5, 1876, Rev. Ithamar W. Beard became rector. During his rectorship, in 1892, a beautiful new stone church was built. He resigned January, 1899, and was succeeded by the present rector, Rev. John G. Robinson, who entered upon his duties April 9, 1899. He was born in England. At the age of seventeen he came to Minnesota. The first two years of his college course were taken in Minnesota, in

the university, the last two in Hobart college, Geneva, N. Y., where he received the arts degree in 1891. After a three years' course in the Cambridge Episcopal Theological school, which yielded a B. D., he went as chaplain for a summer cruise on the Massachusetts training ship, *Enterprise*. After two terms of post-graduate work in Harvard university he entered on city mission work in Grace church, Boston, where he remained until he accepted the call from St. Thomas church.

A Unitarian society was organized in Dover in the autumn of 1827, and a fine brick church edifice erected the following year on Locust

street, which still remains. The society has been strong at times, and has been ministered to by preachers of ability, the first settled being Rev. Samuel R. Lothrop, who was ordained pastor February 17, 1829, but it has been for some time past without a pastor or regular services.

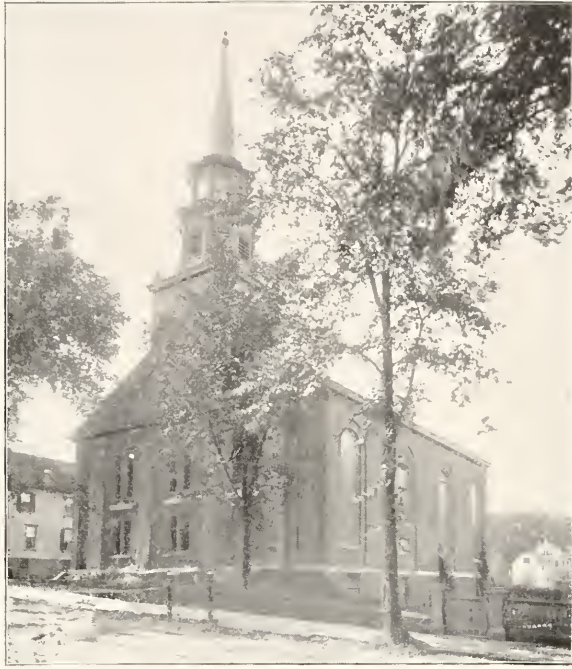
An Advent Christian church was organized here in 1881, though there had been meetings held in houses and halls under Advent auspices for nearly forty years previous. In 1882, a neat little church edifice was completed, at a cost of \$5,000, the same having been dedicated on April 16 of that year.

The French Catholics also have a church, their parish known as St. Charles, having been organized in 1893, and their church edifice, at the corner of Third and Grove streets, completed in 1896, at a total cost for

building and furnishings of about \$12,000. Rev. Julian J. Richard has been pastor from the start.

EDUCATIONAL.

From the early years of the settlement the people of Dover have looked well after the interests of education. A high school was established in the central district in 1851, and in 1870, when all the twelve districts of the city were united in one, under the town system, its privileges became free to all. Prior to this the old Franklin academy, established in 1818, fur-



Unitarian Church.

nished instruction in the higher branches to such as desired, and was largely patronized for many years, and even after the opening of the high school, maintaining a good standing among the institutions of its class throughout the state.

The public schools are in charge of a committee of fifteen members, of whom ten are chosen by the people, one each year for a term of two years in each of the five wards of the city, and the other five appointed by the city councils. The present chairman of the board is Rev. George E. Hall, D. D., James H. Southwick, secretary, and W. K. Chadwick, treasurer. There are at present 190 scholars in the



Old Franklin Academy.

high school, 467 in the four grammar schools, 960 in the four primaries, 83 in four ungraded schools in the outlying districts, and 55 evening school pupils, making a total of 1,755 pupils in attendance upon the public schools, aside from the several hundred attending the Catholic parochial schools. There are thirteen buildings in all, occupied for public school purposes, and forty-two teachers employed, including one special teacher in music and one in drawing.

The present superintendent of the Dover schools, succeeding Hon. Channing Folsom, who held the office for many years, upon the appointment of the latter as state superintendent of public instruction, is Frank H. Pease. Mr. Pease is a native of East Boston, Mass. He was educated at the Nichols Latin school in Lewiston, Me, and at Tufts college, graduating from the latter in 1883. He was engaged in teaching



Frank H. Pease.

for fifteen years before entering upon the duties of the position he now holds, the last twelve years having been spent as principal of the Sawyer grammar school in Dover, in which position, as in the present, he was eminently successful. Mr. Pease is a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity at Tufts college, and is active in the Masonic order, being a member of Strafford Lodge, Belknap Chapter, Orphan Council, and St. Paul Commandery of Dover. He is unmarried, a Republican in politics, and an excellent musician and vocalist.

In these pushing times, in our earnest American life, education is essential to success, and the business man particularly requires special training if he would make his way to the front in any line. The Dover Business college, founded in October, 1896, by Bliss Bros., of Conneaut, Ont., furnishes the training and preparation that fit young men and



High School Building.

women to achieve success which would otherwise be long deferred if not actually unattainable. The college has earned a reputation for efficiency in helping young people on the road to success. It puts them in possession of a practical business education: it assists its graduates to responsible and lucrative positions; its course of study and training and the association with its capable teachers and energetic business students give an incentive to effort and an impulse to ambition.

Thomas M. Henderson was made principal of the institution at the start, and in July of the following year secured the proprietorship, and has since continued in full control. The classrooms are located in the Odd Fellows' block and consist of five spacious rooms excellently equipped for business purposes, the main class-room measuring 40 by 60 feet. The students have the advantage of working in a well-appointed business office, which also contains a First National bank, thus making them thoroughly conversant with every detail of business life. The prescribed courses of study are classed as commercial, shorthand, and practical English. The commercial course is designed to furnish a thorough preparation for a successful business career. In the shorthand classes the Dement-Pitman system is used, being the very latest development of the world-famed Pitman method. The department of business practice and the counting-room department are the crowning features of the college—those which have contributed to its

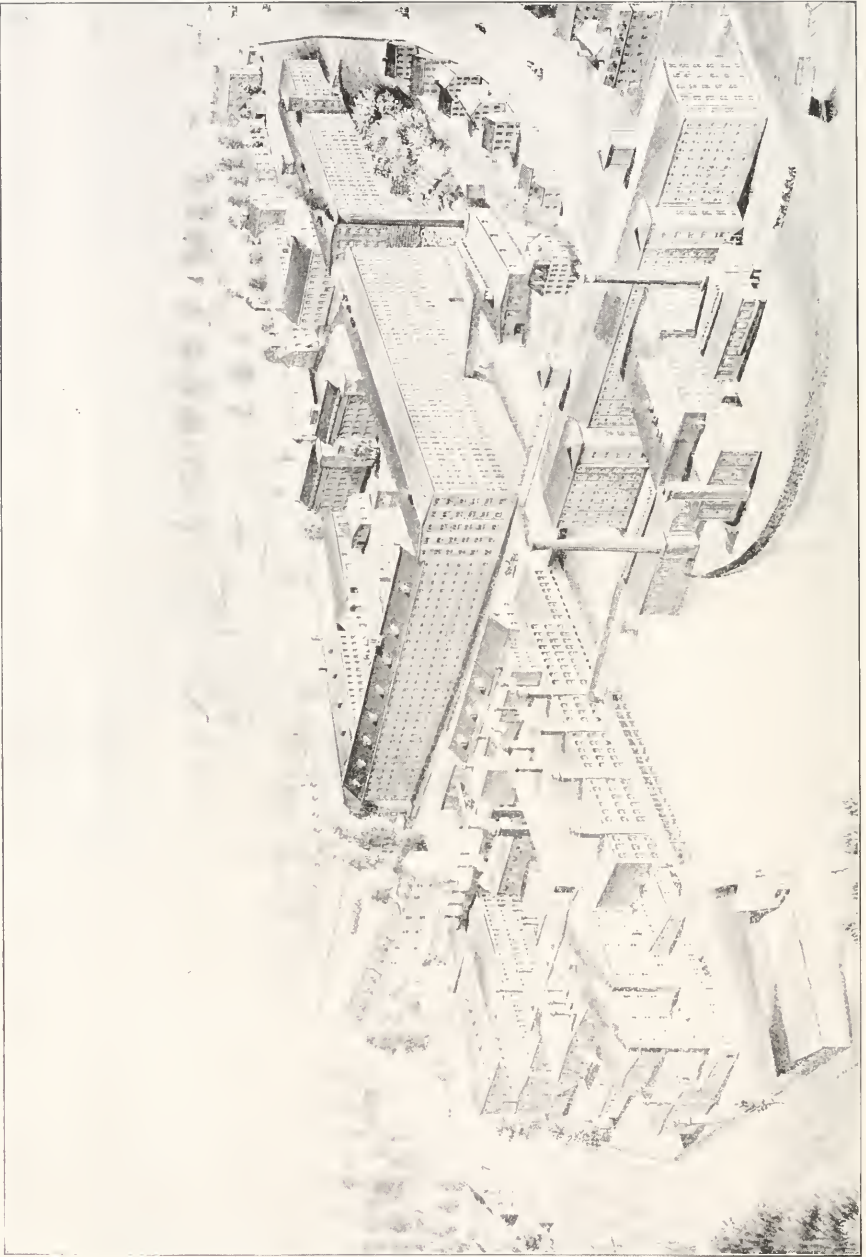
reputation for thoroughness and efficiency. The pupil here becomes in all essentials a practical business man.

Mr. Henderson was born in Pickering, Ont., Canada, in 1861, receiving his early education at the Whitby High school. He subsequently took a course at Pickering college and obtained a professional teacher's certificate from the Toronto Normal



Thomas M. Henderson.

school. He afterwards graduated from the Central Business college, Toronto. His teaching experience extends over a period of fourteen years in both public schools and business college work. Mr. Henderson is well-grounded in and thoroughly familiar with every particular of business as practised in the best commercial offices, and the success the college has attained under his skilful and capable management is as pleasing as it is pronounced.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COCHECO MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

MANUFACTURING.

Cocheco prints have been known for years the world over, and their reputation is unsurpassed. They are the principal product of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company of Dover, whose plant, located at the lower falls of the Cocheco river, which stream divides the compact part of the city, nearly mid-way, is one of the most extensive in the country.

The Dover Cotton Factory was incorporated December 15, 1812, with a



Some Views of the Falls of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company.

capital of \$50,000, which built in 1815 the No. 1 factory at Upper Factory Village; it was a wooden structure and has long since disappeared. The company had its capital enlarged June 21, 1821, to \$500,000, about the time when it bought up the titles of the Lower Falls. The capital was enlarged June 17, 1823, to \$1,000,000, and the name changed to the Dover Manufacturing Company, but it was not successful, and a new company, the present Cocheco Manufacturing Company, was incorporated June 27, 1827, with a capital of \$1,000,000, which purchased of the old company all their works and property.

No. 2 mill was built in 1822, but this building ceased to be called No. 2 when the new No. 2 (first section), on the north side of the river, was opened for work in 1881. The old No. 3 was occupied in 1823, and was superseded by the new No. 2 (second section), which began work in 1882. No. 4 was opened in 1825, and No. 5 in its present form, which replaced the old printery in 1850. On March 28, 1877, it was voted to build No. 1 mill and increase the capital stock to \$1,500,000. The

new No. 1, standing on the south side of Washington street, was finished in 1878.

The manufacture of cloth began under the care of John Williams, the first agent. He was the founder of this industry here, and thus of Dover's prosperity. It was his indefatigable activity which turned capital to these falls. Moses Paul was clerk when the works came to the lower falls; John Chase, its first general mechanical superintendent; Andrew Steele, its first master mechanic; Samuel Dunster, the builder of the first practical machinery of the calico printery.



Portion of Upper Yard—Cocheco Mfg. Co.

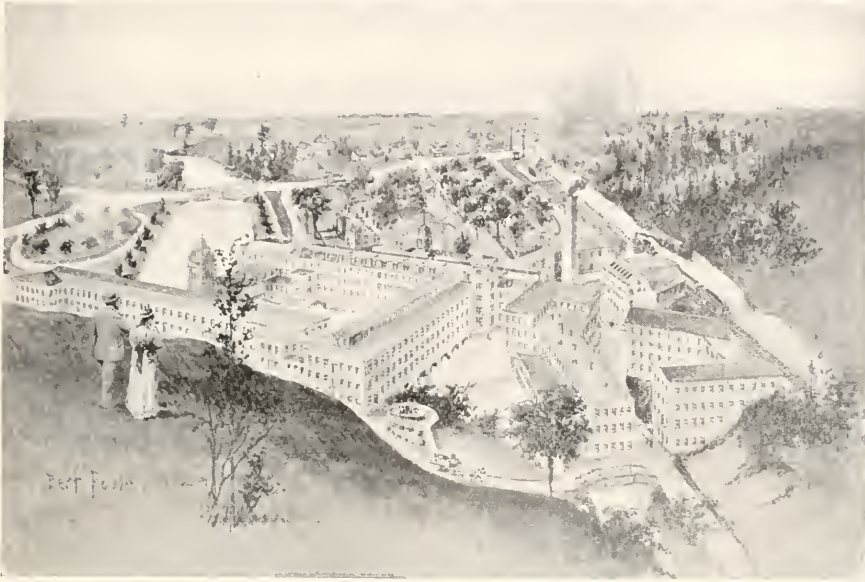
John Williams was succeeded by James F. Curtis, who remained until 1834, when Moses Paul became agent. He was succeeded August 1, 1860, by Zimri S. Wallingford, who had been superintendent from 1849, and over the mechanical department for five years previous. Mr. Wallingford was succeeded by John Holland, the present agent, Charles H. Fish, being appointed September 1, 1895.

The first printing of calico in these works was executed under the superintendence of Dr. A. L. Porter, who was succeeded, before 1830, by John Duxbury, a thoroughly experienced English printer. His successors have been George Mathewson, John Bracewell, Washington Anderson, James Crossley, and the present superintendent, Howard Gray. The

original printery was in the present No. 5 mill and other buildings near, but now removed.

It is but justice to say that to the intelligent, progressive, and yet firm and conservative management of this corporation, in building up for itself a business among the first in its line in the country, the city of Dover has been, and still is, largely indebted for its prosperity.

Some idea of the extent of the business of this establishment may be gained from the fact that it occupies an area of twenty-five acres of land, while the actual floor space in its buildings devoted exclusively to manufacturing equals thirty acres. The company operates about 130,000 spindles, 2,800 looms, and gives employment to nearly 2,000 operatives, manufacturing various kinds of cloths,



Bird's-eye View of Sawyer Woolen Mills.

which are printed in the extensive print works, which contain sixteen print machines, with bleachery and finishing mills, with a capacity, altogether, for the production of 65,000,000 yards of finished cloth per annum. The production includes all the leading printed fabrics called for by the trade, including the finest grades of lawns, organdies, etc., which take the place of fine imported fabrics.

The power for these mills is about one half furnished by the Cocheco river, the remainder being obtained from steam, in the production of which some 20,000 tons of coal per annum is used in forty-five boilers. The mills have been constructed with due attention to the matters of light and ventilation, and all possible care has been taken for the health and safety of the operatives.

The present officers of this company are: President, T. Jefferson

Coolidge, Boston; treasurer, Arthur B. Silsbee, Boston; selling agents, Lawrence & Co., Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago; resident agent, Charles H. Fish; superintendent of cotton mills, George A. Hurd; superintendent of print works, Howard Gray.

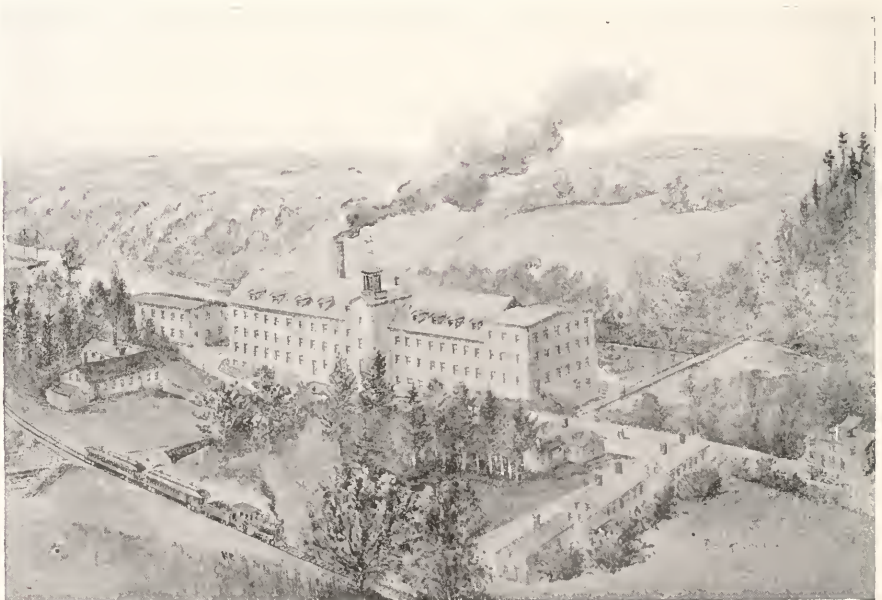
"Sawyer Woolens" have been noted for their excellence throughout the country for more than half a century, and, next to the Cocheco prints, have established the reputation of Dover as a manufacturing city. The inception of the movement which developed into the establishment of this great industry dates back to 1824, when Alfred I. Sawyer came from Marlborough, Mass., and established the business from which the present large concern has sprung. At that time the Great Falls Manufacturing Company owned all of the water powers in the Bellamy Bank river and had also secured land cov-



Office and Main Mill—Sawyer Woolen Mills.

ering the outlet of Chesley's pond, Barrington, upon which now stands the reservoir dam. In 1845 Mr. Sawyer bought of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company all their rights in the property, and continued the business without interruption un-

til his death in 1849. The business then passed to his brother, Zenas Sawyer, 1849-'50; Z. and J. Sawyer, 1850-'52; F. A. and J. Sawyer (Francis A. Sawyer of Boston, and Jonathan Sawyer of Dover), 1852-'73, when Charles H. Sawyer was admit-

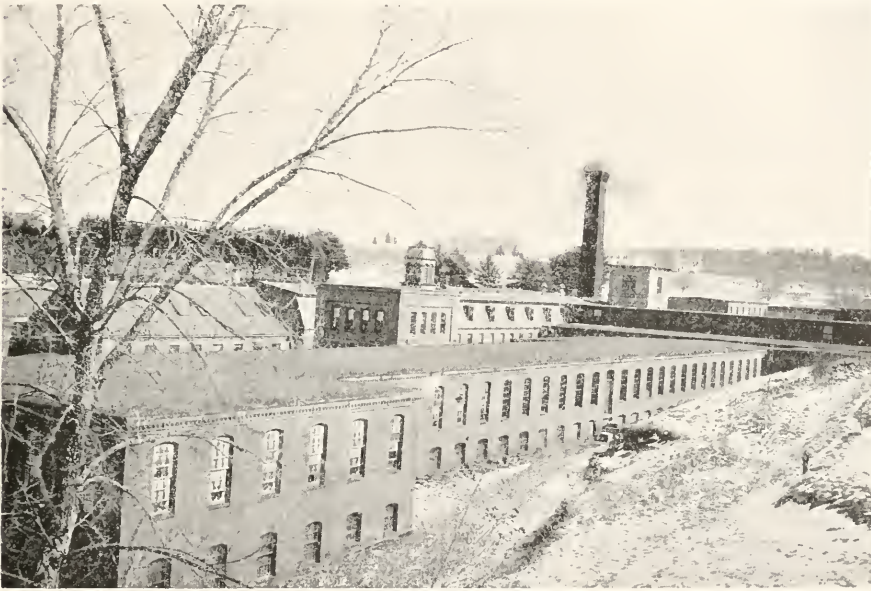


Lower Mills—Sawyer Woolen Mills.

ted, and the concern incorporated as the Sawyer Woolen Mills, with a capital of \$600,000. Flannels were exclusively made until 1862, when the machinery was gradually changed until 1866, after which attention was entirely devoted to the manufacture of fine fancy cassimeres, cloths, and suitings in the production of which the mills have earned a reputation for quality and durability

and is navigable for coal barges and fair-sized schooners. The Portsmouth & Dover branch of the Boston & Maine railroad has a station at the mills, the freight of which can be discharged directly into the warehouses.

The equipment of the mills is modern and first-class throughout, and it is what is called a thirty-nine set mill, operating 150 broad looms. The output of the mills is celebrated for



Rear View of Mill—Sawyer Woolen Mills.

of goods which is unsurpassed by any similar concern. In 1891 machinery for the manufacture of worsted yarn was added.

The mills are located on the Belamy river, the water power of the three lower falls of which is controlled and utilized by the company, as is also the reservoir at Barrington, which was built in 1863-'64, and enlarged in 1881, with a capacity of about four hundred and fifty acres. Tide water reaches to the lower mill

uniformity of texture and elegance of finish, commanding the highest price in the tailoring and clothing trade markets throughout the country. The officers of the company have always been thoroughly conversant with every detail of the woolen business, and energetic and wide-awake in advancing the interests of the company.

This enterprise has made of Sawyers—named for the mills—a neat and prosperous village, the prosperity

of the company also meaning the prosperity of the community. On an average 600 hands are employed, consisting of an unusually high class of operatives.

An average of \$20,000 a month is paid out in wages to its employees. This means many comfortable homes and happy families. Adjoining the mills and tastefully laid out on graded streets have been erected fifty substantially built and comfortable cottages for the families of employees.

placed by additional woolen machinery. The officers of the American Woolen Company are Frederick Ayer of Lowell, president; William M. Wood of Boston, treasurer; and Edward P. Chapin of Boston, general agent. Charles F. Sawyer is the resident agent, and Frank H. Carpenter superintendent of these mills.

In factories all over the world millions of wheels are whirling, producing many millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods, and a



Pick House and Boiler Room—Sawyer Woolen Mills—Stock House.

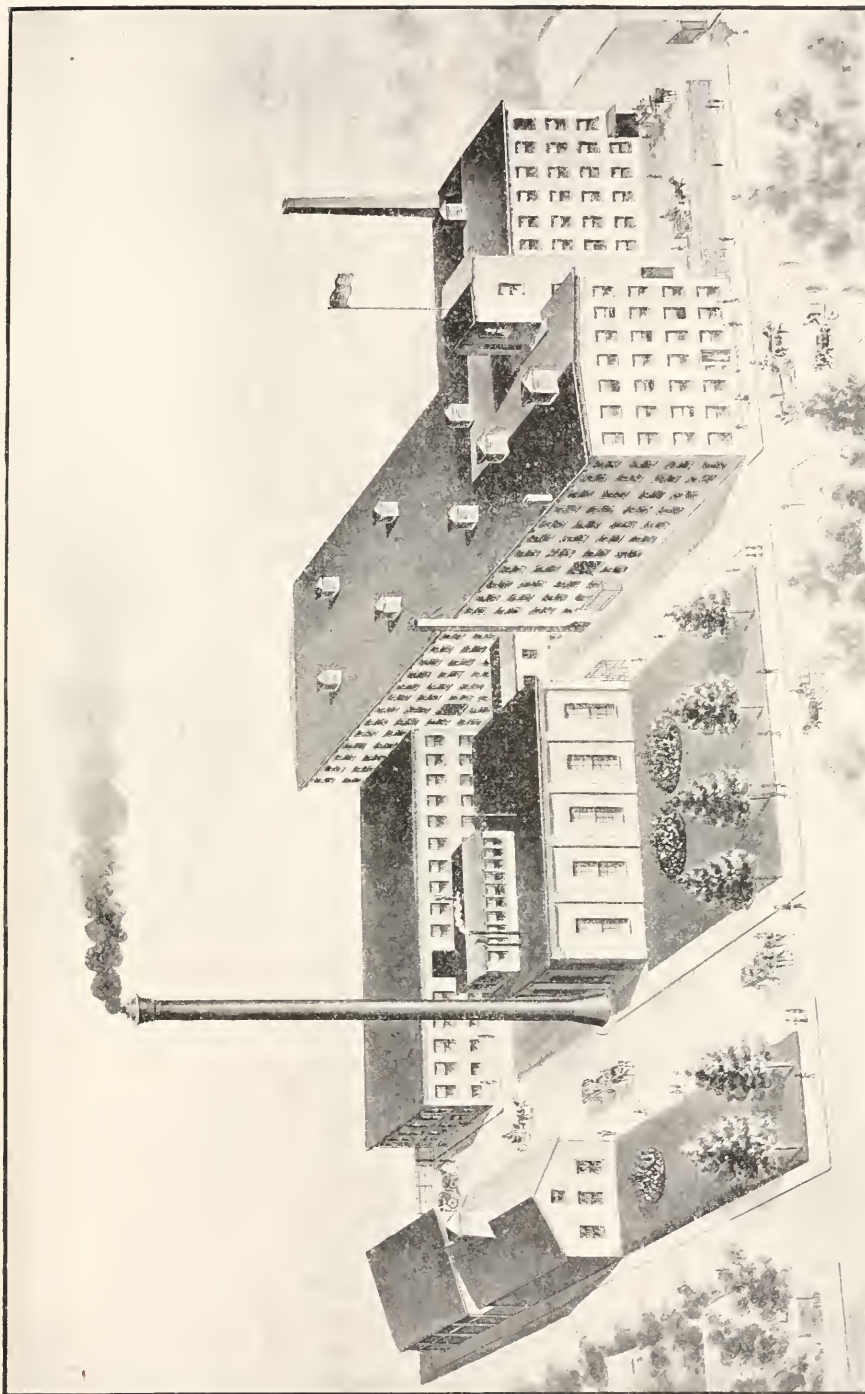
These tenements have good sanitary arrangements, and are kept in excellent repair. The company has always done all in its power to make the employees' lives comfortable and happy, and has been the prime factor in building up the growing and healthy village which bears its name.

In May, 1899, this establishment was sold to the American Woolen Company, a combination now having control of twenty-eight woolen mills. The worsted machinery has been transferred to another mill and re-

fair proportion of the power is transmitted by belting made by I. B. Williams & Sons of Dover.

In 1842 Isaac B. Williams laid the foundation of the firm by making the belting for the Cocheco Manufacturing Corporation, his work-shop being located in the Cocheco Mill. In those days, factories were not so many, and the demands for belting were small but a modest little business was built up.

In 1871 Frank B. Williams was admitted to the firm and with his



I. B. WILLIAMS & SONS.

connection with the concern a fresh impetus was given to the business.

In three years, more room was needed and a site was purchased on Orchard street, and the nucleus of the coming factory established. George H. Williams became a member of the firm in 1878, and the present firm name came into being.

The combination of a most excellent reputation for making high grade belting with unlimited hustling for business sent the firm's sales up and up, each year showing a large increase, one or two years almost doubling.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-two witnessed another increase in the plant; a large four story addition with tower for stairways and elevators. In 1892 a four-story building was erected, and in 1896 a large two-story L and separate boiler house were added. Business increased as rapidly as the additions, and at the present date is crowding the capacity of the plant. With factory and trade growth came improved methods for the making of belting, improvements suggested by constant striving to perfect the product, and as a result the mechanical equipment is replete with modern machinery, much of it having been built expressly to meet the requirements of certain processes considered necessary to the production of highest grade of belting on the market.

Since 1884 this plant has never run for a single day on short time. It is an interesting fact that during the four years of trade depression, 1892-1896, the firm of I. B. Williams & Sons worked full time and trade actually showed large increases each year during that period.

In 1884 the manufacture of tanned and rawhide lace was commenced. It took but a short time to prove the superiority of this product, and the present output is now several times that of any other concern. "As good as Cochecho" is a frequently used argument by competition. The output of the plant consists of three brands of lace leather, three kinds of round belting, ten brands of flat belting, Goodyear welting, whole finished oak-tanned shoulders, hundreds of varieties of straps and hundreds of tons of leather scrap.

The product is distributed direct from the factory, from its Chicago branch at 17 West Lake street, and through agencies in all the important cities of the union. A foreign trade with Europe, Australia, China, and Japan is also handled. A large stock constantly kept on hand admits of prompt shipments. No order is too small to receive careful attention; none so large but what it can be filled quickly. Interesting literature descriptive of their various products will be mailed on application to the home office, No. 29 Orchard street, Dover, N. H.

BUSINESS AND PERSONAL SKETCHES.

Charles A. Fairbanks, M. D., present mayor of Dover, is a native of Portsmouth, born December 17, 1849. He was educated at Dartmouth, graduating from the Scientific department in 1871, and from Harvard Medical school in 1877. He immediately located in Dover in the practice of his profession, where he has since resided. He was appointed county physician in 1878, serving till 1881, and was city physician from 1881 till 1897. Politically he



Charles A. Fairbanks, M. D.

is a Republican, and is now serving his third term as mayor of the city. He has been a member of the school committee several years, and is still serving in that capacity. He was also for many years a member of the board of water commissioners. He is a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society, and of the Strafford Medical Society, and was president of the latter in 1889-'90. Dr. Fairbanks is a Mason, Odd Fellow, Red Man, and Patron of Husbandry. October 21, 1884, he married Miss Emma Belle Caswell, of Dover, who died May 28, 1888.

Foremost among Dover's leading citizens is Hon. Charles H. Sawyer, son of the late Jonathan Sawyer, born in Watertown, N. Y., March 30, 1840. He was educated in the public schools of the city and Franklin academy, and has been prominently connected with the industrial life of the city, in the woolen manufacturing business, for forty years. Politically, he has always been an earnest Republican. He has served in the city government both as a member of the common council and as alderman, and was a representative in the state legislature in 1869, 1870, 1876, and 1877. He served on the military staff of Gov. Charles H. Bell, with the rank of colonel. He was a delegate at large in the Republican National convention at Chicago in 1884,



Hon. Charles H. Sawyer.

was governor of the state from 1887 to 1889, and represented New Hampshire at the Paris exposition of 1889. He has been prominent and active in the Masonic fraternity, being a mem-

Their children are William Davis, Charles Francis, James Cowan, Edward, and Elizabeth Sawyer.

No citizen of Dover is better known throughout New England than Col.



Col. Daniel Hall.

Daniel Hall, a native of Barrington, born February 28, 1832. Colonel Hall graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1854. In the fall of that year he was appointed a clerk in the New York custom house, serving till March, 1858. Returning home he pursued the study of law, already commenced, in the office of the late Daniel M. Christie, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1860. Soon after the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion he was appointed clerk of the senate committee on naval affairs at Washington, and in March following was commissioned aide-de-camp and captain in

ber of Strafford Lodge, Belknap Chapter, Orphan Council, and St. Paul Commandery, and serving as master of the lodge and eminent commander of the commandery. Dartmouth college has conferred upon Governor Sawyer the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He is an attendant of the First Congregational church. He married, February 8, 1865, Susan Ellen, daughter of Dr. James W. and Elizabeth (Hodgdon) Cowan, who died April 20, 1899.

the regular army, serving on the staff of General John C. Fremont, and afterward on that of General A. W. Whipple and General O. O. Howard. In June, 1864, he was appointed provost marshal of the First New Hampshire district, and remained stationed at Portsmouth till the close of the war. He was appointed clerk of the court for Strafford county in 1866, and judge of the Dover police court in 1868, serving till 1874. He was president of the

Republican state convention at Concord in 1873, chairman of the Republican state committee from 1873 till 1877, and chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National convention at Cincinnati in 1876. He gained his title of colonel by service on the staff of Governor Walter Harriman. In 1876 he was appointed reporter of supreme court decisions, and in 1877 succeeded Governor Harriman as naval officer at the port of Boston, serving eight years. In 1892-'93 he was department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of New Hampshire. He is trustee of the Strafford Savings bank, director of the Strafford National bank, trustee of Berwick academy, trustee of Dover public library, trustee of the "Wentworth Home for the Aged," and a member of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States. Colonel Hall is a ripe scholar, a polished orator, a leader in the Grand Army of the Republic, and an active member of the board of managers of the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home at Tilton. January 25, 1877, he married Sophia, daughter of Jonathan and Sarah (Hanson) Dodge of Rochester, by whom he has one son, Arthur Wellesley Hall.

John Tapley Welch, postmaster of Dover, son of the late Joseph W. and Mary E. (Tapley) Welch, is a native of the city, born December 15, 1856. He was educated in the Dover schools and at Dartmouth college. He early engaged in journalism, serving as city editor of the *Whiteside Sentinel* at Morrison, Ill., in 1877-'78. He was for several years the Dover representative of the *Boston Globe*, was engaged upon the

Dover *Republican* in 1880, and the Dover *Times* in 1889. In 1881 he was appointed clerk of the Dover police court, and in 1882 register of probate for the county of Strafford to fill a vacancy, and was subsequently twice elected to the same office as the candidate of the Republican party, of which he has always been an active member. He represented Ward Three in the state legislature in 1889-'90, serving as clerk of the committee on railroads. From January, 1890, till July, 1894, he was chief time clerk in the government printing office at Washington. In 1896 he was elected to the state senate from the Twenty-second district by the largest majority ever given, and served as chairman of the com-



John T. Welch.

mittee on revision of laws, and upon several other important committees. Mr. Welch is a member of Mt. Pleasant Lodge and Prescott Encampment, I. O. O. F., and is also asso-

ciated with the Red Men, Elks, and Knights of the Golden Eagle. He is a Son of the American Revolution by virtue of the services of both his paternal and maternal great grandfathers in the war for independence. He married Elizabeth Alice, daughter of the late Virgil H. McDaniel, and has one son, George Gregg Welch.

Charles Francis Sawyer, resident agent of Sawyer mills, American Woolen Company, and son of ex-Gov. Charles H. Sawyer, was born in Dover, January 16, 1869. He was educated in the Dover public schools, Phillips Exeter academy, and the Sheffield Scientific school at Yale university. He has been for twelve years engaged in the woolen business, and is conversant with all its details. He is a Republican in politics, and a Congregationalist in religion. He has served in both branches of the Dover city government, and is a member of the several Masonic organizations from the lodge

to the commandery, having been eminent commander and is at present an officer in the Grand Commandery. He is also a member of Dover Grange, P. of H. January 29, 1895, he was united in marriage, at Honolulu, Hawaii, with Gertrude Child Severance, daughter of Hon. H. W. Severance.

George Edward Durgin, clerk of the court for the county of Strafford, and one of Dover's best known resi-



George E. Durgin.



Charles F. Sawyer.

dents, was born in the adjoining town of Madbury, March 13, 1831. He was educated in the district schools and at the academy in Lee, and was engaged in teaching in different towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts for fifteen years. In 1871 and 1872 he represented the town of Lee in the legislature. In 1874 he was appointed register of probate for the county of Strafford by Gov. James A. Weston, and established his home in Dover, where he has since resided,

having been made clerk of the court in 1876, and continuing in the latter office to the present time. Politically he has been a Democrat, but now classes himself as independent. He is an active member of the Advent Christian church. April 18, 1854, he married Lydia Ann Mathes of Lee, who died August 5, 1893, leaving one daughter, Miss Ella G. Durgin.

The name of Col. Walter Winfield Scott has been prominent in the mili-

the latter date. In politics he is an active Republican. He was chosen moderator of Ward Four in 1890, and a member of the state legislature two years later. In January, 1898, he was elected city solicitor, and solicitor of the county of Strafford at the November election following. He is a director of the Merchants' National bank. He is a past chancellor of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 6, K. of P., and a member of Moses Paul Lodge, A. F. & A. M. He is a member of the First Congregational church. October 27, 1897, he was united in marriage with Miss Helen F. Thompson.

In 1864 Mr. J. H. Randlett, a native of the town of Lee, who went to California in the early fifties, remaining seven years, and returning East was for a time engaged in business in Newmarket, came to Dover and commenced the manufacture of carriages. His first location was on



Col. Walter W. Scott.

tary records of the state for many years past. Colonel Scott is a native of Dover, born August 27, 1867. He was educated in the public schools, at Phillips Exeter academy, and in the Law school of Boston university, and has been in practice as an attorney-at-law in Dover since March, 1897.

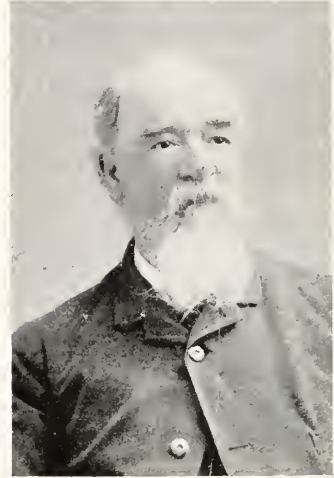
Colonel Scott was connected with the State National Guard from May, 1887, to January 22, 1900, for several years as colonel of the First regiment, his official term expiring with



J. H. Randlett.

Locust street, but the ever increasing volume of business demanded larger premises and facilities, and two years later the present commodious quarters in the old Bellevue Hall on Central avenue were acquired and remodeled to suit the requirements of the business. Mr. Randlett is an expert in all the branches of his vocation as a carriage maker, and as he personally oversees all the labors of his assistants he is enabled to secure the most satisfactory results. The factory is eligibly located, and is equipped with all the necessary tools and appliances that can contribute to the production of the most efficient, stylish, and reliable work. Thirty highly skilled mechanics are employed in the several departments, and the range of production embraces fine carriages of every description, wagons and sleighs. These are all constructed of the best and most thoroughly seasoned woods and the standard makes of steel and iron, while the upholstering, trimming, painting, and general finish could not be surpassed for style and elegance. They are unexcelled for strength, durability, soundness of every individual part, ease of draught, fineness of finish, and beauty of appearance. A full stock is carried, special attention is given to order work and the prices are as low as is compatible with the highest class of materials and workmanship. The trade of the house is throughout New England principally, but orders are constantly received from every part of the Union. Mr. Randlett has been elected twice as representative, serving two terms in the legislature and also two years in the common council.

Priestly Taylor was born in England, December 13, 1838, and came to America in 1856. He was for five years superintendent of weaving in the woolen mills in East Rochester.



Priestly Taylor.

In 1882 he started in the grocery business in Dover, and has been a successful business man ever since. In politics he is a straight Republican. He was elected president of the common council, January 3, 1900. Mr. Taylor is a member of Strafford Lodge, F. & A. M., Belknap Chapter, R. A. M., also a member of Orphan Council. He is also at present deputy grand president of the Sons of St. George.

Among Dover's most prosperous and successful mercantile men is Edwin J. York, a native of Dover, who was educated in the public schools of the city. He started in the coal, wood, and grain business nine years ago, and has given his undivided attention to the business, which was started on the south side of the city, but whose growth has been so rapid

that it became necessary to start a branch on the north side, where, in addition to the wood, coal, and grain business, he has added groceries, and is doing a fair business in that line. With his unusual sagacity he will ere long become one of the leading merchants in the county.

One, who, through his connection with public business is as familiar a figure among her people as almost any resident of Dover is Jabez H. Stevens, who was born in Newmarket, July 29, 1859, and lived there until four years of age, when he moved to Durham with his parents, Nathaniel and Elizabeth (York) Stevens. Mr. Stevens received his education in the public schools of Durham, Franklin academy of Dover, and the Bryant & Stratton Commercial college of Manchester. After leaving school he went to Boston to learn the carpenter's trade with his uncle, who was a large contractor there. Not liking the work he returned to Durham and engaged in the hay business, which he conducted successfully for a number of years. At the age of twenty-two he was chosen tax collector of his town and held the office for one year, refusing a reelection. At the age of twenty-eight he was chosen on the board of selectmen, a position which he held for four years, being twice chosen chairman of the board; also holding the office of overseer of the poor. In 1895 Mr. Stevens was elected to the legislature from his town by a large majority. In 1895 he was appointed deputy under Sheriff James E. Hayes, a position he held until April, 1898, when he was compelled to resign, as he had been elected on the board of county

commissioners. Mr. Stevens was reelected in 1899, and is, therefore, at the present time a member of the board, and clerk of the same. In the social fraternities he is a prominent member of Rising Star Lodge, No. 47, Free Masons, Dover Lodge of Elks, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and Scammell Grange, No. 122, of which he is a past master. Mr. Stevens owns and carries on a large milk farm. He has always been a staunch Republican, and was a delegate to the county convention for fourteen years before he received the nomination for commissioner. Mr. Stevens is the only person elected by



Jabez H. Stevens.

the Republicans as county commissioner from Durham who served his term since the organization of the party.

The grocery business has always been the leading factor in the mercantile life of Dover, and the leading

grocer of the city to-day is William F. Cartland, a native of Parsonfield, Me., who came to Dover at the age of eighteen, entering the employ of his uncle, William P. Tuttle. Three



William F. Cartland.

years later he engaged with J. Frank Roberts, to learn the grocery business. Subsequently he was in the employ of W. S. Wiggin, but cherishing an ambition to conduct business for himself in 1885 he bought the interest of John Kimball in the firm of Kimball & Tasker, then located in Freeman block, Washington street. The firm, in 1892, moved to the Anderton block on Locust street, and in a short time added the next large store, making the largest store in Dover. In 1898, William F. Cartland became sole proprietor of the large business, and it has, since

that time, made a wonderful advancement. One more large store has been added, which makes it acknowledged to be the largest store and the most complete stock in southern New

Hampshire. Mr. Cartland's motto is "Good, honest goods at the lowest possible prices." The largely increased volume of trade which has resulted from these increased facilities has proven how sound was the judgment which prompted the move. The premises are located at 39, 41, and 43 Locust street on which they have a frontage of sixty feet, the floor space occupying 4,800 square feet, with basement, making a total of 9,600 square feet, with a large storehouse on Washington street. It is neatly fitted up and excellently arranged throughout, fitted with handsome plate glass windows and lighted by electricity. The business has increased until it is by far the largest in the city, requiring six delivery wagons and about

a dozen assistants to meet the public demands.

Mr. Cartland is an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias. He married Miss Jennie Knight of Windham Center, Me., and they have four children. Their home is in a finely appointed residence on Highland street.

William Pitt Roberts of the enterprising and wide-awake firm of Roberts Brothers, shoe dealers, located at 344 Central avenue, is a native of West Lebanon, Me., born February 14, 1867, and was educated in the schools of that town. He started in

business in Somersworth, where he was successfully engaged for some years, but deeming Dover a more promising field of enterprise in the line of trade to which he had devoted himself, a removal was made to that city, and for five years the firm was established in Bracewell block, where a flourishing trade was built up. The big flood of March, 1896, one of the most notable events in the recent history of Dover, which swept away the lower half of Bracewell block, erected on pile foundations west of the bridge, across the Cocheco, wrecked the store of Roberts Brothers, among others, but daunted not in the least the courage and enterprise of the firm, which soon had its business reestablished in its present location, upon an even more extensive scale than before. It may be remarked in this connection, that the firm of Roberts Brothers was the first to bring suit for damages on account of the flood, Gen. F. S. Streeter of



G. A. Anderson.

Concord being their attorney, recovering a verdict of \$3,000.

Mr. Roberts is unmarried, a Mason, and a member of the Bellamy club. He never allows himself to be distracted by the excitement of politics, but devotes himself exclusively to his business, in which his foresight and sagacity, as well as his unvarying courtesy, have won the fullest measure of success.

Wecohamet Lodge, I. O. O. F., the oldest in Dover, was instituted December 28, 1843. The first installed officer was Samuel H. Parker, after whom "Canton Parker" was subsequently named. Wecohamet Lodge is the third oldest, also the third wealthiest in the state. Per capita it is second in the state. The present noble grand, Gustavus A. Anderson, was born in Sweden in 1868, was educated in the public schools there, and came to America in 1888. He is by trade a machine printer.



William P. Roberts



Frank L. Hayes.

Frank Lincoln Hayes, Dover's leading painter and decorator, is a native of the city, born December 17, 1865, and received his education in the public schools and at Phillips Exeter academy, having been a member of the class of 1885 in the latter institution. He has been engaged in business for the last six years, and has been very successful, having a more extensive patronage than any other in his line in this section, his average weekly pay-roll amounting to \$250. Among his recent contracts was that for the decoration of the Somersworth opera house, which, though small, is recognized as the most handsomely decorated theatre east of Boston. Mr. Hayes is a Republican in politics, and has been in close touch with municipal affairs, having served two years in the common council and being now on his second term as a member of the board of aldermen. He is a member of Moses Paul Lodge

of Masons, Belknap Chapter, Orphan Council and St. Paul Commandery, K. T., also of Olive Branch Lodge, K. of P., and Crescent Division, U. R. K. P. He is married, his wife having been formerly Miss Ida M. Winkley.

LeRoy M. Collins, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Vallance) Collins, was born at Greenwich, Washington county, N. Y., December 12, 1859. In 1866 his parents moved to Troy, N. Y., where his father carried on a large and prosperous business as a contractor and builder until about twelve years ago when he retired to devote his attention to the property interests which he had acquired by his industry and thrift. Mr. Collins was educated in the public schools of Troy, graduating from the high school in 1878. For many years he was active in religious work and in 1895 came to Dover as general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Four years later upon giving up Y. M. C. A.



LeRoy M. Collins.

work he engaged in business in Dover, where he now resides. During the Civil War his father was a prominent anti-slavery man, and, with such political training, it hardly needs to be said that Mr. Collins is a strong Republican in his politics. His brother, C. V. Collins, is at present a member of the Republican state committee and superintendent of prisons in New York state having been appointed to the latter position by Governor Black. Mr. Collins is a Mason and chaplain of Moses Paul Lodge, No. 96.¹



James E. Hayes.



J. B. Folsom & Co.

It was over seventy years ago that Abraham Folsom engaged in the paint and oil business in Dover since which time the business has never been out of the family. It has steadily grown and to-day J. B. Folsom & Co., who carry the largest line of paints, oils, varnishes, glass, wall paper, and artist's materials in this vicinity, are among the leading merchants of the city.

One of the live business men on Franklin square, which competes closely with Central square as a trade centre, is Fred W. Neal, dealer in hardware, paints, and oils, who has been engaged in business six years, and has established a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, such as any man may envy. Mr. Neal is married, his wife being Annie, daughter of the late Aaron Roberts of Dover.

Melvin Monroe Smith, sub-master of the Dover high school, an accomplished and successful teacher, is a native of the town of Sanbornton and a graduate of Colby university of the class of 1890. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society, and received the degree of Master of Arts from Colby University in 1892. He has occupied his present position since that date. Mr. Smith is an active Free Mason and present W. M. of Moses Paul Lodge.

¹ Mr. Collins has deceased since this article was written.

Charles Henry Fish, agent of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company, is a native of Taunton, Mass., a son of Capt. F. L. and Mary (Jarvis) Fish. After completing his education he entered the machine shops of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company at Manchester, and has since been actively engaged in manufacturing.

savings bank in the United States. The charter was formally accepted January 31, 1824, and on the 7th of February following the first board of officers was chosen, including John Wheeler, president; John Williams and Stephen Hanson, vice-presidents; William Woodman, treasurer; John W. Mellen, clerk. The



Charles H. Fish.

He was appointed agent of the Cocheco Company's mills and print works, succeeding John Holland, September 1, 1895.

There is no more solid financial institution of the kind in the country than the Strafford Savings bank, originally chartered as the Savings bank of the County of Strafford, June 27, 1823, and ranking as the fifth

trustees were Jesse Varney, James Bartlett, Joseph Smith, Jacob Kirtledge, John B. Odiorne, William Flagg, Barnabas H. Palmer, William Woodman, George Piper, Joseph W. Clary, Moses Paul, and William Palmer.

The bank was first located in a wooden building, on the spot where now is the brick building, on Central

avenue, owned by Dr. John R. Ham. At first it was open for business on Friday afternoon of each week from three to six o'clock. The first deposit was made by Stephen Hanson for his son, William R. Hanson, on February 28, 1824.

In 1846, the Strafford bank erected a bank building on Washington street (its present location) and in 1847 the savings bank moved into rooms on the same floor of said block, with separate vault facilities. The

institution, and occupied by it in July, 1896. Its corporate name was changed by act of legislature in June, 1891, to Strafford Savings bank. In 1849, twenty-five years after its books were open for business, its deposits were \$400,461, with 2,500 depositors. In 1874, at completion of its half century, the deposits were \$2,088,369; number of depositors 4,963.

At the present time the depositors number about 10,000, and the deposits exceed \$5,000,000. There have been

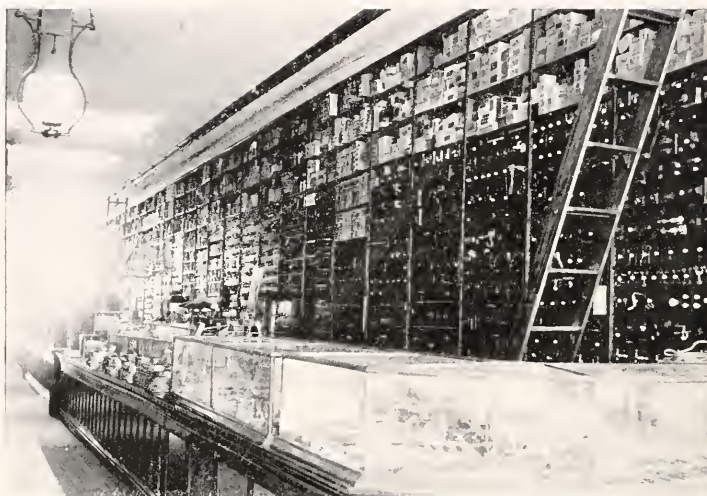


The American House.

growth of business during the next decade was such that more room was needed, and the entire second story was fitted up in 1856, and there the bank continued until July, 1895, when they were temporarily located in the Cochecho Corporation next to their counting rooms, while the old bank building was removed and the elegant new block now known as Strafford Banks building was erected by this bank in connection with Strafford National bank, and in which fine, commodious quarters were made for the increasing needs of such an

but nine presidents since the organization of the bank, the present incumbent of the office being Elisha R. Brown, who was elected in 1891. A. O. Mathes is the present treasurer.

The leading hotel of Dover, and one of the best in the eastern part of the state is the American House, located on Central avenue, facing Franklin square, in the commercial centre of the city, and within two minutes walk of the Boston & Maine railway station. It has long been under the successful management of A. T. Peirce & Co.



Interior View of the Hardware Store of Cyrus L. Jenness.

Cyrus L. Jenness, who has been a successful business man of Dover for many years, is engaged in extensive trade in hardware and agricultural implements of all kinds. His large new store in the Masonic block, 112 feet long by 22 feet wide, with entrances on Central avenue and Locust street, contains a most complete stock in his line. For more than

thirty years Mr. Jenness has given his undivided time to the interest of his present business, and should be numbered among the leading merchants in this section of the county. Although no active politician, he is a supporter of the principles of the Republican party.

He is a member of Wecohamet Lodge, I. O. O. F.



Interior View of the Hardware Store of Cyrus L. Jenness.

Charles and John W. Gray, under the firm name of Gray Brothers, conduct a useful and highly appreciated business in the Masonic Temple building, where they have been engaged since October, 1895. Both are highly popular in business and social circles. Charles Gray is a member of Moses Paul Lodge of Masons, Quochecho Encampment, Canton Parker, and Purity Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Garrison Lodge, A. O. U. W., and Cœur De Leon Castle, K. G. E. John W. Gray is a member of the several Odd Fellows' organizations, also of the Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Frank B. Clark, Republican, representative from Ward One, a member of the committee on railroads, was born at Canaan, May 27, 1851, where he was educated in the public schools. For the past fourteen years he has resided in Dover, removing there from Manchester. He is a manufacturer of and dealer in lumber. He is a member of the Universalist church, and of many secret organizations: Moses Paul Lodge of Masons, Belknap Chapter, Orphan Council, and St. Paul Commandery, Olive Branch Lodge, K. of P., Crescent Division, U. R. K. P., Veritas Lodge, I. O. O. F., Lowell, Mass.

Charles Joseph Morrill, Republican, representative from Ward One,

chairman of the committee on public improvements. Mr. Morrill was born in Dover, September 18, 1851, and was educated in the public schools. He is a Methodist. For two years he served as alderman from his ward.



Gray Brothers.

In the secret orders he belongs to the Knights of Pythias and to the Odd Fellows.

Chesley Drew, Republican, representative from Ward Two, a member of the committee on unfinished business, was born at Melvin Village, March 17, 1854. He attended the public schools of Dover. For thirty years he has been engaged with a brass band and orchestra, and for many years has led the Dover cornet band. He belongs to several secret organizations, the Red Men, Elks, Knights of Pythias, Golden Cross, and K. A. E. O. Mr. Drew was a member of the house at the last session and served on the Normal school committee.

Joseph N. Holt, Republican, rep-



Frank B. Clark.



Charles J. Morrill.



Chesley Drew.



Joseph N. Hoit



Thomas J. Robinson.



John A. Glidden.



Valentine Mathes.



Allen D. Richmond.



Charles H. Morang.



Henry A. Worthen.



John J. McCann.



Frank E. Mulligan.

representative from Ward Two, a member of the committee on Soldiers' Home, was born in Dover, January 4, 1839, and was educated there. He is a signal tender on the Boston & Maine railroad. He was a member of the city government, 1879-'80. He enlisted October 16, 1861, in Company K, Seventh New Hampshire regiment, and served during the war with the regiment. He is a member of the Odd Fellows, G. A. R., and Knights of Honor. This is Mr. Holt's second term as a member of the house. He served on the committee on Soldiers' Home in 1897. In religion he is a Methodist.



A. A. Pease.

Thomas J. Robinson, Republican, representative from Ward Two, a member of the committee on incorporations. Dover is Mr. Robinson's native place, and his birthday was the 25th of August, 1867. He attended the public schools, receiving the usual common school education.

Mr. Robinson has been in business for several years, being at present a member of the firm of Robinson Brothers, bottlers. He belongs to the order of Foresters of America.

John A. Glidden, Republican, representative from Ward Three, a member of the committees on liquor laws and retrenchment and reform, was born in Tuftonborough, March 14, 1836, being educated there, at Wolfeborough, and at Strafford. For several years he taught school in Tuftonborough, Barrington, Lee, Madbury, and Dover. On May 12, 1860, he married Miss Mary Addie, only daughter of James and Zerviah Manson of Barrington, who was his assistant teacher for some years, and whose demise he has mourned since September 16, 1891. While a resident of Barrington, Mr. Glidden was a member of the board of education. He moved to Dover in 1868, and has held the office of alderman. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow, and an attendant at the Advent church.

Valentine Mathes, Republican, representative from Ward Three, a member of the committee on public improvement. He was born in Durham, February 13, 1847. He went to the public schools of his native town, to the Colby academy of New London, and to Bryant & Stratton's commercial college, then located in Concord. In religion, he is a Congregationalist. He has been town clerk of Durham, tax collector, and for twelve years he was postmaster. Since moving to Dover, he has been a member of the city government. In the secret orders, he belongs to Mt. Pleasant Lodge of Odd Fellows, Moses Paul Lodge of Free Masons, Wanalauset Tribe of Red Men,

Knights of the Golden Eagle, Prescott Encampment, and Patrons of Husbandry. He is a wholesale and retail dealer in coal, wood, flour, grain, and lumber. He is also a contractor and builder, and dealer in real estate. He is also interested in the grocery and grain business. He is a director of the Piscataqua Navigation Company, and had much to do with organizing the corporation.



Frank L. McDowell.

Dentistry has come to be recognized as a profession, ranking almost equal in importance to that of medicine itself, and its representatives, if "worthy and well qualified," rank among the benefactors of mankind. Frank L. McDowell, a native of Charlestown, Mass., educated at the Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago Dental colleges, located at 360 Central avenue, ranks among the most skilful and accomplished members of this profession in Dover.

Allen D. Richmond, Republican, representative from Ward Four, a member of the committee on appropriations, was born at South Berwick, Me., November 15, 1859, and educated in the public schools of Dover, where he has since resided. Mr. Richmond has been in the electric business for the past eighteen

years, and, at the present time, is general superintendent of the United Gas and Electric Company. He was alderman in 1897 and 1898. He belongs to Moses Paul Lodge, No. 96, of Masons, Olive Branch Lodge, No. 6, Knights of Pythias, and Wecohammet Lodge, No. 3, I. O. O. F.

Charles H. Morang, Republican, representative from Ward Four, a member of the committee on the industrial school, was born in the state of Maine, at Lubec, in 1849, where he was educated. He has been a selectman, councilman, and alderman. He belongs to the I. O. O. F., and his business is that of brick manufacturing. Always a Republican.

Henry A. Worthen, Republican, representative from Ward Four, a member of the committee on banks, was born in Amesbury, Mass., fifty-eight years ago, and was educated there. He is in the carriage manufacturing business. He is a thirty-



Fred H. Foss.

second degree Mason, and a Knight Templar, member of Mt. Pleasant Lodge, I. O. O. F. He is warden of the First Unitarian church, director of the board of trade, Dover Improvement society, Dover National bank, and president of the Dover Five Cents Savings bank. This is Mr.

common council two years, and four years on the board of aldermen. He is a prominent member in the Ancient Order of Hibernians, serving as treasurer, and twice as president. He is a member of County of Strafford Lodge of Foresters. In business he is a grocer.



Joshua L. Foster.

Worthen's second term in the house. He was a member of the committee on banks in 1897.

John J. McCann, Democrat, representative from Ward Five, a member of the committee on insurance, was born in Ireland, and educated in the national schools of that country. In religion, he is a Roman Catholic. He has served as a member of the

Frank E. Mulligan, Democrat, representative from Ward Five, a member of the committee on labor, was born in Dover thirty-two years ago, and has always resided there. He received his education in the public schools, and is a member of the Catholic church. Mr. Mulligan is a grocer by occupation. He was a member of the board of aldermen for

four years, and has been a member of the state committee. He is also vice-president to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a member of the Elks and Foresters.

The leading millinery establishment in eastern New Hampshire is that of Cressey & Son, Dover, which was established by the late Thaddeus P. Cressey, more than fifty years ago at 390 Central avenue, which location it has ever since retained. The elder Cressey, who died February 21, 1895, held a place in the front rank among Dover's represented citizens and business men. Erwin P. Cressey, his son, who has been a partner for about thirty years, and who succeeds in the business management, proves a worthy successor in every sense of the term.

Architecture has come to be a profession of no little importance, and its representatives, in order to have success must be men of taste and refinement, whose artistic nature has been thoroughly developed. A promising member of the profession in Dover is J. Edward Richardson, a native of the city, who graduated from its high school in 1891, at the age of eighteen years. He has been six years engaged in business at 56 Grove street, and has already gained a fine reputation, having designed many fine residences in Dover and adjoining towns, and at the neighboring summer resorts. He is the architect of the elegant new fire station of the city of Dover, now in process of construction. He married Mary M. Worthen of Dover.

William C. Leavitt, born in Swampscott, Mass., June 19, 1850, has been engaged in the market and

provision business in Dover for the last nineteen years, and is among the most energetic and prosperous business men of the city. He married Abbie May Leavitt, by whom he has had two children, one son only now living. He is a member of the First Congregational church, and associated with the United Workmen and the Knights of the Golden Eagle.



Office of Foster's Democrat.

Foster's Democrat, published by George J. Foster & Co., is the only newspaper now published in Dover. It was established June 18, 1873 (a weekly edition having been commenced January 20, of the previous year), by the late Joshua L. Foster, long a conspicuous figure in New Hampshire journalism. From a small beginning it has gradually increased in circulation and influence till it is now surpassed by no afternoon paper in northern New England in these respects.

SPRING.

By C. C. Lord.

O softened air ! O gentle sway !
A breath dissolves the icy chain
That binds a world. With emblems gay,
Bright Nature celebrates amain.
The fields, the woods, their tributes bring,—
Bloom, little bud, for this is spring !

Glad sounds of melody awake
And fill the day. Unfettered streams
Leap down the vales, and, tuneful, make
The concert grand with bounding themes.
Untutored voices, joyful, ring,—
Trill, little bird, for this is spring !

O transport of the stolid earth !
O rapture of the moodless sky !
The realms exult in conscious birth
And blessing, as the moments fly.
Chaste fancies sweet take buoyant wing,—
Love, little heart, for this is spring !

NOTES ON THE NEW SWEET-PEAS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.



SEVERAL new varieties of sweet-peas were introduced in 1899, which are likely to remain for some time on the preferred lists of this beautiful flower. As in previous years I have grown these newcomers, as well as many others, in my garden, and print the notes upon them herewith, as supplementary to the sweet-pea articles published heretofore in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. Of course, as these impressions are for the most part from but a single season's trial, they make

no claim to any final conclusion. I have also included a few notes on some other of the newer varieties.

A new Eckford white sweet-pea was introduced, in 1899, under the name Sadie Burpee. It was heralded as a distinct advance over Blanche Burpee, the white that heretofore has been considered the best. Mr. Eckford described it as "absolutely the grandest white." As seems to be generally the case with seed raised in England and planted here, the plants did not blossom very freely with me,

but the blooms obtained bore out the originator's claims. Doubtless, this year we can get American grown seed of this variety, and at much less

a favorite. It is a large, fine-hooded blossom, white, delicately penciled with rose red. If one is selecting several pink and white varieties this should be included.

Several new varieties of the dwarf Cupids were introduced last year. For some reason, possibly because I am so near the coast, these dwarfs do not do well in my garden, blighting and mildewing much worse than the tall sorts. Pink Cupid blossomed but the other new Cupids all failed.

The new bush variety, however, blossomed nicely, but the flower is not very attractive. I think we are as likely to enjoy our sweet-peas fully as much in growing them on the tall vines as in getting them from these dwarf sorts.



A Display of Dark and White Sweet-Peas.

cost, and every lover of the flower will do well to give this variety a thorough trial.

A few years ago the Orange Prince was the only available sweet-pea in an orange-salmon color. This was displaced by Meteor, a distinct improvement in size. And now Meteor is to give way to Gorgeous which is still better as to size, and excellent as to color. These varieties have all been of rather inferior texture, burning under the summer sun, and this defect is not yet wholly eliminated, but Gorgeous is better in this respect than is Meteor. For lighting up dark corners this glowing blossom is admirable.

Among the lavender striped sweet-peas the Gray Friar has been a favorite since its introduction a few years ago. This last season a variety called the Pink Friar was introduced and it, also, is likely to become



A Display of White Sweet-Peas.

If you want early sweet-peas you should plant the strain of Blanche Ferry advertised as Earliest of All. This is a low growing form, some-



Royal Rose Sweet-Peas.

what taller than the new bush sweet-peas, but needing no support. The plants come into bloom very early and will furnish an abundance of blossoms until the flowers of the other varieties appear.

Last year American grown seed of several Eckford novelties was offered by the seedsmen for the first time. Of these the bright rose Prince of Wales sweet-pea proved to be a large-flowered, free-blooming variety, and it is a decided acquisition to the lists. The Lady Mary Currie, orange-pink shaded with rosy-lilac, also proved to be a valuable sort. In my garden the blossoms of the Colonist were rather small, while the deep maroon Black Knight was very satisfactory, more so I thought than the somewhat similar Duke of Sutherland.

A really blue sweet-pea has long been desired, and an approach to it, at least, has at last been found in the Navy Blue introduced last year. The general color effect is blue, although the flowers are comparatively small. The size will probably be im-

proved by further selection, when the variety will become a very attractive one.

It seems hardly probable that Dolly Varden will long remain in the front ranks of sweet-pea varieties. Introduced in 1898, its coloring gave it a claim to consideration, but the substance of the petals is poor and the flowers are small. The coloring is white with more or less shading with purple-magenta.

The Lottie Hutchins sweet-pea has a general resemblance to the Pink Friar, having a cream ground flaked with pink. In my garden the flowers were rather small and the plants were not very prolific, but this may have been on account of the dry weather. I have made a note to the effect that the blossom is more attractive in coloring than that of the Pink Friar.

The Stella Morse sweet-pea was introduced in 1898. It has a good-



Emily Lynch Sweet-Peas.

sized hooded blossom, which is creamy with a delicate pink tinge, especially along the margins. Its texture is good and it blooms freely.

Of the three varieties last named the range as to pinkness is *Prima Donna*, *Venus*, *Stella Morse*, the first being pinkest.

Sensation was another 1898 introduction which has well stood the test of a second season's trial. It blooms very freely, commonly having three, and often four, blossoms on a stem. The color is white with a delicate flesh tinge.

The *Royal Rose* sweet-pea is of the general type of the *Apple Blossom* of a few years ago, but it is a great improvement over that variety. It is a large, hooded flower, with the standards bright rose and the wings pale rose, brighter on the veins. In texture it is the best of the *Apple Blossom* type. Its general effect is brighter than that of *Emily Lynch*, especially in bunches. It is so similar to the last-named variety that it is not worth while to plant but one of the two, and *Royal Rose* is preferable.

The *Triumph* sweet-pea is of the *Blanche Ferry* type, although much enlarged and improved. The blooms are very large, with the standards reflexed and the wings tending toward the horizontal position. The standards are rose-pink, deeper on the front side, especially on the central space. It blooms very freely, and should be quite generally planted to take the place of *Blanche Ferry*.

Although the *Crown Jewell* is not one of the very latest introductions it is a beautiful variety deserving notice here. The standards are delicate pink, varying much in tint, while the wings are creamy, more or less tinted with rose. The whole flower has a sort of an ivory finish that

gives it an inexpressibly dainty and delicate effect. The blossoms are large, of the erect-hooded type, and



Black Knight Sweet-Peas.

are borne in moderate profusion by the plants.

The blossoms of the *Venus* sweet-pea are of medium size and of a delicate pink color, having a yellowish tinge which is especially evident when the flowers are massed together. The texture is fair but not so good as in most modern varieties. The plants bloom very freely and there are more blossoms on a stem than usual, generally three, often four. Seed should not be sown too thickly, so that there may be room and strength for the extra development of stem which these numerous blooms require.

The *Prima Donna* sweet-pea is a medium-sized hooded flower of a very delicate pale pink color whiter on the wings. It is distinguished from *Venus* by the absence of any yellowish tint. In texture it seems to me better than *Venus*, and it bears blossoms freely.

FAST DAY, APRIL 19, 1900.

[Suggested by the Governor's Proclamation.]

By Elizabeth Fenner Baker.

Yes ! bring to mind those dear old days
That now seem dim and far !
When humble men trod holy ways,
With faith their guiding star ;
Their children stray like scattered sheep
From folds their fathers knew—
Call them the ancient " Fast " to keep,
The ancient vows renew !

On homestead hearths the olden fires
Of prayer and praise are dead !
If thou relight those sacred pyres
God's blessing on thy head !
Our star strown flag floats far and wide
In conquest o'er the sea,—
Her sons forget in greed and pride
The God who made them free.

Ay ! bid them keep a " solemn Fast "
N'er needed more than now—
For He will come to judge at last,
To whom all knees shall bow.
Then he shall rule o'er many things
Who faithful proved in few,
He, who exalts " the King of Kings,"
Shall have from Christ his due.

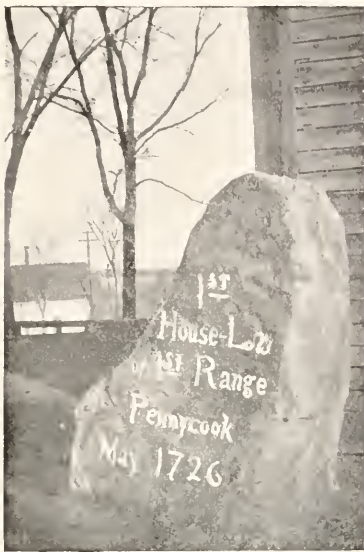
SOME CONCORD LANDMARKS.¹

By Mrs. Joseph B. Walker.

In, in the very outset, in considering this subject I speak of bath day, and with song, sermon, and prayer, consecrated their new Sugar Ball monument, erected home in the wilderness to the service only last fall,—October 26, of God and liberty. It is a landmark 1899,—it is because it commemorates that future generations will regard the first recorded act of our pioneer with honor as the years go by. settlers. They rested on the Sab- The first range of house lots was

¹ Read before the Concord Woman's Club, February 9, 1900.

laid out in May, 1726, about four months after the plantation of "Penny Cook" had been granted to the petitioners by the general



court of Massachusetts. The boulder, with an inscription cut upon it, at the corner of Main and Penacook streets, marks the first house lot in the first range on the east side of Main street. This land was assigned to Rev. Timothy Walker, who was ordained the first minister of Penny Cook, November 18, 1730. Having brought his young wife to this new parish he was anxious to make a home, as they had lived in a log house. In 1733 the town appropriated fifty pounds to assist in building a two-story frame house, which stands to-day. Upheld by its staunch oak timbers it has resisted the winds and storms of 167 years, faithfully sheltering six generations of the family.

It remained practically as originally built until 1848, when the present owner removed the large, but unsafe, chimneys, and restored the old house for his own home. Parson Walker's diary tells us that the trees were set out by him May 2, 1764, and have, therefore, reached the good old age of 136 years.

Forts, or garrisons, were built in various localities to protect the people from the hostile Indians. These were made of huge logs which lay flat upon each other. The ends, being fitted for the purpose, were inserted in large posts, erected to receive them. These walls of timber were as high as a common dwelling house. At the corners were boxes where sentinels kept watch and ward in time of danger. Loop holes high up in the walls, allowed the aiming of guns at the enemy. These enclosed one or more acres of land and contained buildings for the comfort of those stationed there. In the front yard of this old house is a stone on which is inscribed the names of the men who retreated, with their families, to Parson Walker's fort.



Monument at Sugar Ball. Concord.

In 1746 there were seven fully equipped garrisons in the town. They had been located, and the inhabitants assigned, May 15, 1746, to each, by a committee of militia appointed by Governor Wentworth. The first was the Walker fort, so-called, where eight families were "stated." Another was around the house of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, on the east side of the river, with thirteen families. There was one at West Concord, around the house of Henry Lovejoy, where ten families were assigned. This old house is still standing, opposite the brick schoolhouse.

On the "Mill road," near the junction of the Hopkinton road and the one going past the church at St. Paul's school, stood the garrison around the house of Jonathan Eastman, with its eight families. The one around the buildings of Joseph Hall contained fifteen families, and was situated near the Rolfe and Rumford asylum. Lieut. Jeremiah Stickney's fort sheltered twenty families, and was located on Main about opposite Center street. One around Timothy Walker, Jr.'s house was on South Main street, with twenty-two families to be protected.

The garrisons about the house of Mr. George Abbott, on what is now Fayette street, of Mr. James Osgood, where the First National bank now stands, and Mr. Edward Abbott, near the corner of Montgomery and Main streets, which old house is now a stable in the rear of the large one, long occupied by the late Col. E. S. Nutter, were finished the following season.

In this same year, August 11, 1746, the terrible Indian massacre took

place. Near the spot where it occurred stands the granite shaft upon which are inscribed the names of the five brave men who there met their death. This is on the right of the highway leading to St. Paul's school.

A parcel of land in the third range of house lots was reserved for a burying-ground. It is the oldest in central New Hampshire. The earliest known monument is a natural, rough stone with initials and the date, 1736.

The site of the first meeting-house is at the north corner of Main and Chapel streets. It was erected, in 1726, of logs with windows high up, and heavy, oaken doors, quickly barricaded. Two years later a plank floor was laid. This building was the church, townhouse, and schoolhouse for twenty-four years.

The "Old North church" stood on the site of the Walker schoolhouse. It was built in 1751, and was enlarged by a pentagonal addition, fifty-five years later, and used for worship until 1842—ninety-one years. In this church the election sermons were annually preached from 1784-'31. In it the convention for ratifying the United States constitution was held in June, 1788, which ratification by New Hampshire as the ninth state to approve the constitution, set the wheels of the national government in motion.

Early in the century a bell was hung in the Old North belfry, which so delighted the people that every day but Sunday, it was rung at seven o'clock, at twelve, at nine, and at all other times when any kind of an excuse could be found for ringing it.

Near the southwest door of this old church stood, for more than a cen-

tury, the large stone used as a mounting-block. Tradition says that the women paid for it by giving each a pound of butter. No doubt the women all helped, as so many came to meeting on horseback or behind their husbands or friends on pillions. After the church was burned, in 1870, it was given to Mr. Walker and removed to its present position just south of his house.

When Main street was laid out stone bounds were placed at certain points to define its course and width. The only one known now to exist is imbedded in the concrete sidewalk near the corner of Church and North State streets.

The first session of the New Hampshire legislature, convened in Concord, opened March 13, 1782. They met in the old North church, but the weather was so cold that they adjourned to a hall in the second story of the house now standing on the west side of North Main, near Penacook street. It stood then a few rods south of Parson Walker's, under the big tree, and was removed to its present position about 1851. Tradition says that the north parlor of the parsonage was used by the president or governor of the state and the council. The treasurer had the room over it for his office, and the south sitting-room was a general committee room.

The town pound is an interesting landmark of the olden time, when so many people kept sheep and cows that would go astray. It is situated on the road to West Concord, being a lot some forty feet square, enclosed by a high stone wall. Years ago a heavy gate, with a padlock, kept securely any cattle, until redeemed

by their owners by payment of the established fine.

The town house was a very important building in those days for both town and state. It was built, partly by subscription, in 1790. It was situated on the city hall lot; was one story high; the door in the centre and a large room on either side. A cupola on the roof, with a vane, made it quite conspicuous. The town-meetings, which had heretofore been held in the meeting-house were now held there. The sessions of the "General Court," whenever assembled in Concord, occupied this building until the state house was completed in 1819.

Dr. Bouton says: "The building in the course of years underwent many mutations, modifications, and enlargements, answering all possible purposes, civic, political, religious, military, judicial, and fanatical—a sort of Noah's ark, in which have collected all things, clean and unclean."

The state house has been a landmark for at least three generations, the corner-stone having been laid September 14, 1816. The golden eagle, which crowns the dome, was raised about two years later, July 18, 1818, with music and feasting. One of the toasts given at the banquet was "The American Eagle—May the shadow of his wings protect every acre of our United continent and the lightning of his eye flash terror and defeat through the ranks of our enemies."

When General Lafayette came to Concord, June 22, 1825, he was welcomed to the city and state by Governor Morrill in the hall of representatives. A dinner was served to him

and more than 600 soldiers and citizens, and tradition says that the large tree in the southeast part of the yard marks the place where the general sat. He was the guest of Hon. William A. Kent, whose house stood where the South church now stands.

One of the important landmarks of our childhood, and one which we were afraid to go past in the dark, was the old state prison. Before State street was made the prison was begun, and was thought to be quite far away from business and homes. It was completed in 1812, and the first prisoner committed for five years for horse-stealing. Fortunately, he was not a native of Concord.

Merrimack river was crossed by ferry-boats until about 1795, when the lower, or Concord, bridge was built. The next year the Federal bridge was completed. The latter crossed the stream several rods west of its present position. It was voted by the town to allow the bridge proprietors twenty-five dollars a year as compensation for the privilege to the townspeople of giving toll free between the hours of nine and four, on the Sabbath, on their way to and from meeting.

Very few of us remember, or perhaps ever heard, that Concord and Boston were in direct communication by boat, through the Middlesex canal and the Merrimack river. The first boat arrived in the autumn of 1814, and continued to make regular trips for freight, principally, until the fall of 1842. The landing place and large freight house were a few rods south of the lower bridge, on this side of the river. In 1818 the people were delighted with the new steam-

boat, and availed themselves of the invitation of the proprietors to take trips up and down the river.

The first houses in Penny Cook were built of logs, but the civilization of the settlers soon required houses built of timber and boards hence the first sawmill was erected and put in operation on Mill Brook in East Concord, in 1729, when but a few of the inhabitants had brought their families to the new township.

It is interesting to note some of the houses built during the first fifty years. On the east side of the river is the Pecker mansion, built in 1755, by Philip Eastman, and recently fitted up by Mr. J. Eastman Pecker for his valuable library.

Abraham Bradley came from Haverhill, Mass., in 1729—one of the earliest settlers. The original house of logs, built in 1729-'30, gave place to the present one, in 1769. For 131 years it has been the home of some of the family, Mr. Moses Hazen Bradley being the present owner.

The Farrington-Fuller house, on the northwest corner of State and Pleasant streets, was erected as early as 1755 or 1756, by Steven Farrington. It is probably, at this time, the most perfect specimen of the house of that period, and is well worth a visit. It has the large chimney in the centre, the low ceilings with projecting beams, the high, narrow mantles and chimney cupboards, the small, front entry, with steep stairs making two turns, characteristic of that time.

The Benjamin Rolfe house was built before the Revolutionary War. It is interesting as having been once the home of Count Rumford, and, later, of his only daughter, the countess. The main house stands as

of old, the hall, parlor, and the room over it remains as originally built, with the hand-carved dado and cornices. The countess gave this estate and funds to establish the Rolfe and Rumford asylum. Large additions have been made to have it a convenient and comfortable home for the girls.

Nathaniel H. Carter has been referred to as one of Concord's most notable literary men. His birth-place, in the Iron Works district, should be marked by some suitable memorial. His letters from Europe and his poems, written seventy or eighty years ago, have lost little, if any, of their interest, through the lapse of time.

Of the houses built about 1800 I can mention but few for want of time, in the limit assigned me. Among these are the Coffin house, which, for a hundred years stood under the beautiful elm; Mr. Charles Parker's house on Main street, and Mr. Herbert's old store and tavern now used as dwellings. Dr. W. G. Carter's residence was built by Philip Carrigan. The freshet that spring was kind to him, for it floated the timber and boards almost to the very place where he needed to use them. He was an old bachelor, and the building of so pretentious a house for himself made the people give it the name of "Carrigan's Folly."

Maj. Daniel Livermore, when building his home on the site of Mr. J. C. Norris's just after the Revolution, trespassed on the sidewalk a foot or more. He was engaged to a young lady living up the street, and the young folks said that the major put his house out into the street so he could sit at the window

and see his sweetheart come tripping down the road.

At the north end of Main street stands the large house built by Benjamin Kimball in 1804. A fine specimen of that style of architecture, it has never been changed, and has always been occupied by descendants of the original proprietor. It stands back from the street, with a wall of stone in front. It is a two-story house with four chimneys, a wide hall running from front to rear, a door at either end, and all the rooms opening into the halls.

The Dr. McFarland house, opposite the city hall, has been a delightful home since 1790.

On the east side of South Main street, back from the road, stands the Rogers house. In the region of South Spring street are three very old houses. Many others may be recalled that time forbids the mention of. Most of these old houses have been changed to meet the requirements of subsequent generations.

The following lines, written some forty years ago by a friend, are still more applicable to-day :

" Should some past worthy hat and cue,
And buckles on his knee,
But come to earth, the Penny Cook
Of modern times to see,
He 'd wander on beneath the gas,
A stranger in the town
Seeking his home to find, alas!
No old-time house is here;
All, all are changed or gone."

In studying this subject I have wondered if ever there was another town of law-abiding citizens, where there were so many taverns in its first 120 years, where there were so many taverns as in Concord. When remembering that it was the capital

of the state, the head of navigation, and in direct communication with Boston by water, and with the sea at Portsmouth by a fine road, and on the direct route to the north and Canada, I could understand the necessity for many taverns for the accommodation of the men and horses, and the big teams that brought produce from the north and took back dry goods and West Indies supplies, also the need for the stage taverns, where the passengers were carefully cared for with never a lock in the big barn of straw and provender for the horses. It was a fine sight when some jolly stage driver, with the long lash of his whip curling round with a sharp snap, came tearing down the road, driving his four or six horses, in a graceful curve, up to the door of the tavern, to be welcomed by the courteous landlord, with half the little gamins in the neighborhood laughing and cheering around them. We think the tallyho coach a fine thing nowadays, but it is nothing compared with the old-time mail stage.

At the north end of Main street was the Washington tavern—now standing, a tenement house under fine elm trees. Here were ample accommodations for man and beast, with a large hall for occasional balls and a good time generally. Across the street was the smaller one of John George, where his grandson and namesake hung out the giant sign on Old Home week last summer, a sort of welcome and reminder of the long ago.

One of the most noted in the Revolutionary period was "Mother Os-

good's Tavern," which stood on the site of the First National bank. The hungry and the bibulous both found welcome and satisfaction there. Its hostess was gracious, its table was hearty, and its liquors were strong. It was for years the inn par excellence of the town.

"Butler's Tavern" stands at the south end, near the railroad bridge, looking dark and blank, as if sighing alone for "its early companions, all faded and gone," but if the old rooms could speak what stories they would tell of the great men who had been their guests, of the stirring scenes in war time, the big dinners, the gallons of New England rum drunk at their feasts, and called for at almost any hour of day or night. Fortunately for the men of that time, and the women, too, the rum was made of good West India molasses at the distillery of Sampson Ballard, a few rods north of the present railway station. There were no "hotels" in Concord till well past 1800, all were "taverns" or "inns."

We, elderly people, all well remember the Phenix hotel, with its hanging sign of the bird in the midst of the flames; the "Columbian," on the other side of the street; the "Eagle Coffee House," and Gass's "American House," where the opera house now stands. All now are gone, giving place to the fine new Eagle.

The half has not been told of "Concord's Landmarks," but it is to be hoped that these fragmentary suggestions may stimulate us all to learn more of and take a deeper interest in the early history of our beautiful city.

EASTER.

By George William Gray.

The clarion cock proclaims th' approaching day,
The waking birds pour forth a tuneful lay,
The rosy fingered dawn from out the glades
With growing light expels the humid shades.
The earth in forests green and flowery dells,
Rejoices in the news the angel tells.
The empty tomb with shadows dark and thick
" *Christus resurrexit ; non est hic,*"
Proclaims, the crucified One lives again,
He who suffered, and He who was slain.
He is risen, victor over death,
No more to die.

SONGS ESPECIALLY PLEASING.

By Fanny Grant.



T a rehearsal the conductor remarked that in order to find one part-song worth singing he had to search through six thousand part-songs, or words to that effect. If a music dealer sends out songs to sing as solos the search for what is effective is just as discouraging. If by some unknown, occult process we could make it understood that song writing does not mean harmony exercise ; that to change the key half a dozen times in a slenderly built, weak, and drooping song twelve lines long is not to give it interest or beauty ; that to take an idea (that would be good

worked out on new lines) and only burden it unchanged with a hideous accompaniment is but to make a vocal horror—that—where shall one pause in the list of what is bad in the modern vocal literature ? "Popular" songs are one thing, serious work is another, and at present it is serious work that is taken into consideration.

Really, a song is so wonderful, so mysterious in its nameless beauties, that it is an inspiration. It is folly and presumption to imagine that any one who is proficient in the science of music is the one who is to create a melody and fit it to words of his own or words he may select. It is not

true to say that whether or no a song is satisfactory must be a matter of taste, the whole swarm of modern German and French song-writers are failures, with a few exceptions. The Italian composer is good but not numerous; too often the American composer is very bad when we hear from him at rare intervals. Dudley Buck is not bad sometimes, but we always think of the church solo with effect and climax for great organ in his best songs. Some of Millard's songs are very good, but are written with no apparent understanding of the human voice as a vocal instrument.

It seems as if in every generation some good soul is given to the world to write its songs. Schubert and Abt are two men to whom the musical world owes more than it ever will have any power to pay. Frederick H. Weatherley is best equipped for the production of suitable words for the songs of to-day. A lyric poet is as rare as the creator of a melody. Weatherley ought to have gained a fortune of a million guineas by this

time, to place a modern and easily understood value on his services to the musical world. Certainly he is England's only lyric poet at present worth mentioning. To learn one of his songs is not time spent in vain.

Most of the modern French songs are odious, dull, monotonous to the last extreme. A "melody" on one or two notes and a stupid filling in of inane accompaniment are a sum total of the "points" of a modern French song.

The fault of the modern German song is that it falls into a habit of lending itself to a series of chromatic shrieks supported by chords and long notes held with a firm grip of the voice while the instrument, piano or orchestra, does the chromatics. There is no genius in one of them. Any man who knows how to write music could do as well as anything we have in the modern German song.

It seems somewhat ungracious that we have to go back to the old favorites to find songs that are satisfactory, but, nevertheless, this is what we have to do.

LIFE.

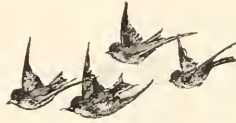
By Ormsby A. Court.

A birth that bubbles, gurgles, flows
 With murmurings soft through quiet ways;
 'Neath shading trees, by perfumed blows,
 'Midst meadows sweet on summer days.

A brook, the birth, and swiftly o'er
 The sanded bed it dashes bold,
 And down the rocks with splash and roar,
 A brattling loud the story old.

The stream is reached, mid waters deep
 The brook flows on in broader ways ;
 Through vale and field and wooded sweep,
 'Neath sun and rain on autumn days.

The ocean looms—eternity.
 The stream sweeps on ; an ebbing tide ;
 The mists engulf, and o'er the lea
 The night-wind moans unpacified.



OUT OF THE WAY.

[From the German of Theodor Storm.]

By Laura Garland Carr.

All is so still ! The broad heath lies
 Beneath the sun's warm, noonday brightness ;
 A rosy shimmer flits and flies
 About the old gravestones in lightness.
 The wild flowers bloom and all the air
 Is sweet with heather growing there.

Bright gleams of gold the watcher tells
 Where beetles through the grass are wending ;
 The bees hang low on heather bells—
 The purple sprays beneath them bending.
 We hear a sudden whirl of wings—
 A lark mounts skyward as it sings.

A lonely house—time-battered, poor—
 Basks in the pleasant, sunny weather ;
 The cotter, smiling, from his door
 Watches the bees their burdens gather.
 His boy, sitting among the weeds,
 Makes himself whistles from the reeds.

The village bells' clear, distant call
 Brings to this quiet scene a tremor ;
 The old man's eyelids gently fall
 And honey harvests cheer the dreamer.
 Nought of the world's rush, joy, distress—
 Touches or breaks this loneliness.

NECROLOGY

FRANK W. GRAVES, M. D.

Dr. Frank W. Graves, born in Rumney, June 26, 1842, died at Woburn, Mass., March 12, 1900.

Dr. Graves was a son of Willard and Elizabeth (Walker) Graves, and a grandson of Abner Graves, a soldier in the War of 1812. He received his early education in the common schools of New Hampshire, at the Phillips school in Boston, Nashua Literary institution, and at the Barre academy, Barre, Vt. He commenced his professional education in 1863 under the direction of the late Dr. Charles P. Gage of this city, attended medical lectures at the medical department of Harvard, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, at the University of Vermont, and was graduated M. D. from the medical department of the University of Vermont in 1866. He located for the practice of medicine first in Sutton, where he remained only a few months, removing to Warner, where he remained for eleven years. He then went to Woburn where he continued down to the time of his death.

He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, the Massachusetts Medical society, of the East Middlesex District Medical society, of which he had been president. He had been medical director of the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., and was surgeon of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company of Massachusetts. As such he accompanied the corps on its trip to London in 1896. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, including the Scottish Rite; of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Sons of the American Revolution. During the War of the Rebellion he served for several months as a member of the famous Dartmouth cavalry.

COL. BENJAMIN READ.

Col. Benjamin Read, almost a lifelong resident and historian of the town of Swanzey, died at the residence of his son, Edwin M. Read, in Fitchburg, Mass., March 27.

Colonel Read was a son of Josiah P. and Mary (Forbes) Read, and the grandson of Timothy Read who settled in Swanzey in 1779. He was born March 13, 1817, and save for a few years of his early manhood had been a resident of East Swanzey until shortly before his death. Educated mainly in the schools and academy near his home, he became a prominent farmer, lumber dealer, and pail manufacturer. He was for a long time a school officer, justice of the peace and public speaker to a greater or less extent, and as the historian of Swanzey, in his later years, he compiled a very large amount of historical and biographical

matter, requiring exhaustive research, much of which, it is said, was not published for some reason, when his history of the town was printed.

Mr. Read acquired his title of colonel in the old state militia. He was one of the first and most outspoken abolitionists in the town, and was for years a prominent Republican. He was a state senator in 1867 and '68, and held numerous other positions of trust. Mr. Read married Dezhiah C. Ballou of Troy, who died in 1882. Their children were Albert Benjamin, now of Winchendon, Mass., William Forbes, Edwin Moses, and Josiah Warren now of Fitchburg.

AUGUSTUS P. JACLARD.

Augustus P. Jaclard, a leading citizen of Moultonborough, died at his home in that town March 26.

Mr. Jaclard was born in the city of New York, May 23, 1834, and was a son of Sebastian Jaclard of Metz, France, an old soldier of Napoleon, and a member of the Legion of Honor. His mother was Clara Clunet of Baltimore, Md., one of the oldest and best known families of the city.

Mr. Jaclard, in 1859, married Harriette S. Lee of Moultonborough, who died in January, 1899. In 1864 he settled in Moultonborough, and soon after engaged in mercantile business, and has since been one of the most prominent and best known citizens of the town. He was town clerk in 1872-'73, and postmaster during both terms of Cleveland's administration. He took a deep interest in secret societies—very prominent in Masonry, and had attained the thirty-second degree. He also belonged to the Odd Fellows, Order of Red Men, Knights of Pythias, and other organizations.

He leaves a son, Stephen A., of Cambridgeport, Mass., a well-known business man, and two daughters, Mrs. George Blanchard of Sandwich, and Mrs. Louis Parent of Laconia.

JAMES M. FOSS.

James Moore Foss, for many years general superintendent of the Vermont Central railroad, a native of the town of Pembroke, born January 6, 1829, died at his home in St. Albans Vt., March 9, 1900.

Mr. Foss commenced his career as a railroad man, as an apprentice, in the Concord Railroad machine shop in this city in November, 1846. From 1850 to 1862 he was a machinist and engineer on the Boston, Concord & Montreal road. In 1868 he became master mechanic of the Central Vermont Railroad company; in 1873 was its superintendent of motive power, and personally directed the construction of the locomotives used on the system; in 1879 he was promoted to the position of assistant general superintendent and in 1885 was made general superintendent of the whole system. Mr. Foss for the past five years and during the receivership of the Central Vermont railroad had been connected with the management only in an advisory capacity.

Mr. Foss owned several well-equipped farms, was a director in many Vermont institutions, and closely identified with the industrial progress of Franklin county. He was a member of several Masonic bodies, having attained the thirty-second degree in that fraternity.

PAUL A. STACKPOLE, M. D.

Dr. Paul A. Stackpole of Dover, one of the oldest and best-known physicians of the state, died from an accidental fall down a flight of stairs at his residence, during the night of March 20, dislocating his neck.

Dr. Stackpole was a native of Rochester, a son of Samuel and Rosanna (Nute) Stackpole, born February 12, 1814. He was educated in the public schools, at Phillips Exeter academy, and at Dartmouth Medical college, graduating from the latter in 1843, from which time he was in constant practice of his profession in Dover for fifty years, until his retirement a few years since, when he was succeeded by his son Dr. Harry H. Stackpole. In politics he was a Democrat, and active and influential in his party, serving many years upon the state committee. He was for several years a member of the Dover school board, and was a member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows organizations.

MAJ. DARIUS MERRILL.

Darius Merrill, chief clerk in the United States Pension Agency in Concord, died at his home in this city March 29, 1900.

He was a native of Weare, born August 11, 1827. His education was that of the common schools. When he reached young manhood he went to California in search of gold, remaining until the opening of the Rebellion. He enlisted September 5, 1861, as a member of Company D, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, serving for three years and three months. His regiment participated in twenty-two engagements in Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia.

In 1865 Major Merrill came to Concord and entered the pension agency as a clerk, and with the exception of three years, during which he was deputy secretary of state, he served continuously in this office almost to the day of his death. He had held the position of chief clerk for many years. He was a beloved member of E. E. Sturtevant post, G. A. R., and was prominent in Masonry, serving for many years as treasurer of the Concord Masonic association.

OTIS G. HALE.

Otis Goss Hale, son of Major Ezra and Joanna (Sanborn) Hale, born in Bethlehem, June 6, 1828, died in Littleton, March 23, 1900.

Mr. Hale was engaged in trade in Bethlehem in early life and was postmaster for that town under President Buchanan, also for two years town clerk. He became a resident of Littleton in 1865, and was engaged for several years in mercantile affairs in association with Samuel A. Edson and other well-known business men. He was treasurer and financial director of the axe and scythe manufacturing business in Littleton, and manager of large investments for himself and other prominent men of the vicinity in starch factories in eastern Maine. He was also director of the Littleton Savings bank ten years, from 1874 to 1884. He served a term as member of the board of education in Union School district, 1879 to 1881, and was for several years selectman, treasurer, and auditor. In 1875 he was one of Littleton's representatives in the legislature. Politically he was a Democrat, and in religion a Methodist.

COL. ROGER E. FOSTER.

Roger E. Foster, son of the late Judge William L. Foster, died at the family home on North State street in Concord, March 26, 1900.

Colonel Foster was born in this city September 12, 1867. His mother was a sister of the late Commodore George H. Perkins, and, after completing his education at St. Paul's school, he assumed the management of Commodore Perkins's country seat at Webster and made his home there, representing that town in the legislature in 1897, and taking an active part in Republican politics. It was expected, had he survived, that he would have been the candidate of his party in the district for the state senate at the coming election. He was a young man of much promise in many directions, and had many warm friends. He was an aide upon the staff of Gov. Frank W. Rollins, whose friendship he enjoyed to the fullest degree.

EDWIN P. HILL.

Edwin P. Hill, born in Hudson. July 10, 1818. died in Haverhill, Mass., March 10, 1900.

Mr. Hill was educated in the Hudson schools, and at the old Nashua Literary institute. He was assistant postmaster at Nashua from 1841 to 1844, when he engaged in the dry goods business in that city. In 1852 he removed to Haverhill, Mass., and engaged in the clothing trade, continuing till 1861, when he was appointed postmaster of the city, which office he held until the commencement of Grant's administration. For many years he was the Haverhill correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, and also the New York *Herald's* correspondent in the same city. He was married in 1846, at Norwich, Conn., to Sophia D. Newell of Nashua, who died some time ago. His son, Edwin N. Hill, a successful lawyer of Boston, and his daughter, Miss Florence S. Hill of Haverhill, survive him.

CHARLES B. HOPKINS.

Charles Burton Hopkins, son of Richard H. and Ellen M. (Newton) Hopkins, born in Chesterfield, May 16, 1855, died at Hinsdale, March 26, 1900.

Mr. Hopkins was educated in the public schools, at Powers institute, Bernards-town, Mass., at Leland & Gray seminary, Townsend, Vt., and Kimball Union academy, Meriden. He became agent of the Fiske Paper company (Brightwood mills) at Hinsdale, in 1877. He was a member of the last state constitutional convention. He was a Mason and a shiner of Aleppo Temple, Boston, Hugh de Payens commandery, Keene, an Odd Fellow, and Red Man. He was a Republican, and had served on the state committee of his party.

JOHN SCOTT.

John Scott, editor and proprietor of the Peterborough *Transcript*, died at the hospital in Wellesley, Mass., March 24.

Mr. Scott was born in Peterborough, September 9, 1844, and has always resided there. He was educated in the common schools and at the academy. He enlisted in June, 1864, for three years in the First New Hampshire cavalry,

but was mustered out at the close of the war, after having served about a year as private, corporal, and duty sergeant, and holding the position as quartermaster sergeant of Troop G, at the time he was mustered out. He was a member of the New Hampshire legislature of 1887-'88. He was a Republican and a Unitarian.

Mr. Scott leaves a widow and a married daughter, Mrs. Victor C. Holland of Peterborough.

DOROTHY LOVERING BIDWELL.

Dorothy Lovering, wife of Charles E. Bidwell, and well known in the theatrical profession a quarter of a century ago, as "Dollie Bidwell," died in New York city, January 25, 1900.

She was born in Seabrook, April 13, 1843. In 1860 she made her first appearance on the dramatic stage as Jeannette in "The Idiot Witness." Shortly afterward she starred in the New England states with Joseph Proctor, and subsequently she married Charles E. Bidwell, under whose management she rose to prominence. In 1872 she starred in "The Pretty Panther," a play written expressly for her. Some twenty years ago she retired from the stage, and afterwards lived in seclusion.

REV. JOSEPH H. BROWN.

Rev. Joseph H. Brown, originally a Free Baptist, but for many years identified with the Methodists, and a member of the New Hampshire conference, a native of New Hampton, born December 19, 1833, died in Concord at the home of his brother, Gen. John H. Brown, March 16, 1900. During his connection with the Methodist conference his appointments were at Rumney, Lisbon, Franklin Falls, Jefferson, Stark, Manchester, Haverhill, Sandwich, Marlborough, East Lempster, Webster, South Acworth, and Riverton, the latter being his last assignment. Mr. Brown married Miss Hattie N. Huse of Danville, Vt., by whom he is survived; with one daughter, Mrs. J. M. Morse, of Riverton. Another brother is Hon. Manson S. Brown of Plymouth.

ISAAC CALHOUN.

Isaac Calhoun, a well-known citizen of Littleton, died in that town, March 23.

Mr. Calhoun was born in Lyman, May 10, 1832, but had been a resident of Littleton since 1868. He was for many years engaged in trade, and subsequently in lumbering in company with Charles Eaton. Politically he was an active Republican. He served as selectman, supervisor, and was a representative from Littleton in 1884.

HERBERT E. HALL, M. D.

Herbert E. Hall, born in Nashua, February 23, 1864, died in New York, March 17, 1900. Mr. Hall was educated at Ann Arbor, Mich., and the Burlington (Vt.) Medical college, graduating from the latter in 1885. March 17, of that year, he married Carrie Elizabeth Thompson of Albion, N. Y., and settled there in the practice of medicine, but subsequently removed to Provincetown, Mass. He eventually gave up practice on account of his health, and after a time became manager of the *New York Musical Record*, holding this position at the time of his death. His wife and three children survive him.



THE MOTHER CHURCH.

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVIII.

MAY, 1900.

No. 5.

EASTER MORN.

By Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Gently thou beckonest from the giant hills,—
And new-born beauty in the emerald sky,
And wakening murmurs from the drowsy rills,
O gladsome dayspring! reft of mortal sigh—
To glorify all time—eternity—
With thy still fathomless Christ-majesty.

Brightly thou gildest gladdened joy, dear God!
Give risen power to prayer; fan Thou the flame
Of right with might; and, midst the rod,
And stern, dark shadows cast on Thy blest name,
Lift Thou a patient love above earth's ire,
Piercing the clouds with its triumphal spire.

With sacred song and loudest breath of praise,
Echoing amidst the hymning spheres of light—
And Heaven's lyres and angels' loving lays—
Send to the loyal struggler for the right
Joy, not of time and not by nature sown,
But the celestial seed dropped from Love's throne.

Prolong the strain "Christ risen"! Sad sense, annoy
No more the peace of Soul's sweet solitude!
Deep loneliness, tear-filled tones of distant joy,
Depart! Glad Easter glows with gratitude—
Love's verdure veins the leaflet's wondrous birth—
Rich rays, rare footprints on the dust of earth.

Not life the vassal of the changeful hour,
Nor burdened bliss, but Truth and Love attest
The solemn splendor of immortal power—
The ever Christ, and glorified behest,
Poured on the sense that deems no suffering vain
Which wipes away the sting of death—sin, pain.

AMONG THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES.

By Henrietta H. Williams.



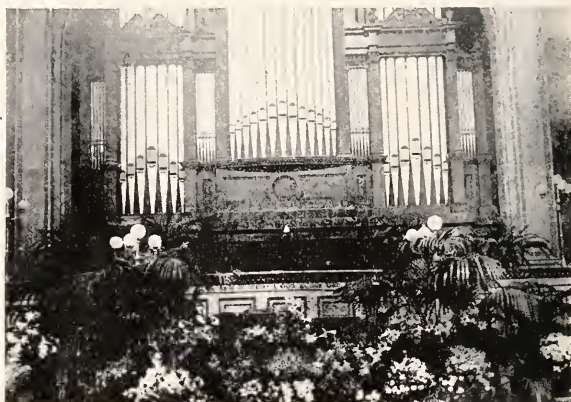
Mother Church Tower and Chimes.

THE Church of Christ, Scientist, established in America in the latter half of the nineteenth century, presents so many progressive features that the statement is well founded which accords to it a larger measure of originality than to any other organization connected with the Protestant religion. It was chartered a Mind-healing church, a religious system built up by a woman. As such it offers a remarkable initiative to the twentieth century, engraving upon its tablets fresh historical records of deep significance.

Early in 1879 the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy of Concord, New Hampshire, with a few of her followers who were among the first Christian Scientists, students of her Mind-healing school in Lynn, Mass., and later graduates from her Metaphysical college in Boston, inaugurated the original society, and during the same year, having obtained a legal charter, they incorporated in Boston as The First Church of Christ, Scientist. During some five years Mrs. Eddy preached from this and other pulpits, and in 1881 was ordained pastor.

THE BOSTON SOCIETY.

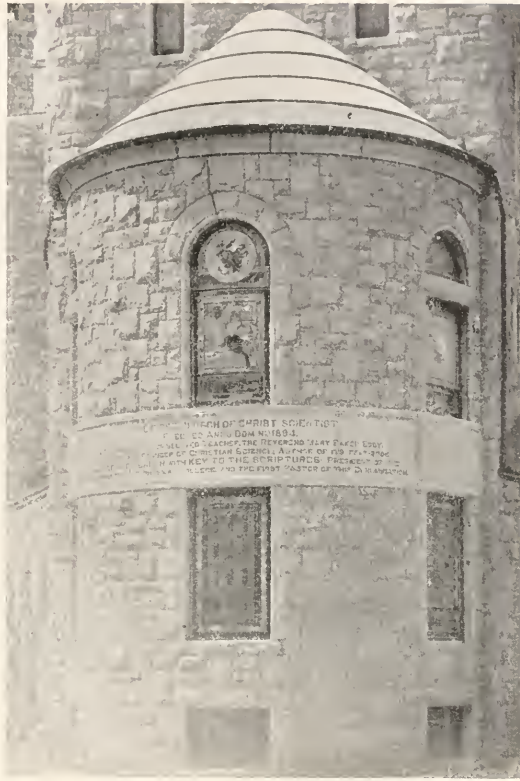
Gradual as was the early growth of the church, there was no perceptible fluctuation in its popularity, although the metaphysical side of its doctrine presented to the public, especially to theologians, an infant prodigy. At the time it appeared almost abnormal in the first startled view of it. The nursling was then cradled in some of the substantial halls of Boston, not yet having publicly attained to the acknowledged dignity of its religious character in an edifice of its own. But there was no waning



Easter, 1900, in the Mother Church.

of interest in the new theme, and it grew apace; the general awakening in religious activity of the time accelerating its vital currents, and giving promise of wide and far-reaching power at maturity, a promise confirmed by an almost phenomenal increase in strength, both as to members and as to the nature of its work during the ensuing twenty years.

When the international parliament of religions convened at Chicago, during the World's Exposition of 1893, metaphysics in its relation to theology was given fresh impetus. Being called to unite as a member with that religious body, and as such, to officially present its doctrine or "a reason for the faith within," Christian Science made its formal bow to the nations. This was an objective manifestation of what had been a mighty inward growth for years, and after public scrutiny and serious consideration of its national and ecumenical possibilities, the doctrine emerged a recognized benefactor among the Christian denominations. From this progressive event in the religious world, the first congress of its kind ever assembled in America or in any other country, dates the widespread definition of Christian Science in encyclopedias, and some of the best biographies of its discoverer and founder were then issued. The original society was reorganized in 1892, and the Tenets of the church prepared by Mrs. Eddy



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Inscription on The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.

were then adopted. Growth in the local society as well as throughout the general ranks in its wide field justified the erection of an edifice of its own in 1894, and in May of that year the corner stone was laid of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. January 6, of the following winter, the church was dedicated, and was presented to Mrs. Eddy by her large following as a testimonial of gratitude. The gift, however, was declined, and through her generosity it passed into the hands of its many thousand members, who own it beneficially. As the Boston society typifies the Church of Christ, Scientist, at large, it needs only to be authen-



Christian Science Hall, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Concord, N. H.

tically portrayed to express it in its entirety throughout the United States, Canada, and in foreign countries. While it represents the denomination as a whole, some of the characteristics which appertain exclusively to this society are sufficiently distinct from all the others to constitute an individuality in the vine to which the branches are identified in greater or less degree, according to the requirements of Christian Science, and the modifying influences of those centres and localities

in which they are to be found. The Boston church, which may be considered as headquarters for this rapidly widening system of religious service throughout the world, based upon a purely metaphysical standard of Biblical interpretation, has the distinction of being the pioneer organization, and preëminently it leads in the movement. Moreover, the code of ethics, the articles of faith or Tenets of the church, its ecclesiastical modifications and restrictions, together with whatever comprises its theological essence, emanate from the Boston church, of

which Mrs. Eddy is the Pastor Emeritus and the author and active director of all its governing laws and by-laws.



The first Easter Service held in Christian Science Hall, Concord, N. H.



First Church of Christ, Scientist.

First Christian Science Edifice on the Pacific Coast.

The Tenets of the Church of Christ, Scientist, are uniform throughout the world, and are contained in the "Manual" of the Mother Church. By permission, printed copies of them are inserted in the church books of the branch organizations. They are here given by courtesy of their author, Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy:

1. As adherents of Truth, we take the Scriptures for our guide to eternal Life.

2. We acknowledge and adore *one* Supreme Infinite God. We acknowledge *one* Christ, the Holy Ghost, and man as the Divine image and likeness.

3. God's forgiveness of sin, in the destruction of sin, and the understanding that sin and suffering are not eternal.

4. The atonement as the efficacy, and evidence of divine Love, of man's unity with God, and the great merits of Jesus, the Way-shower.

5. Universal Salvation as demonstrated by Jesus, the Galilean prophet, in the power of Truth over all error, sin, sickness, and death; and the resurrection of human faith and understanding to seize the great possibilities and living energies of the divine Life.

6. We solemnly promise to strive, watch, and pray for that Mind to be in us which was also in Christ

Jesus, to love one another, and to be meek, merciful, just, and *pure*.

THE PASTOR EMERITUS.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy has continued to maintain a position relative to the vast numbers of Christian Scientists who have grown up within



First Church of Christ, Scientist London, England.

the last quarter of a century similar to that occupied by the leading official or guiding intelligence of any other corporate body. She is the author of the Manual, which contains the articles of government for

ing its entire field from Occident to Orient, and although she rarely appears before the public in a personal capacity, her continued contributions to the official publications of the denomination, the *Christian Science*



First Church of Christ, Scientist, London, Ontario.

Quarterly, in which the lesson sermon for each week is contained, and the *Journal and Sentinel*, monthly and weekly periodicals edited by Christian Scientists, and composed of bright reading matter with authentic information pertaining to all topics of interest connected with the work, testify to the fact that she is on the field of action in leading command. Christian Science has been built up first and last to its present

the Mother church on which all other branches of the denomination throughout the world are modelled. In this Manual is an account of the meeting of the first Christian Science association, which met in 1879, when upon Mrs. Eddy's proposal, resolutions were passed to "organize a church designed to commemorate the word and works of our Master, which should reinstate primitive Christianity and its lost element of healing." To this result she gave the land in Boston, valued at about twenty thousand dollars, upon which the original church stands, and has actively directed all the important footsteps of the church from its inception. At Pleasant View, her residence in the suburbs of Concord, New Hampshire, she is daily in correspondence and touch with the movement, cover-

ing its entire field from Occident to Orient, and although she rarely appears before the public in a personal capacity, her continued contributions to the official publications of the denomination, the *Christian Science*

influential capacity and great following of above five hundred thousand adherents, through the courage, energy, and enlightenment of this one woman, whose capability and wisdom have been inspirational to those laboring in its ranks. Her first discovery of the fundamental principle of Christian Science occurred in 1866 in Lynn, Mass., an understanding of which has enabled her to preserve her own health in a remarkable degree, presenting in practical illustration the living virtue of this curative means as an exact science based upon Scriptural truth. This discernment of the import of the Word she has reduced to a comprehensive analysis, in her work, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," which has become the denominational text-book, now

near its two hundredth edition, of one thousand copies. Her writings have met with an extraordinary degree of popularity, all pessimistic prophecies and predictions to the contrary notwithstanding. Annually, an address is read from the pulpit of the Mother church from her pen, and it brings thousands of her followers, and large numbers of interested inquirers from all parts of the world, to Boston.

As the moving spirit in this system of religion in the Boston society, under the direction of the Pastor Emeritus, centres whatever is of vital significance to all of its branches, and as the pioneer, the principal historic interest attaching to the subject of metaphysics in its relation to Christianity surrounds what is popularly known as the Mother church.

THE MOTHER CHURCH.

Perhaps in no one particular has the Christian Science service diverged more radically from that of other Christian churches than in the fact that no sermon is personally preached from the pulpit during its devotional ceremonies. The congregation, made up, for the most part, of members of evangelical churches, who have experienced either physical or moral healing, or both, through the doctrine of Christian Science, assemble for from one hour to an hour and a half on Sunday mornings, and

in the larger cities for an afternoon or evening service, which is a repetition of that of the morning, to hear a lesson sermon prepared by a committee. The subjects for these lesson-sermons are chosen by the Pastor Emeritus. The texts and selections from the Scriptures are chosen and arranged by the committee, with corresponding explanatory passages from the text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," interpreting the lesson from the spiritual or metaphysical standpoint of



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Buffalo, N. Y.

Christian Science. This lesson is read alternately from the books, the Bible and the text-book, by two readers, a man and a woman. No personal explanation of the lesson is made during the entire service, the books offering their own interpretation.



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago.

In 1895, Mrs. Eddy ordained the Bible and "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" the pastor over this church throughout the world, enjoining upon all followers to center thought upon the import of the Word in the Scriptures and its spiritual signification. Preceding and following the lesson-sermon, the

service consists of silent prayer, the singing of hymns, the repetition of the "Lord's Prayer" with its spiritual interpretation, given by Mrs. Eddy, reading of a definition given in "Science and Health," called the "Scientific Statement of Being," and concludes with a benediction. This beautiful idea of silent prayer, used by all of the Christian Science churches, has met with widespread appreciation. At the Parliament of Religions, held at Chicago in 1893, it was used at its sessions, and brought to each participant an individual communing with God and a uniform unvoiced offering to Him. The service is a simple, impressive, notably peaceful presentation

and explanation of Holy Writ, in its larger, more advanced meanings, characterized by an impersonality and proportionate increase in spirituality both convincing and satisfying.

Many an infidel has been converted to a love of the Bible by simply reading "Science and Health." A touch-



Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago.

ing instance of such conversion is that of a superintendent of schools and his wife in Des Moines, Ia. Neither husband nor wife gave the slightest credence to the Scriptures until they read "Science and Health," when the Bible at once took its rightful place in their hearts and home and the gentleman soon addressed his hearers so feelingly on the teachings of Christ that they wept.

Another instance is that of a gentleman in Detroit, Mich., who was an avowed infidel. After continued study of "Science and Health," for a period of eighteen months, a complete change of thought resulted, as he learned what God is, and his relationship to Him.

Through the teachings of Christian Science there has been a great increase in the circulation and sales of the Bible. Dwight L. Moody said in Denver, Col. (as published in the Concord *Evening Monitor*), that there never has been so much interest taken in the Bible since the world began as now. During the last three years there have been more Bibles sold than in all the other 1,893 years.

There are no deans, deacons, vestrymen, or other clergy in the general acceptance of the word, connected with the Christian Science church, and the service and the lesson are identical the world over. The officers of the church consist of the Pastor Emeritus, a board of directors, a president, the readers, a clerk, and a treasurer, who, in connection with various boards, con-

duct the work and official business of the church.

All the officers of this church receive salaries except the Pastor Emeritus, who declines to accept any remuneration for her services.



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Atlanta, Ga.

During 1894 the handsome Romanesque edifice, known as the Mother church, was erected in the Backbay district of Boston, at the junction of Norway with Falmouth streets, at a cost exceeding two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The Mother church, or The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, has, in May, 1900, above sixteen thousand members, rapidly increasing, and connected with it are the Massachusetts Metaphysical college, of which Mrs. Eddy is president, and the Christian Science Publishing society. The college class-rooms are in the church edifice, and its officers are composed of a president and

a board of education, comprising a corps of teachers who are graduates with degrees from this college, as well as alumni from American universities. Soon after the annual communion held in the Mother church in June, the college opens for its summer term, and twenty-one graduates receive degrees as bachelors of Christian Science. The publication society connected with the Mother church is equipped with an editorial staff and a board of trustees from the ranks of Christian Science. They are in charge of all authorized literature of the denomina-

FIELD WORK.

Wealth and social influence in the Christian Science church are not confined to the church in Boston. In all of the larger American cities, and already in several foreign capitals, although it is little more than thirty years since the subject was first presented, costly churches, many of them architectural gems, have grown up with encouraging and unusual rapidity, and they are very largely characterized in membership, by local representative men and women, intellectually, socially, and professionally. One of the unwritten laws of the

Christian Science denomination is that no church shall be dedicated which has a debt. Volumes might be written in commendation of this wise precept, illustrated in example, for, notwithstanding the pointed morale of this rule, about five hundred branch churches, free from liabilities, have already been established, and many of the larger cities throughout this country contain more than one church. For instance, greater New York has seven, Chicago already has five, while Washington, Philadelphia, and many other cities of similar importance have not less than two and three, yet a quarter of a century since the subject was unknown.



First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City.

tion, all of Mrs. Eddy's works being published by the business manager. This part of the work is by no means an unimportant department of the church, and is a source of a vast amount of good.

These branch organizations, each of which has its own individual by-laws and form of self-government, have uniform services, and connected with them are Christian Science institutes, where graduates of the Massachusetts



Second Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City.

Metaphysical college at the present time are permitted to teach two yearly classes, and certificates are given to pupils of these schools, though not degrees, as there is but one legally chartered college of metaphysics extant, that connected with The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston.

To express the liberal form of individuality and self-government accorded the branch organizations, the following by-law, through courtesy of the Pastor Emeritus, it is my privilege to publish.

CHURCH BY-LAW.

By Mary Baker G. Eddy.

“Only the Christian Science Board of Directors and the First Reader of the Mother Church, shall be present at meetings for the examination of complaints against Church members. Only the Board of Directors and the

First Reader shall confer or vote on cases of complaints and church discipline. A complaint against a member of the Mother Church, *if said member belongs to no other church*, shall be laid before this Board, and within thirty days thereafter, the clerk of the Church shall address a letter of inquiry to the member complained of, as to its validity.

“If the previous Christian character of the accused member is good, his reply to the clerk contradicting the accusations, or his confession thereof and compliance with our Church Rules, shall be sufficient on behalf of said member for the Board to dismiss the subject, and the clerk of the Church shall immediately so inform him. Also, the complainant shall cease to speak ill of him, or be subject to discipline and dismissal from this Church. No cards shall be removed from our periodicals except

by a majority vote of the Christian Science Board of Directors and First Reader, at a meeting of the Mother Church held for this purpose, or for the examination of complaints. No Church discipline shall ensue until the requirements, according to the

both physician and spiritual guide. Large numbers of families employ neither doctors of medicine nor of divinity for their temporal and spiritual needs, turning in all times of physical or mental adversity to the practical application of what their



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Minneapolis, Minn.

text-books, the Bible and its metaphysical explanation in Christian Science works, teach, for "every ill that flesh is heir to." Records show that whole families are not only cared for in this manner, and are living witnesses of the moral and health-giving power of the system, but many of them in all localities accomplish much prayerful healing work outside their own particular firesides and centres among the sick and

Scripture, Matthew 18: 15, 16, have been strictly obeyed.

"A member of the Mother Church, and a member or the Reader of a Branch Church of Christ, Scientist, shall not send to the Mother Church a complaint against another member of a Branch Church. Each Church shall separately and independently discipline its own members—if this sad necessity ever occurs."

In all of the branch churches are to be found Christian Science practitioners, the body of their congregations being to a considerable extent practising Scientists, although all do not practise professionally. One of the dominant ideas of the doctrine is that a right understanding of the Word of God so enables an individual to apply it that it becomes

the sinful. The work is all so quietly done, with so little heralding or trumpeting of any sort, except in occasional cases where this system as a religion is misunderstood, that a stranger may justly marvel at the great congregations which gather in many of these churches at all seasons of the year, and through all conditions and variations of the elements, and wonder why he has never known of it before. There is but one advertising medium authorized for Christian Science practitioners, the monthly magazine issued by the Christian Science Publishing society in Boston, entitled *The Christian Science Journal*, which is a directory of the permanent addresses where Scientists may be found, and not a means of soliciting any special atten-

tion. Most of the advanced Christian Scientists have large practices, abiding by the precept, "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," and that not less important injunction, "Heal the sick," also "if any among you is sick, let him call on the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him." This faith Christian Science interprets to mean a rational understanding of the Word of God in its direct application to all the world's need, "a very present help in trouble."

The church work of this denomination extends the length and breadth of the United States, throughout Canada, and already it has an influential following, and a substantial footing in Europe. Especially is this true of England, Scotland, Germany, and latterly in France.

This movement has a large follow-



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Peoria, Ills.

ing in Germany, and, as elsewhere, is growing rapidly. Among the first to visit Frau Peterson, Christian Science practitioner of Hannover, for help was the nephew of the famous Count Von Moltke, the great field-marshal of the German empire. Herr von Moltke was completely healed of long-standing ailments, for which he had in vain sought far and wide for relief. His restoration to health was so remarkable that it attracted widespread interest in the court circles of the empire, and among others who became interested is the sister of the

Emperor William, who is now reading "Science and Health" with interest and profit.

Herr Von Moltke, thoroughly convinced from careful study and from his own practical experience, of the trustworthiness of the Christly religion which had healed him, identified himself with the movement, and, being a talented musician of exceptional ability, gladly



Church of Christ, Scientist. Oconto, Wis.

First church ever built for Christian Science worship.

gave his services as soloist for the religious services of First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Hannover.

The studious habits, the profound scholarship, the kindly nature, and the simple faith of the German peo-

ple attend their services for that purpose, and their simple faith is thus manifested.

The gratitude of the German people for benefits received, and their profound reverence and esteem for

the Founder and Discoverer of Christian Science is especially marked and notable. This gratitude found expression in the presentation of the gift for which Frau Peterson visited Concord in 1899.

This copy of the Holy Scriptures, presented to Mrs. Eddy by the people of Hannover, through Frau Günther Peterson, which is a rare specimen of the printer's and bookbinder's art, is substantially bound in leather with rich silver trimmings and clasp, upon the latter of which is engraved the name of Mrs. Eddy.

From the title page one learns that the sacred work is a translation of the Holy Scriptures according to Martin Luther, and contains thirty fine engravings upon Old Testament subjects by the great masters, and fifteen rare engravings on the life of Jesus by the world-famous artist, Heinrich Hofmann.

A handsome illuminated page has been inserted, which in beautiful German text reads as follows: "The members of First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Hannover, Germany, in profound esteem, present this volume to their beloved Teacher and Lead-



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Kansas City, Mo.

ple make easy the acceptance of the Christ Science which Mrs. Eddy has named Christian Science.

In the past, only the State church of Germany has had a charter from the government. On application, however, from the Christian Scientists, an exception was made in their favor. Apart from the State church this is the only denomination which has ever been granted a charter by the empire.

Cases of healing have occurred so frequently at the meetings of this Hannover church that now people

er." Then follow the names of the donors.

In connection with this expression of love and gratitude for the physical and spiritual healing that has come to these reverent people through Mrs. Eddy is an interesting incident. One of the early students of Mrs. Eddy was a German, and to him Mrs. Eddy said, "Germany will be the first European nation to accept Christian Science. Their love of God, their profound religious character, their deep faith, and strong intellectual qualities make them particularly receptive to Christian Science." In the presence of this prized gift it is seen that this prophecy is being fulfilled.

These facts relating to the work in Germany are given by courtesy of the *Christian Science Sentinel* of January 4, 1900, selected from the Concord *Evening Monitor*.

One of the interesting departments of the church work is the Wednesday evening meeting of each week, at which experiences and various information relating to this new field of metaphysical labor are given by those who have been healed morally and physically. These earnest, straightforward statements of facts, carry with them a weight of irrefutably sound logic, persuasive reasoning, and good common sense, that have appealed strongly to the public in favor of this method of interpreting the Bible.

Christian Science is essentially a religion of the home, fostering that

which tends in its highest and most tender sense and relationship to hal- low the ties of kinship and the sacredness of that most powerful centre for good on earth. The church in all its avenues of labor to-day is a potent influence in fur- thering this wholesome purpose of a charity which begins at home, and in expressing along broad lines the unity and peaceableness of that no- blest of doctrines, One God and Father of all, and that God, impartial Love, before whom mankind is en- joined to have none other. The cen- tral doctrine of Christian Science is a powerful reëmphasis of that sweetest of messages to a heavy-laden hu- manity, peace and good will on earth, and its churches are designed to disseminate more freely than could otherwise be achieved, a spiritual



First Church of Christ, Scientist. Salt Lake City.

understanding of the most practical means and methods of establishing this vital law of Truth in the hearts of men.

CHURCH BUILT BY CHILDREN.

One of the most interesting of all

the Christian Science edifices is a little church built in Wisconsin, which is entirely the work of children. In Christian Science Sunday-schools the little ones are taught equally with their elders always to look alone to Divine Love as their source of supply, knowing that God sends all good in His own time and way. However youthful, each child is taught prayerfully to *demonstrate* this simple but mighty truth. Upon the strength of this precept, a little band of young folks went prayerfully to work to build them a house which should be worthy of their God of Love, a suitable home in which to worship Him at their Sunday and Wednesday service. Within a very short time these little people, through their own understanding of Divine Love, had secured a convenient building lot, and had a fund started for building purposes. Each child devoted prayerful thought and effort to the work, earning and contributing sums by his own efforts, and through those whom he succeeded in interesting in the cause. Building materials as well as money were from time to time contributed until a sufficient amount of cash was on hand, so that the children's treasury was filled and their building plot was converted into a very business-like progressive section of the little town of Schofield. Through earnest prayer, unabating faith, and effort, little by little the structure was reared, and equipped with all the necessary conveniences

for Christian service, presenting within and without a neat and tasteful house of worship. All of its officers save the First Reader, are children, and their books and accounts are kept and their business transacted as officially and with as much carefulness and precision as are given to church matters among their grown-



First Church of Christ, Scientist, White Mountains, N. H.

up relatives and friends. There is a president, a clerk, a treasurer, and two Readers, all of whom, with but the one exception, are chosen from among the children. Their Sunday service is conducted in all the sweet simplicity and artlessness of the pure in heart, and the clear, trustful earnestness of this pioneer work demonstrated by these guileless little lives is both touching and mightily significant of the fulfilment of Isaiah's poetic and beautiful prophecy of a coming time of innocence and peace on earth when

“The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid,
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together,
And a little child shall lead them.”

DERELICT AND FORTUNE-FAVORED.

By Frederick J. Allen.

From some far shore, some orient clime of hope
And glorious vision, they embarked upon
Life's mighty sea, and boldly faced the west
Where lie the heights of power and happiness
That men have sought in all the ages past.

Ere yet the sun had climbed the morning sky,
Or noon's fierce heat had fallen, their ways diverged.
It was no choice, they thought, of good or ill,
Of dark or light; but duty sternly called,
That strong task-master of the lives of men.

The one, whose bark was frail, a storm o'ertook,
And striking drove across the pathless waves,
And year by year relentless gales assailed;
Fighting with fate, tossed by the elements,

Though sometimes hearing voices in the sky
And catching glimpses of the far off peaks,
His course was ever in the storm king's track.
His fellowmen e'er passed him by and said:

*Behold a derelict upon life's sea,
Adrift, alone, unheeded let him be.*

But favoring winds wafted the other bark
Through summer seas, among the isles of peace;
Fulfilled were early hopes, and power came,
And happiness that looketh not beyond.
And now men said, with envy and applause:

*Behold his fortune whom the gods make great,
His argosies of gold, his kingly state.*

But in the consummation of God's plan,
Unfolding through the ages, nothing fails
Which His omniscience planteth in the earth;
No hope He placeth in the human heart
Shall utterly die out, no vision cease.

*Call none supremely blest who giveth not
His goods and self to bless his brother's lot;
Call no man derelict; he shall arise
Victorious in defeat, heir of the skies.*

O SPRING, I LOVE THEE BEST.

By Hervey Lucius Woodward.

O Spring, thou comest—welcome guest—
Of all the year I love thee best !
Thy promises do not withhold,
Bring gifts to me, yea, manifold ;
My pulses quicken,—break the spell
That holds my Soul, my citadel.

Thy laughter and thy lightsome mood
From cares of earth my thoughts have wooed ;
Thy whispered words of love intense
Have won me in their innocence,
As from thy throat bright beads of dew
Flash back those forms my fancy drew.



TRAILING ARBUTUS.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

The gentle penitence of April rain,
The warning winds that blow from southern leas,
The sweetness of the perfume-laden breeze,
The grass blades wakening adown the lane,
The smiling vernal greenness of the plain ;
And in the wood, behold ! the bluebird sees
A pearly gem beneath the piny trees,
The lovely arbutus, nor proud nor vain.

Sweet flower, first of springtime's goodly store,
I love thee best of all thy lovely race.
Thou art the largess that the Pilgrims found
Upon the bleak and lonely Plymouth shore ;
And even now thy morning-tinted face
Redeems the glens and makes them hallowed ground.



Peterborough Town Library.

PETERBOROUGH TOWN LIBRARY; THE PIONEER PUBLIC LIBRARY.

By James F. Brennan.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has been correctly termed "The Mother of the Free Public Library System,"¹ and no prouder or worthier boast could be advanced by any commonwealth. The growth of free libraries, co-extensive with the advancement of popular education, serves as a reliable indicator of the progress of a people. When libraries were confined to the highly educated, aristocratic, and opulent, they were exclusively private, but as schools became free and resultant popular education followed, the demand for public libraries arose; hence it is that the present century witnessed the establishment and rapid growth of these twin institutions, which have proven such important

factors in the intellectual improvement of mankind, and, while free public libraries were of comparatively recent origin in America, their establishment here, nevertheless, antedated that of any other country among English-speaking people. Edward Edwards, in his treatise on "Free Town Libraries" (London, 1869), says: "In the course of the rapidly increasing attention bestowed throughout almost all parts of America upon public libraries as powerful and indispensable instruments of civilization, it could hardly fail, but that such attention should fasten itself at length, sooner or later, upon the municipal action of incorporated towns, as offering the best of all machinery for making free libraries thoroughly progressive and permanent. This point of view came

¹"The Library Movement in New Hampshire," by Louise Fitz, GRANITE MONTHLY, volume 15, page 349.

eventually into clearness and prominence, but only by very slow degrees."

The precursors of the public library were the semi-public social libraries, which were owned by associations, their use being frequently restricted to membership, or a small charge being made for the use of books, while in others the free use of the books to the inhabitants of the school district or town was given; the first of this class chartered by the state was the Dover Social Library, incorporated in 1792. Then came the Tamworth Social Library, incorporated in 1796, and in 1797 twenty libraries of this character were incorporated, comprising Amherst, Boscawen, Canterbury, Chester, Cornish, Deering, Dublin, Exeter, Fitzwilliam, Gilsum, Hillsborough, Jaffrey, Lyme, Meriden, New Durham, Hudson, Nelson, Sanbornton, Temple, and Wakefield and Brookfield combined; nearly as many more were incorporated by the next legislature. The Peterborough Social Library was incorporated by an act approved December 21, 1799. Only a very few of these libraries were entirely free to all the inhabitants, and none partook of the nature of a public institution supported by public tax; none indeed was a public library in the proper and accepted sense,¹ and not until April 9, 1833,

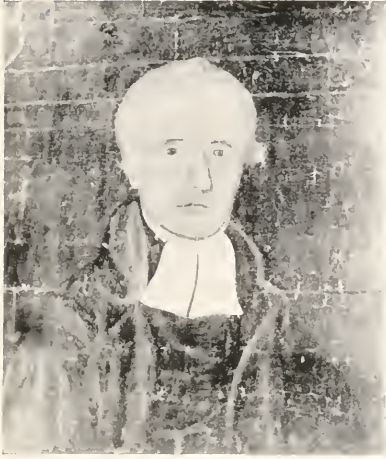
did the full fruition of the idea of a public library obtain, by the establishment of the Peterborough Town Library as the pioneer and progenitor, which has since been supported from public funds and annual town appropriations, aided by private funds given to the town, and managed through officers elected by the town; a free public library patronized by the people and supported by them.²

The new idea, exemplified in the establishment of this library, was not merely that it was a library to which the public had free access; such libraries indeed already existed; but the grand idea then born into existence was the direct identification of the library with the people, who be-

² John Eaton, LL. D., United States Commissioner of Education, writes under date of July 22, 1876: "So far as the bureau is at present advised Peterborough may rightly claim the honor of having established the first free town library in the United States." Nathaniel H. Morison, LL. D., Provost of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md., in a letter dated January 6, 1884, published in the *Christian Register* of January 17, 1884, and the *Peterborough Transcript* of January 24, 1884, writes: "Permit me to correct a statement made by 'N. P. G.' in his notice of Rev. John Burt Wight in the *Register* of January 3. He speaks of the Wayland Library as the 'oldest public library in the United States.' This is a mistake by many years. The Wayland Library was founded in 1848 (see 'Public Libraries in the United States,' page 1864), while the town library of Peterborough, N. H., was established by vote of the town, April 9, 1833. See Dr. Albert Smith's 'History of Peterborough,' page 118, where the question of priority in free public libraries is fully discussed. The honor of having suggested, advocated, and carried through the Peterborough town meeting this important measure, which established the first free public library in the world—that is, the first library supported by public taxation, and free to all the inhabitants of the district taxed,—belongs, as I well remember, to Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D., then the Unitarian minister of that town, an earnest friend of education, of public improvements, and of all good works, many of which, like the library, the academy, the trees along the village street and some of the public roads planted by a 'Tree Society,' founded by him, still survive to attest the wisdom, the zeal, the beneficent influence, and the active usefulness of this good pastor, whose memory is yet fresh and green in the hearts of the small surviving remnant of those who profited by his instructions. The honor of having founded the first free public library on this planet—the proudest event in their history—cannot be taken from the town that passed the vote April 9, 1833, or from the man in whose fertile brain the measure originated, without positive proof that such a library had been established elsewhere previous to that vote."

See also the excellent article of Herbert W. Denio, A. M., on the "Library Legislation in New Hampshire," *GRANITE MONTHLY*, volume 26, page 176.

¹ "The term public library has come to have a restricted and technical meaning. . . . It is established by state laws, is supported by local taxation and voluntary gifts, is managed as a public trust, and every citizen of the city or town which maintains it has an equal share in its privileges." W. F. Poole, in a volume on Public Libraries, published by the United States Bureau of Education in 1876, page 477. "By town library I mean a library which is the property of the town itself and enjoyable by all the townspeople. Such a library must be both freely, and, of right, accessible and securely permanent. It must unite direct responsibility of management with assured means of support. No such library existed in the United Kingdom until after the passing of the Libraries Act, in 1850." "Memoirs of Libraries," by Edward Edwards (London, 1869), page 214.



Rev. Abiel Abbott.

came at once its supporters as well as its patrons; being the first recognition anywhere, among English-speaking people, of the library as an institution worthy of maintenance by public tax, owned and managed by the people, who thereby ceased to be mendicants to private munificence

and tastes. It was the first step to take the library from the less comprehensive and less staple private control and place it as a public institution upon the broad and secure plane of municipal care; it was, in short, the first true public library, as the term has since that time been accepted and adopted in the United States and elsewhere.

Until the year 1849, no law existed under which money could be legally raised by a public tax, or appropriated from any public fund, for the support of public libraries, other than that of the literary fund. This fund, which is a tax on the capital stock of banks, was created by act of the legislature of 1821, and was originally intended for the endowment of a state university, but its provisions were changed in 1828 by an act providing that it should be divided annually among the several towns, and "applied to the maintenance of common



View from Librarian's Alcove.



Reading Room, facing West.

schools or to other purposes of education." Practically the same language was continued in all the revisions of the statutes down to the adoption of the Public Statutes of 1891, when the clause, "or to other purposes of education," was eliminated; hence, no authority is now given for the appropriation of any part of the literary fund for any but strictly school purposes. It was under this act of 182¹, creating this fund, that the public library—being deemed a "purpose of education," as contemplated by the legislature—was given, by vote of the town, part of the literary fund. Two years after the establishment of this library the library committee, in 1835, reported: "We think that the money could not have been better appropriated by the town for the purposes of education, as those who have left the common schools have the means of continuing their education, and all who have

leisure have advantages of improvement." No other town in the state had adopted this interpretation, afterwards so universally accepted, of the act of 182¹, and none took advantage of its provisions for the support of a public library until long afterwards. It was the success of the Peterborough Town Library and the recognition of the justice and wisdom of the principle there enunciated,—namely, that a public library should be supported by the public,—which led up to the special act embodying this theory.¹ Thus, on July

¹ "Peterborough, in 1833, voted to employ a certain sum of money (which, having been raised by state taxation on banks, was distributed to the towns by the state to be used for some educational purpose) in the purchase of books for a town library to be free to the people of the town. This action antedates by sixteen years the first law (that of New Hampshire) providing for town support of libraries, and it seems quite likely that it does present the first case of a free library supported by public funds. . . . In the absence of direct evidence for or against the theory, it is easy to believe that the success of this experiment was largely instrumental in bringing about the legislation of 1849, by which New Hampshire, first of all the states, favored the establishment of free town libraries." "Public Libraries in America," by William I. Fletcher, pages 102 and 103.



Reading Room, facing East

7, 1849, an act of the legislature was approved, "providing for the establishment of public libraries," being the first legislative act of its character in the United States¹; under this law most of the older public libraries of our state have been established and since continued by direct taxation.

The matter of disposing of Peterborough's share of the literary fund was a subject of much discussion in town-meetings from the time of its creation, in 1823, to the time of the establishment of the town library, April 9, 1833, when the following votes were passed:

"*Voted*, That out of the money to be raised the present year from the state treasurer on account of the literary fund of the town, as to make the principal thereof amount to \$750, to remain a permanent fund.

"*Voted*, That the remainder to be raised from the state treasury, together with the interest of said fund, be appropriated the present year.

"*Voted*, That the portion of the literary fund and the interest thereof be appropriated this year; be divided among the small school districts, and applied to the *purchase of books for a town library*."²

¹"New Hampshire gained the honor of leadership by enacting a law in 1849 authorizing towns to grant money to establish and maintain public libraries, the amount of such grants being fixed by the voters of the respective towns. Libraries so formed and maintained are exempt from taxation. Before the passage of this law the town of Peterborough had, by a vote of April 9, 1833, established a town library, and in that year set apart from its share of bank tax, the proceeds of which are distributed among the towns of the state to be used for literary purposes, \$66.84, to buy books." "Public Libraries," by John Eaton, LL. D., commissioner of education (Washington, 1876), part 1, page 447.

²"The wording of these votes seems very obscure. The fact intended to be conveyed was, no doubt, this:—(1st) That of the money heretofore received by the town on account of the literary fund, with enough of this year's receipts to make \$750, be formed into, and remain, a permanent fund, as it is at the present time. (2d) That what remains after completing this fund, be appropriated, with the interest on said fund, the present year. (3d) Is a repetition of the last vote with the following: to be divided among small school districts, and applied to the purchase of books for a town library." "Peterborough Town History," page 118.



Glimpse into the middle story of the Book Room;
Capacity, 40,000 volumes.

At this meeting a committee was chosen to make the division and to "manage the concerns of the library." Books were purchased, and the library opened as a free public library that year and the nucleus of this institution was on that date permanently established. For sixteen years it was maintained from the annual appropriation from the literary fund. The act of 1849, however, enabled the town to raise by direct tax additional money for this purpose, and these two sources of income were continued down to the adoption of the statute of 1891, since which time the annual town appropriation, and the income from funds given to the town containing the stipulation that they shall be in addition only to the annual appropriation for the benefit of the library, have been sufficient to support it under its present progressive management, it being the first in the state to adopt, in 1834, and continue to the present time, the policy of keeping the

library open every Sunday.¹ The first printed catalogue of the books in this library was published in 1837; it was a little three and a half by six inch, sixteen page pamphlet, and catalogued 579 volumes.

Care has been taken, under its



Riley Goodridge.

The first librarian.

recent management, to have this public town library what its founders intended and what its title implies,—namely, public, as referring to the entire body of the people composing the inhabitants of the town,—without special reference to any one religious, political, or social class; public, not alone in the fact that all have free access thereto, but public, in having those books which that public read. This is as it should be in all our public libraries. When the word public or town is used, as here,

¹ "Picturesque Peterborough," by Edward French, M. D., *GRANITE MONTHLY*, volume 18, page 228.

with reference to property, it describes the use to which the property ought to be applied, and the character in which it must be held. If, in its management and the selection of books, the demands of any particular class is regarded to the exclusion, or without an equal consideration, of the requirements of another class of the taxpayers, it is not in its true sense a public library, and its name is a misnomer in spirit and substance; the intelligent cosmopolitan tastes of the community in the selection of good, cultivating, moral books, which all will read, must be regarded in con-

at least, a breach of trust. While Peterborough cannot claim that its public library is the pioneer of this correct policy, it can be said, however, that it is at the present time adopted here, and all intelligent classes composing the population of the town can here find good books, suited to their particular tastes. Religious, political, and social classes can each have libraries with books exclusively of their own particular selection and to suit their own special tastes, but a public library must never be conducted along these lines; it must have good books for all classes of their taxpayers.

The library was established as a public institution in Goodridge's block, now owned by John D. Hannon, in 1833, occupying a small part of the store of Samuel Smith, who was at that time postmaster; Riley Goodridge, Samuel Gates, and Henry Steele, having afterward received ap-



Samuel Gates

The second librarian.

ducting a public library which is dependent for its support on a public tax. If this rule is not followed, and the more contracted policy adopted, it is not what its name indicates, its support by public tax is wrong, it is a perversion of the money taken from the people, and is, in a moral sense



Henry Steele

A former librarian.



Susan M. (Gates) Morrison.
A former librarian.

pointment, successively, of postmaster, were appointed librarians. Here it remained until 1848, when it was removed with the post-office to the



John R. Miller.
A former librarian.

little wooden building on the corner of Main and Grove streets, on land then owned by the Phoenix Corporation, and now occupied by the town house. Here it remained for a considerable time under the charge of Henry Steele, who resigned, and Miss Susan M. Gates was appointed librarian in 1855.

In the fall of 1860, this little building, with the library and post-office in it, was moved to the land where the Bank block now stands, being for a while, and pending the building of the new town-house, occupied by both. Upon the appointment, how-



Georgie A. (Lynch) Carter.
A former librarian.

ever, of John R. Miller, postmaster, August 17, 1861, the post-office was separated from the library and removed to his pharmacy, in the store now occupied by Nichols' harness shop, under the Baptist church. From this date, the post-office and library, which had lived together so

long under the same management, were, until February, 1863, separated, but they were again united in the store that had been fitted up for them in the north part of the basement of the new Town Hall block, and here, under the charge of Mr. Miller, it remained until the summer



Fred Howard Porter.
A former librarian.

of 1873, when it was removed to the south store of the basement, and was forever separated from its old companion, the post-office, and placed in charge of a librarian; here the library remained until it was removed to its present permanent home, from which later place books were first delivered April 22, 1893.¹

The library now receives an income

¹"In 1854 the offices of librarian and postmaster were divided, and Miss Susan M. Gates took the former position, retaining it until her marriage to Mr. M. L. Morrison in 1862. Her successors were J. R. Miller, 1864-'73, Miss G. A. Lynch, 1873-'80, Mr. F. H. Porter, 1880-'84, Mrs. A. F. Dadmun, 1884-'90, and Mrs. E. E. Coffin, who now holds the office."—"Peterborough Town Library," by Mary Morison, page 15.



A. Frances (Laws) Dadmun.
A former librarian.

from three funds. The "James Smith Fund" was given in 1877, by James Smith of St. Louis, Mo., a native of this town, and son of the late John



Eva E. (Damon) Coffin
The present librarian.

Smith, and was accepted by the town at the March meeting of that year. It consisted of a fund of \$3,000, which, by vote of the trustees, was to remain in their hands until it increased to \$5,000, after which time the interest only was to be used in the discretion of the trustees for the benefit of the library. This fund is now over \$10,000.

The "Weston Fund" is a fund of \$100 given April 20, 1878, by Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler of Alameda, Cal., a native of this town, and a daughter of the late centenarian, Mrs. Elizabeth (Treadwell) Weston. It was provided by the donor that three trustees are to have charge of the fund, and the interest only to be given by them to the library committee for the purchase of new books. The provisions of both of these gifts are that the fund shall be kept entire, and that the income thereof shall never be a substitute for the annual town appropriation, but ever to be used in addition to it as a means of constant increase of the library.

The "Henry Washburn Fund" was a legacy of \$250 bequeathed to the town library by Henry Washburn, late of San Francisco, Cal., and was accepted by the town November 8, 1898.

The Peterborough Town Library now occupies a very commodious and substantial building, erected, in 1892, through the munificence of Mrs. Nancy S. Foster, of Chicago, and William H. Smith, of Alton, Ill., both natives of the town, and George

S. Morison of New York, on land donated by its citizens,¹ and was dedicated October 4, 1893. An illustration of this building, with some facts relating to the history of the library, can be found in the report of the State Board of Library Commissioners for 1894, and an illustration of the building on page 213, volume 18, of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*; a



Nancy (Smith) Foster.

further description is given in the excellent little pamphlet, published in 1893, by Miss Mary Morison, which gives an interesting history of the library from its inception to the date of occupancy of its present modern building; in the *Peterborough Transcript* of January 14, 1886, can also be found some data, compiled by the writer of this article, relating to the

¹The land on which the library stands, at the corner of Main and Concord streets, was purchased in 1878 by Person C. Cheney, James Scott, Rev. A. M. Pendleton, Charles Scott, Ezra M. Smith, Charles H. Brooks, Charles P. Richardson, Frederick Livingston, Benjamin L. Winn, and John R. Miller, each paying \$77. The first seven shares were donated. Charles H. Brooks pur-

chased Frederick Livingston's share and donated that in addition to the one originally held by him. A popular subscription was gotten up and the shares of Benjamin L. Winn and John R. Miller were purchased from those two gentlemen and donated. By deed dated March 18, 1893, the land was transferred to the trustees according to the vote of the town of March 15, 1892.

history and management of the library. This library is not only an honor to the town, but will ever remain, in an historical sense, at least, a lasting pride to every inhabitant of our state.



William H. Smith.



George S. Morrison

days—a state library,¹ and the first also, in 1839, to incorporate a state library association.² Surely the library history of our state is one of which its citizens can justly be proud.

Thus it can truthfully be said that not only was our state the pioneer in the establishment of the free public library system, and the first to enact a law authorizing the raising of money by public tax for its support, but it can also be said that it was the first to establish—during its Colonial

¹ New Hampshire took the lead in the establishment of a state library. The first legislative grant for the object was made whilst the state was still a colony, although on the eve of independence. More than forty years passed before the example set at Concord, by the state of New Hampshire was imitated. In or about the year 1813, Pennsylvania established its state library at Harrisburg. In 1816, or in 1817, Ohio followed by establishing a state library in its chief city, Columbus. In 1818 that of New York was established at Albany.—“Free Town Libraries,” by Edward Edwards, page 277.

² “The Library Movement in New Hampshire,” by Louise Fitz, *GRANITE MONTHLY*, volume 15, page 352.

[The illustrations of the library building in this article are from photographs furnished by C. E. Bullard, photographer, of Peterborough.]



OCEAN REVERIES.

By H. M. Rogers.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

Thy waves are rolling, dashing in
From out the boundless main,
Like Dead Sea waves with roaring linn
O'er cities of the plain.

What story tells thy ceaseless surge!
Is it a tale of pain?
Or still for those a constant dirge
Who never came again?

What mysteries lurk beneath thy waves
By time still unexplained!
Held in thy dark unyielding caves—
Since moons have waxed and waned.

Oh! is there aught that e'er befell
On Time's unwritten page,
Thy rolling billows cannot tell
Of many a bygone age?

Bridge thou in sooth the wide abyss
'Twixt falsity and truth,
And tell us all that was, and is,
Back to thy distant youth.

The flood! and was it true that this,
Penned by the prophet's hand,
Disputed book of Genesis,
Was it by God's command?

That rain for forty days and nights
From Heaven's windows poured,
Until the mountains' utmost heights
Thy billows had explored?

Did thy retiring waters bear,
When ebbing back again,
The ancient Ark, and poise it there
On proud Armenia's chain?

And Ararat's historic peak,
When back thy waters rolled,
Bear on its crested forehead, bleak,
The saved, as we are told?

Didst thou, O Sea! in days of yore,
Obey the Saviour's will,
When tempest tossed off the Gadarene shore
He bade thee "peace, be still?"

And when He walked thy troubled waves
 One wild and stormy night,
 Where off Capernaum's shore still raves
 The tempest in its might?

Heard 'st thou, as near the ship He drew,
 Disciples' wondering cry,
 And His response, whose voice they knew,
 "Be not afraid, 't is I?"

Rememberest thou when Joshua fought
 At cities of Beth-ho-ron,
 And was it true, as we are taught,
 The sun stood still on Gibeon?

Didst not thy surges feel the shock
 When Joshua's army won,
 And the pale moon delayed, to block
 Time's wheel o'er Ajalon?

Tell us thy tales of wreck and woe
 Since the creation's dawn,
 No shore but feels thy billowy flow,
 Where caves and caverns yawn.

Beneath thy dark mysterious waves
 Lies many a gallant bark,
 Whose hapless crews found watery graves
 Within thy chasms dark.

Thou chainless, boundless, watery waste!
 Whose tides will ebb and flow
 Forever on, with vengeful haste,
 To lay man's triumphs low—

Until an hour foretold shall come
 To stay thy surges' roll,
 When earth and sea shall hear their doom
 Resound from pole to pole.

Thou shalt, O Sea, give up thy dead,
 And all thy treasures vast,
 "As rise the drowned from the river's bed"
 At sound of the cannon's blast.

God's Angel with one foot on sea,
 And one on solid land,
 Shall swear "time was, no more shall be,"
 No longer time shall stand.

Thou to the soul of man shalt yield
 More lasting still than thou,
 And all thy mysteries stand revealed
 To him who questions now.





CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEWPORT.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NEWPORT.

By Arthur B. Chase.



HERE is nowhere else in New Hampshire, to-day, and probably nowhere outside the state, a finer specimen of that strong, stately, impressive style of church architecture, predominating in the early part of the now closing century, sometimes designated as the "Colonial," but more properly known as the "Georgian," than is presented in the imposing old brick edifice on the easterly side of South Main street, in the beautiful village of Newport, which the Congregational church and society of that town have occupied as a house of worship for more than three quarters of a century. Although not a house "set on a hill," it is the most noticeable building in the village, which is by no means destitute of handsome structures: and, in approaching from a distance, its stately spire is the first object attracting the eye. The exterior of this old church has indeed commended the admiration of all who have seen it; while for three succeeding generations as reverent and as intelligent a company of worshippers as have ever gathered in any church in Christendom have offered their devotions within its walls.

The Congregational church in Newport, as in most of our New Hampshire towns, was the first established. Practically it came in with the settlement of the town. It is chronicled that the first party of

settlers locating in town, who came from Connecticut, and arrived early in June, 1766, united in religious worship, under the spreading branches of a tree, on Sunday, the day after their arrival, thanking God for their safe arrival and invoking his blessing upon the settlement they were establishing. From this beginning, in reality, dates the history of Congregationalism in Newport; and it is noted that since that first Sunday's worship in the wilderness, not a Sunday has passed without public religious service of some kind in the town. For some years the meetings were held in the cabins of the settlers, mainly in that of Robert Lane, Benjamin Giles, one of the leading settlers, usually conducted the services, while at times Dea. Josiah Stevens officiated.

After 1773, when the Proprietors' House, so called, was erected, the meetings, and all other public gatherings were held in that. It was not until October 28, 1779, that a church was formally organized, this being effected through the aid of Rev. Aaron Hall, pastor of the Congregational church in Keene, who acted as moderator of the meeting at which the organization was effected, with Aaron Buel as scribe. The church started with seventeen members, the first regular preacher after its organization being Rev. Samuel Wood, who remained eight or nine months, but declined to settle, and subse-



Interior of Church, looking toward the Pulpit.

quently achieved distinction as pastor of the Congregational church in Boscawen.

The church prospered, however, under temporary ministrations, so that it numbered over fifty members, when Rev. John Remele, characterized as "a man of good ability," was ordained and settled as the first regular pastor, January 22, 1783. History says that he was given a salary of £70 and firewood, which seems to have been more than his services were worth, at all events, since his ministry did not tend to promote the welfare of the church, and his moral character came to be questioned. There were few accessions to the membership, and dissensions sprang up and weakened the organization. His ministry terminated in 1791, and although the church reunited and continued public worship, it was not until January 5, 1796, that another

regular pastor was secured, Rev. Abijah Wines, a resident of the town and a member of the church, being ordained and installed that day. Meanwhile, however, the town had erected a new house especially for church purposes, it being located west of the intervalle, at the turn of the road now going toward Unity, near the foot of what is known as Claremont hill, the original settlers having generally located in this vicinity. The frame of this house was erected June 26, 1793. A sad accident occurred at the raising, in that a son of Elder Job Seamans, pastor of the Baptist church at New London, a young man of nineteen, fell from the top of the framework and was killed. The historian informs us that the sad event was overruled for good, since it resulted in a revival of religion in New London. This house was 42 by 52 feet in



Interior of Church, looking from the Pulpit

dimensions, with a tower on the north end and a projection on the south. It was painted yellow on the outside, but unpainted within, and there was no arrangement for heating, a peculiarity prevailing with all church edifices in those days, the doctrines promulgated being depended upon to provide all the warmth necessary for people of any temperament.

Mr. Wines continued as pastor until December, 1816, a period of nearly twenty-one years, and it is recorded of him that he was "a studious, earnest and faithful minister of the gospel." The church prospered under his ministry, a single revival bringing in 140 members. His salary had been increased from the start, till it reached £52 per annum with twenty cords of wood, and fifty dollars extra for a farm laborer, as he was engaged in farming when called

to the ministry, and continued the cultivation of his land.

December 2, 1818, Rev. James R. Wheelock, a son of President Wheelock of Dartmouth college, was ordained and installed as the next regular pastor, his salary being fixed at five hundred dollars, with a settlement of several hundred dollars in the outset. He was characterized as "ardent and energetic," and another extensive revival was had soon after he commenced his pastorate, which continued till February 21, 1823.

During the latter year of Mr. Wheelock's pastorate, the present stately church edifice was erected, work having been commenced in 1822, and the dedication exercises occurring March 13, 1823. This building was erected through private enterprise, in point of fact the building committee, consisting of James Breck, Hubbard Newton, Elkanah

Carpenter, and Caleb Heath, assuming all liabilities and depending upon the sale of pews for compensation, although much labor was given by others in getting in the foundation and grading the site. The exterior of the church, including the ornate spire, remains to-day as at the first. The interior was finished in accord-

what in 1853, when the floor was raised, the pulpit lowered, and the pews cut down, and in 1868 it was thoroughly remodelled inside, and put in the condition which prevails at the present time, the expense of the work being some \$8,000. At this time, also, a fine new organ was placed in the church by Dea. Dexter



Hon. Dexter Richards.



Mrs. Louisa F. Richards

ance with the style of the time, with square wall pews and a high pulpit elaborately ornamented. It was not until 1832 that stoves were introduced for heating, and three years later a pipe organ was placed in the gallery, mainly through the efforts of Dr. John B. McGregor, who agreed to furnish the services of an organist gratis for three years, and his daughter, Marion, subsequently Mrs. Christopher, long known as one of the most accomplished organists in New York city, was the first to officiate regularly in that capacity.

The interior was changed some-

what in 1853, when the floor was raised, the pulpit lowered, and the pews cut down, and in 1868 it was thoroughly remodelled inside, and put in the condition which prevails at the present time, the expense of the work being some \$8,000. At this time, also, a fine new organ was placed in the church by Dea. Dexter

Richards, who gave the same in memory of a deceased daughter, who had been greatly beloved in the church and society. A vestry was erected in 1844, on the site of the present parsonage. A dwelling, erected by individuals in 1852, was leased as a parsonage, and purchased by the society for that use in 1865. In 1872, both the vestry and the parsonage were sold, and the proceeds, with about \$800 raised by subscription, appropriated toward the present fine chapel, connected with the church, which was erected that year, the main portion of the entire

cost of more than \$6,000 being donated by Deacon Richards, to whom, as well as his devoted wife, Mrs. Louisa F. Richards, the church and society have been indebted for material assistance in many ways and lines. In 1877 the present fine parsonage, near the church, was erected by subscription, at a cost of \$3,500.



Rev. John Woods.

Rev. John Woods, who had previously been settled at Warner, supplied the pulpit for some months after the dedication of the new church edifice, and on January 28, 1824, was regularly installed as pastor, and remained in continuous service in that capacity for twenty-seven years. It is said of him that he was "a learned scholar, a clear thinker, a sound theologian, discreet and judicious in affairs, of dignified and courteous mien, solemn and thoughtful, with decision and firmness in all his purposes." The description is doubtless correct, and even now the older members of the society recall with feelings akin to awe the dignified manner and solemn countenance of this most noted pastor of the town.

Mr. Woods was a native of the town of Fitzwilliam, born September 29, 1785, and graduated from Williams college in 1812. He pursued his theological studies with Rev. Seth Payson of Rindge, and was ordained at Warner, June 22, 1814, remaining pastor of the church there until dismissed to go to Newport.

His long pastorate here was attended with large measure of success, but toward its close dissension arose and a large number of members of the church withdrew, and, with others, organized the Methodist church. He was dismissed, at his own request, July 16, 1851. He was subsequently, for several years, acting pastor of the Congregational church in his native town of Fitzwilliam, where he died May 4, 1861.

The same council which dismissed Mr. Woods ordained and installed his successor, Rev. Henry Cummings, a native of Rutland, Mass., born September 12, 1823, a graduate of Amherst college of the class of 1847, and of Andover Theological seminary in 1850. Mr. Cummings filled a pastorate of fifteen years to the satisfaction of all concerned, during which time one hundred and seventy members were added to the church. He resigned to accept a



Rev. Henry Cummings.



Rev. George R. W. Scott.

call to the pastorate in his native town, and was dismissed July 25, 1866. He remained in the Rutland (Mass.) pastorate until 1874, when he became pastor at Strafford, Vt., and is still residing in that town.

The pulpit was temporarily supplied for about a year after Mr. Cummings's departure, and then Mr. George R. W. Scott, a native of Pittsburg, Pa., born April 17, 1842, and a graduate of Middlebury college in the class of 1864, who was then a student in Andover seminary, was invited to supply the desk for a year, with a view to permanent settlement when his theological course should be completed, in case such arrangement should be satisfactory on both sides. He accepted the invitation with the result that on September 17, 1868, he was ordained and installed in the pastorate, continuing in the same until December 7, 1873. He was subsequently for two years acting pastor of the Cham-

bers Street Congregational church in Boston, and twelve years pastor of the Rollstone Congregational church in Fitchburg, Mass. He is now residing in Newton, Mass.

Rev. Ephraim E. P. Abbott, a native of Concord, born Septem-



Rev. Ephraim E. P. Abbott.

ber 20, 1841, a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1863, and of Andover Theological seminary, 1867, who was ordained at Meriden, May 6, 1868, succeeded Mr. Scott in the pastorate, serving as acting pastor until March 24, 1875, when he was duly installed, and served efficiently until March 3, 1884, when he resigned, and upon dismissal removed to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he engaged in pastoral work for some years, but is now located at Sierra Madra, Cal.

Rev. Charles N. Flanders, a native of Bradford, Vt., born August 24, 1845, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1871, and of Andover, 1874,

who had filled pastorates in Westmoreland in this state and in Wapping, Conn., succeeded Mr. Abbott, being installed May 28, 1884. He filled the pastoral office most acceptably nearly five years, when he also resigned, and was dismissed January 9, 1889. He is now a resident of Portersville, Cal.

Mr. Flanders's successor was Rev. George F. Kenngott, a member of the class of 1889 at Andover Theological seminary, who was called before his graduation and ordained and installed October 8, of that year. Mr. Kenngott was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8, 1864, his father being a native of Wurtemberg

Andover he received a scholarship in pastoral theology, which was spent in personal investigation, at the railroad centers of the country, of the subject, "The Relation of the Churches to the Men who work Sundays on the Railroads and Electric and Surface Roads," the results of which were given in a series of lectures at Andover, and afterwards published. Mr. Kenngott entered enthusiastically upon his pastoral work, and at the first communion after his ordination received thirty-nine members into the church. In 1891 he made the so-called "Newport Experiment," in seeking to federate churches in the towns in the immediate neighborhood. In that year he received and declined a call to the First Congregational church of Bristol, Conn. In June, 1892, he received a call to the First Congregational church of Lowell, Mass., which he accepted.

He was dismissed from the New-



Rev. Charles N. Flanders

and his mother of Scotland. He received his preliminary education in the German Lutheran, Lawrence Grammar and Central High schools of Pittsburgh, and graduated with high honors from Amherst college in 1886. During his senior year at



Rev. George F. Kenngott.

port pastorate July 26, and installed pastor of the Lowell church, September 29, following. In June, 1896, the First Congregational church, distinct from the "Society of the First Congregational church," became incorporated as the "First Trinitarian Congregational church in Lowell." Of this church, now embracing 600 members, with a Sunday-school of 700 members connected, Mr. Kenn-gott still remains pastor.

Mr. Kenn-gott was succeeded in the pastorate by Rev. John Pearson Pillsbury, who was installed January 18, 1893, and dismissed December 18, 1895, on account of ill health. Mr. Pillsbury was a native of the town of Kingston, his family removing to Nashua in his youth. He was educated at Boston university and en-



Rev. John Pearson Pillsbury.

tered the ministry as a Methodist, his first pastorate being at Sunapee. Subsequently he was assistant pastor of the Maverick Congregational church at East Boston, whence he came to Newport. He was a man of brilliant endowments and the finest

spiritual qualities, and had life and health been spared would have gained the highest rank in the ministry. He died at Redlands, Cal., December 2, 1896.

The present pastor, Rev. James Alexander, was installed March 2,



Rev. James Alexander.

1897, after having occupied the pulpit for nearly a year previous. He is a native of Scotland, born in Aberlemno, near Brechin, but spent his early years in Forfar, where his father was engaged in business. Coming to this country in youth, he studied in Boston University and Bangor Theological seminary, graduating from the latter in 1885, and taking a post-graduate course at the Andover seminary in 1886-'88, and meanwhile entering upon the pastorate of the Congregational church in Tewksbury, Mass., where he continued for ten years, until his call to Newport.

Mr. Alexander is a popular pastor

as well as an able preacher. He takes a lively interest in public affairs, and enters earnestly into all plans and projects tending to promote the moral welfare of the community. His manner is frank, hearty, and engaging, and his robust physical health is the fitting counterpart of a broadly cultured mind, which also seeks activity in literary work outside his ordinary professional duty. He married Jane Ann Stewart, daughter of Bailey James Stewart of Forfar, Scotland. They have four children, all boys, the eldest, James S., being now in his third year at Andover (Mass.) academy.

The deacons of this church have been Josiah Stevens, who served from 1784, or earlier, till 1795; Jesse Wilcox, from 1791 till his death in 1823; Uriah Wilcox, from 1795 till his death in 1822; Moses Noyes, from 1819 till his resignation in 1825; Elnathan Hurd, from June, 1819, till his withdrawal in 1850; Sylvanus Hurd, from 1829 till his death in 1831; Josiah Stevens, Jr., from 1829 till his resignation in 1844; Joseph Wilcox, from 1829 till his death in 1882; Henry Chapin, from 1835 till 1854; David B. Chapin, from 1835 till his death in 1874; Dexter Richards, from 1863 till his death in 1898; Rufus P. Claggett, from 1863 till his death in 1898; Francis Foote, from 1875 till his death, which occurred February 5, 1893; Edwin R. Mills, from 1882 till 1885; Dana J. Mooney, from 1886 to the present time; also George A. Dorr, from 1894, and Simon A. Tenney and Rotheus E. Bartlett from 1898, all to the present time.

"The Congregational Society in Newport" was incorporated by act

of the legislature, December 17, 1803, and reorganized, under the law of 1827, as "The Congregational Society for the Support of the Gospel Ministry in Newport," continuing under that style to the present time. The Sunday-school, in connection with the church, was organized in 1819. In 1821 the church voted to "disapprove the practice of using ardent spirit at funerals," and in 1841 adopted a rule requiring a pledge of total abstinence as a condition of admission to the church.

The present membership of the church is about three hundred, and the Sunday-school membership, including two mission schools at Kel-



Dea. Dana J. Mooney.

leyville and Guild, nearly the same. The total number of families included in the parish is 235. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, connected with the parish, has 116 members including the junior branch. Other associated so-

cieties are a local branch of the New Hampshire Woman's Cent society, a large and flourishing Ladies' Aid society, and the "Society of Newport Workers," composed of young ladies of the congregation engaged in benevolent work. The current expenses of the church society are about \$1,900 per annum, and its benevolences aggregate about \$1,100.

This church has always taken pride in the excellent music rendered at its public services, and at present it boasts of as fine a chorus choir as can be heard in this section of New England. It comprises thirty-five singers, all unsalaried, and the parts are well balanced. The music rendered each Sabbath varies from the standard octavo choruses to selec-

tions from oratorio and standard sacred works. On last Easter Sunday Schneck's "Risen King" was given with full chorus and soloists.

Mr. Nelson P. Coffin acts as conductor, and Clarence Dana Mooney is organist.

The good work of the choir may be largely attributed to its able director, who exerts a magnetic influence and a wonderful power in conducting, which has gained him renown outside of the town as well as at home. Visitors to the place who have a good knowledge of music have repeatedly stated that the work of this chorus is the best that can be heard in New England outside the largest cities.

OUR HEROES.

By Emma F. Abbot.

Let them never be forgotten

Who, with willing heart and hand,
In the promise of their manhood
Ventured forth to save our land!

Leaving comforts, home, and safety

When they heard their country's call;
Facing hardships, foes, and danger,
Knowing they were risking all.

Let them never be forgotten,

Nor the dangers which they braved,
While a Union flag floats o'er us
And we have a country saved!

Fewer hands have more to garland

On this year than e'er before;
For the soldier's ranks are thinning,
And the comrades' graves are more.

May it never be forgotten,

When the last true heart and brave
Is at rest, to lay with reverence
Floral tributes on his grave!

May our children's sons and daughters

Teach their children each to lay
Garlands green of love and honor
On each Decoration Day!



IRENE.

By Mary M. Currier.

O silver glory of the moon's soft light,
White overflow of her calm loveliness,
Glimmer upon the dewy foliage,
Gleam upon the rivulet and the lake,
But rest not in full splendor till thou find
Pensive Irene, the pure, the beautiful !
Upon her graceful head thou mayest rest,
Above the fair, uplifted, dreamy brow ;
But come not near the eyes that dwell below
In blessed, fathomless tranquility,
For then thou wouldst break in upon a joy
That lieth there.

There are some moments rare
That come to lives of innocence and love
When thought is ecstasy. The happy days
Of childhood know these moments, and the bright,
Unclouded, golden days of early youth.
O bliss to look upon the summer fields,
The sea, the heavens, and on human life,
And feel one's self a blessed, love'd part
Of all the good, and great, and beautiful
That make up the unbounded universe !
O bliss in glad, harmonious accord
With Nature, Life, and God to dwell, and feel
One's joyful spirit leap in music forth
At God's least, lightest touch ; and thus to be
A part, a necessary holy part,
Of that great, infinitely-blessed hymn
That rises unto Him continually !

These periods of rapturous delight
Are but the common heritage of health
And purity in lad and maid. But few
Are they, who, through the suffering, the sin,
And the contention that are ours, bear on
Far into life a heart still lowly, true,
And pure enough to know such wild excess
Of joy and thankfulness.

One of the few
Was fair Irene. Not sinless was her soul,
But its faint, microscopic blots were such
As only made her dearer to her kind,
And not less precious unto God. She sat

Beside her window, open to the south,
And through it came the sweetness of those blooms
That sweeten with their fragrant lives the May.
Alone she sat, except for visitings
Of happy memories and happy hopes,
That came and went, and then returned again,
And once again, and ever hovered near
Even when farthest, like bright butterflies
About a flower. The beauty of the night
Had laid a deep enchantment on each sense,
And stealing past the charmed ear and eye
Had crept into her heart; and there it found
Another beauty fairer than itself,
The many-petaled rose of matron love.

Her happiness grew deeper and more calm
As still she lingered in the perfumed light.
The distant notes of one lone nightingale
Rose from the wood, a liquid melody
Fount-like upspringing from the desert dim
Of silence round about her shadowed perch,
And Irene leaned far o'er the casement low
To catch the sound. "O Love," she murmured soft,
"Thou spirit that dost quicken all the earth,
And art the life of Heaven, how my soul
Doth worship thee!"

The nightingale passed on
Farther into the wooded west. The breeze
That fain would still have borne to Irene's ear
That longed-for strain, lost on the lengthened way
Those notes too frail and delicately-sweet,
And sank down empty-handed at her side.

And now the beauty of the summer night
Receded from the presence of that love
Within her heart, and love was there alone.
Six years Irene had known of matronhood,
Not perfect as they passed, but perfect now,
For as the moonlight lends the common earth
A more than earthly beauty, so the light
Of love and fancy glinting on these years
Had given them a whiter radiance.
A vista of increasing happiness
From one far point extending to her feet,
And ever broadening, these years now seemed.
Her memory tripped lightly down the smooth

Illumined way to that far point, then danced
 As lightly and unfalteringly back
 To where she stood. And Irene turned about
 And looked upon the years that were to come ;
 And hope tripped laughingly along this way,
 Till distance made her but a tiny speck,
 And then she frolicked back to Irene's side.

“ What is so sweet as loving ! ” breathed Irene.

“ Not even being loved is half so sweet ;

For mine own love I feel, a living joy

In mine own soul, but any other love,

Even my husband's, I can but believe,

Imagine to myself, and dream about.”

And then her heart with all its human love

She lifted up to God in gratitude,

And love of God poured in upon that heart,

Commingleing with the love already there,

Until it overflowed with blissfulness.

“ Dear as my dear ones are to me,” she cried,

“ Still dearer art thou, O thou Love Divine,

Thou perfect Whole, of which all nobleness,

All truth, all beauty, love, and purity,

Are only parts. O what were love or life

Without thy holy presence to pervade,

To harmonize and tranquilize it all ! ”

A filmy cloud that had been fluttering

Its way along across the sky, in haste

To reach the moon, like a great, white-winged moth

Striving to reach a flame, now slipped itself

Between the moon's clear light and the still earth,

Unsatiated yet with limpid beams.

The meadows, and the uplands, and the hills,

The trees, and flowers, and meek, unnoticed grass,

Grieved at this intermission of their joy,

But Irene scarcely felt the gentle shade

That rested for a moment on her face

Then passed away. The moon shone forth again

Encircling her with light and driving back

The troop of little, twinkling, froward stars,

That had been venturing too near to earth,

To their own stations, distant and obscure.

The earth rejoiced once more, but fair Irene

Felt but that Light Divine within her soul,

And her deep incommunicable peace.



DEXTER RICHARDS & SONS' WOOLEN MILL, NEWPORT

A PROSPEROUS INDUSTRY, AND ITS MANAGER.

By H. H. Metcalf.



ALTHOUGH, notwithstanding the general impression to the contrary, New Hampshire has more capital invested, and more people engaged, in agriculture than in manufacturing, or had when the last federal census was taken, as shown by the returns. Its manufacturing industries have been an essential element in the promotion of its prosperity for the last three quarters of a century. The great corporations of the cities, employing their thousands of operatives, have contributed far less, however, to the real welfare of the state than the smaller establishments, generally controlled by individuals, located in the hundreds of thriving villages all over the state, whose operation has given an impetus, therein, to other lines of business, furnished a local market for the surrounding farmers, and thereby proved advantageous not only to those directly concerned but, practically, to the entire community.

One of the most notable of these industries—notable alike from its long uninterrupted operation, the measure of its contribution to the prosperity of the community in which it is located, and the financial success with which it has been conducted, is the establishment in Newport, long familiarly known as the Richards Woolen mill. This plant was commenced on a small scale, in

1847, by Perley S. Coffin and John Puffer, and was known as the "Sugar River Mills," its production being all-wool flannels. Mr. Puffer sold his interest the subsequent year to David J. Goodrich, and Coffin & Goodrich operated the establishment until 1854, in October of which year it came into the possession of Seth Richards & Son, the line of production having been changed, meanwhile, to the gray mixed flannels,—a line of goods which has ever since been a leading and distinctive product of this factory and of which Mr. Goodrich was the originator.

From this point, forward, prosperity attended the operation of the mill. It was started and had continued up to this time as a single sett mill, but in 1855 another sett was added correspondingly increasing its capacity. In 1857 Dexter Richards purchased the interest of his father, Capt. Seth Richards, and continued the business. In 1861, at the outbreak of the war, the mill was materially enlarged, two new setts of machinery being added, and was operated to its full capacity, without cessation, largely upon government contracts. In 1864 the mill was again enlarged, with the addition of two more setts, and, ten years later, another enlargement, with four additional setts, was made, bringing the mill up to its present capacity.

The principal product of this mill



Col. Seth M. Richards.

is known the world over as the "D. R. P." flannel, the trade-mark being the abbreviation of "Dexter Richards, Proprietor," adopted by the late Hon. Dexter Richards, for his goods early in his manufacturing career, and is regarded as an absolute guaranty of excellence.

In 1871, Mr. Richards's eldest son, Seth M., entered the mill, and the following year was admitted to partnership with his father, under the firm name of Dexter Richards & Son, and in this name the business has since continued, notwithstanding the

decease of the senior proprietor two years since. In 1894, William F. Richards, the younger son, became a partner in the business.

COL. SETH M. RICHARDS,

son of Hon. Dexter and Louisa Frances (Hatch) Richards, was born in Newport, June 6, 1850. He received his education in the public schools and Meriden and Phillips Andover academies. He spent one year in a wholesale dry-goods house in Boston, and then, at the age of twenty-one, went into the mill to



Residence of Col. S. M. Richards.

master and pursue the manufacturing business. He soon became a partner, and for the last twenty-five years has been manager, having shortly familiarized himself with all the details essential to the successful conduct of the business, and manifesting in the fullest degree the persistence, discrimination, and practical sagacity which had characterized his father's operations in this and other lines of enterprise.

When it is considered that during all the fluctuations and depressions that have characterized the business life of the country, and which have so seriously affected the woolen manufacturing industry in particular, compelling the suspension of many establishments for long periods, the Richards mill has never ceased work except for the purpose of repair or enlargement, no farther evidence is needed of the superior business

judgment and capacity of the manager, as well as of the excellence of the product.



Front Door.



Hall



Living Room

For the past three years, in addition to the celebrated "D. R. P." flannels, ladies' suitings have been produced to a considerable extent. The ordinary capacity of the mill is about thirty-five hundred yards per day. The goods are marketed in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. From eighty to one hundred hands are given employment, the operatives including native Americans, Irish, French, and Finlanders. Many of these, in the various departments, have been employed for a long time, and naturally feel a strong interest in the business. Mr. Patrick Herrick, who has charge of the dyeing and finishing department, has been engaged there for forty-seven years, and his skill and devotion have contributed much to the success of the establishment. Others have been engaged thirty or forty years, and more, and all employ  s are made to feel that their welfare and that of the mill are identical. This feeling, which the management has ever encouraged, has contributed in no small measure to the success of the establishment, and made it such a strong factor in the general prosperity of the town itself, which ranks among the most favored in the state in this regard.

Colonel Richards is a prominent figure in public affairs, and in the general business life of the community, inheriting in full measure the public spirit always manifested by his father, and commanding in the highest degree the confidence and regard of his fellow-citizens. In politics he is an active Republican. He has served as town treasurer, was a representative from Newport in the legislature of 1885-'86 and senator

from District No. 7 in 1897-'98, holding important committee positions, and exercising strong influence in matters of practical legislation in each term of service. His military title comes from service as aide on the staff of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer. Colonel Richards succeeds his father as president of the First National bank of Newport. He is also a trustee of the Newport Savings bank, president of the Newport Electric Light Company, and of the Newport



Staircase.

Improvement Company, a director of the Northern and the Connecticut River railroads, and of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, and is actively connected with various other enterprises.

He was united in marriage October 9, 1878, with Miss Lizzie M. Farnsworth. They have three children, all daughters, Edith J., Louise F., and Margaret E., and the home life of the family is a perfect embodiment of the spirit of domestic happiness and content.



Music Room.

In the spring of 1898, Colonel Richards commenced the erection of a fine residence on the site of the old Edmund Burke mansion, one of the most delightful locations on the west side of the beautiful common in the northerly part of Newport village, completing the same in November last, and immediately occupying it as home. This house was designed by James T. Kelley, the well-known architect of 57 Mount Vernon street, Boston, and is strictly Colonial in style, in every detail. J. E. Warren & Co., of Marlboro, Mass., were the contractors, and the plumbing and heating was by Lee Bros., of Concord. There is no handsomer residence in Sullivan county and few,

if any, in the state surpass it. The exterior appearance is that of quiet elegance, and the interior finish perfectly corresponds. The hall is finished in quartered oak, the dining-room in mahogany. The appointments throughout are conformed to the idea of home comfort and convenience, while the requirements of social life are not forgotten, a neat little ball-room in the third story being a feature.

With a prosperous business, an assured fortune, a delightful family, a pleasant and happy home, and the confident regard of his fellow-citizens, at fifty years of age, Colonel Richards may well look forward to many further years of useful achievement.



NECROLOGY

MISS HARRIET P. DAME.

Harriet Patience Dame, one of the most noted war nurses of the Rebellion period, a native of the town of Barnstead, a daughter of James Dame, born July 5, 1815, died in Concord, April 24, 1900.

Miss Dame became a resident of Concord in 1843, and, with the exception of a short term spent in the West, resided here until the outbreak of the war when she became a volunteer nurse, and cast her fortunes with the Second New Hampshire regiment, under Col. Joab N. Patterson, who is now in the service of the United States in Cuba. She was ordered to report at Washington, and performed her first duties at Portsmouth, and later was stationed at Budd's Ferry, Va. She was inside the trenches at Fair Oaks while the rebels were bombarding them. At the second battle of Bull Run Miss Dame was taken prisoner by the Confederate forces, but was given a pass through the lines in consideration of her services to both Confederate and Union men.

August 15, 1862, she was placed in charge of all the supplies for sick soldiers sent from New Hampshire, and distributed them among the most needy hospitals. She was at the battle of Gettysburg, and later was sent south to Charleston to investigate the sanitary condition of New Hampshire troops stationed there. In 1864 she was appointed matron of the Eighteenth Hospital corps, and was given supervision of all the nurses on duty, and of the cooking of food for the sick and wounded.

Miss Dame's army service lasted four years and eight months. Since the close of the war she has been honored with the right to wear the cross of the Eighteenth corps, the diamond of the Third Corps of Hooker's Division, the heart of the Twelfth corps, and a badge presented to her by the Second New Hampshire regiment. She was a United States pensioner, but gave her entire income from that source, as well as a great deal besides, to charitable objects. From 1867 to 1895 she was employed as clerk in the treasury department in Washington, a term of twenty-eight years. She was president of the Army Nurses association, organized in 1884. She was a member and a devoted attendant upon the services of the Episcopal church.

JOSEPH H. WORCESTER.

Joseph Hilliard Worcester, of Rochester, for many years a prominent member of the Stafford county bar, died suddenly, from heart failure, April 11.

Mr. Worcester was a son of Isaac and Julia (Hilliard) Worcester, born in the town of Milton, December 31, 1830. His first ancestor in this country was Rev. William Worcester, who came from England, and was the first settled pastor of the first church gathered at Salisbury, Mass.; while on his mother's side he descended from a long line of clergymen, one of whom was the first settled minister of Scotland parish, now York, Me. He fitted for college at Pembroke academy, and entered Brown university a year in advance, in the class of 1854. He took high rank in his studies, winning the first prize in mathematics, but was obliged to

leave in the middle of the Senior year on account of ill health. He engaged for several years in teaching, and in 1861 commenced the study of law in the office of C. R. Sanborn at Rochester. He was admitted to the Strafford county bar in 1864, and began practice in this city. In 1871 he formed a partnership with the late Charles B. Gafney. Later Leslie P. Snow was admitted to the partnership; under the firm name of Worcester, Gafney & Snow, and this title has been retained since the death of Judge Gafney in 1897. He had long been considered one of the best read lawyers in the country.

Mr. Worcester was for ten years a member of the school board, judge of the municipal court from March, 1869, to May, 1875; town clerk in 1865 and 1866, and postmaster from April, 1867, to February of 1868. He had served as a director of the Rochester National bank from the time of its organization in 1874 to the present. He was also one of the incorporators of the Rochester Savings bank. He never cared to run for any political office, but he was an ardent Republican in politics and took a great interest in all affairs pertaining to the welfare of the state and nation, as well as matters of municipal importance.

During the famous Sawtell murder case in 1890, Mr. Worcester was associated with Hon. James A. Edgerly of Somersworth, and George F. Haley of Biddeford, Me., as attorneys for Isaac B. Sawtell.

The deceased leaves one brother who is a cattle dealer in Iowa. With this exception his nearest relatives are cousins. One cousin, George O. Worcester, and his family have made their home with him for a number of years past.

HON. THOMAS SANDS.

Thomas Sands, ex-mayor of Nashua, died at his home in that city, April 18.

He was a son of Hiram Sands, born in St. Albans, Me., July 4, 1838. In his early childhood his father removed to Fort Smith, Ark., where he was supervisor of construction under the United States government, but when he was almost twelve years of age, the family again came East, and for two years he attended a grammar school at Cambridge, Mass. He was then apprenticed for three years to the Davenport Bridge and Kirk Locomotive manufacturers. During this time he exhibited marked talent as an inventor, and it was he who conceived and manufactured the first roller skate.

After his apprenticeship he was employed by the Moss & Osborn Steam Engine company of Boston, and a short time afterwards he invented the Sands brickmaking machine. This proved so successful that he located a manufactory of these machines at St. Johnsbury, Vt. In 1853 he sold his rights in the patents covering his brickmaking machine, and returned to Boston. He produced various inventions in different lines in the course of the next few years, but the last, and, from a financial point of view at least, his greatest invention was the White Mountain ice cream freezer, which is now sold all over the world.

He established a manufactory of these freezers at Laconia and prospered financially until his buildings and stock were destroyed by fire in 1881. It was then that he decided to locate in Nashua, and a stock company was formed to back his latest invention. He was manager of the White Mountain Freezer company until 1889, when he retired from active business pursuits, disposing of his stock in the company for a large sum of money.

Mr. Sands always took an active interest in the questions of the day and frequently related with pride the part he took in resisting the return of Anthony Burns to slavery in the city of Boston, June 2, 1854.

In 1892 he made his debut in active politics as the Republican candidate for mayor of Nashua. He was defeated by a single vote by Williams Hall, the Democratic nominee, and was renominated by acclamation and elected in the fall of 1893.

Mr. Sands was a Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-second degree, a member

and past grand master of Winnipiseogee lodge, I. O. O. F., of Laconia, a member of the Knights of Pythias and of the Good Templars. He was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth C., daughter of Col. S. D. Johnson of Bedford. To them five children were born, of whom Mrs. Ernest A. Morgan of Nashua is the only survivor. His second marriage was to Mrs. Lizzie M., widow of Joseph E. Russell of Laconia, October 6, 1890.

JOHN L. SWETT, M. D.

Dr. John L. Swett, of Newport, one of the oldest and best known physicians in the state, died at his home in that town April 30.

He was born in Claremont, February 17, 1810. His parents were descendants of immigrants from the Isle of Wight, who came to this country and settled in the town of Dedham, Mass., as early as 1637. He was reared on a farm and engaged in farm labor until eighteen years of age, attending the district school in winter. In 1828 and 1829 he pursued academic studies at Wilbraham, Mass., and in 1830 at Meriden, N. H. The two following years were spent in teaching, and in the spring of 1833 he commenced the study of medicine, and prosecuted the same under the instruction of Drs. Tolles and Kittredge, until September, 1835. In the meantime he attended two courses of lectures at Dartmouth college. He then went to Philadelphia to secure the advantage of observing hospital practice, and to continue his studies at the Jefferson Medical college, from which he graduated in 1836. In July of that year he located in practice in Newport, where he ever after resided, meeting with eminent success in his profession, from the active duties of which he retired some years since. He had been a member of the New Hampshire Medical society since 1841, and was its president in 1874. He had also been a member of the National Medical association for thirty-six years, and was an honorary member of the Rocky Mountain and California State Medical societies.

Dr. Swett was an earnest Democrat in politics and a Congregationalist in religion. He had been twice married,—first to Sarah E. Kimball, of Bradford, in 1842. She died ten years later. In 1853 he married Miss Rebecca Beaman of Princeton, Mass., who died in June, 1891. A daughter by his first wife survives, residing in California.

HON. SULLIVAN M. CUTCHEON.

Sullivan M. Cutcheon, a native of the town of Pembroke, born October 4, 1833, died at Detroit, Mich., April 18, 1900.

Mr. Cutcheon fitted for college at the "Gymnasium" and Pembroke academy and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1856. Going West he was a teacher in the Ypsilanti, Mich., high school for some time, and was superintendent of schools at Springfield, Ill., from 1858-'60, meanwhile pursuing the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in July, 1860, and practised in Detroit, Ypsilanti, and again in Detroit. In 1860-'64 he served in the Michigan house of representatives, being speaker in 1863-'64. He was chairman of the Michigan delegation to the Republican National convention of 1868; national bank examiner, 1865-'72; president of the commission for the revision of the state constitution, 1873; United States district attorney, 1877-'85. Subsequently he served on the commission to secure uniformity of state laws.

Among other offices which he held were: Trustee of Olivet college, president of the trustees of Harper hospital, Detroit, for which \$200,000 was raised in his administration; of the Dime Savings bank of Detroit, and the Ypsilanti Savings bank; president of the J. E. Potts Salt and Lumber Company, and subsequently of the Moore Lumber Company; treasurer of the Moore and Whipple Lumber Company.

Mr. Cutcheon was president of the Y. M. C. A. of Detroit, 1884-'90. He was

a delegate to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Brooklyn in 1876, and in Washington in 1893, and a member of the Pan-Presbyterian council in Toronto in 1892. He married Josephine M. Moore in Ypsilanti, in 1859.

REV. MASENNA GOODRICH.

Rev. Masenna Goodrich, one of the best known clergymen of the Universalist denomination, died at Central Falls, R. I., May 2.

Mr. Goodrich was a son of Col. John Goodrich, and a native of Portsmouth, born September 15, 1819. He was ordained to the ministry in 1845. He held pastorates at Haverhill and East Cambridge, Mass., Lewiston, Me., Waltham, Mass., and Pawtucket, R. I., successively, and was for a time professor of biblical languages and literature in the Theological school at St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y. Subsequently he was pastor fourteen years at Burrillville, R. I., and still later at Harrisville, in the same state. In recent years his home has been at Central Falls, and, owing to a throat trouble, he had not preached for some time past, but devoted himself to literature and study. For nearly a quarter of a century he was the chief editorial writer for the Pawtucket *Gazette and Chronicle*. He was a close student, and thoroughly mastered the Greek and Hebrew languages without the aid of a teacher. He was unsurpassed in his knowledge of the Bible, and was one of the few clergymen participating in the presentation of papers in the World's Congress of Religions at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Mr. Goodrich married Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Simes Nutter of Portsmouth, April 22, 1846, by whom he is survived, with one daughter, Emily, the last of five children, who has always lived with her parents.

NIEL McLANE.

Neil McLane, for more than half a century an honored citizen of New Boston, born in Francestown, January 19, 1816, died in New Boston, March 22, 1900.

He was the eldest of a family of fourteen children, reared on a farm, and inured to labor and frugal living, with little opportunity for school attendance. He went to New Boston in 1846, where, four years later, he married Miss Sarah Kelso, making his home on the spot where he subsequently resided. For about forty years, in company with his brother, Rodney McLane, he carried on the manufacture of doors in the shop now used by the electric light plant. Notwithstanding his lack of educational advantages he was a great reader and a thorough student of history, and few men were possessed of a larger fund of knowledge. He was a staunch Republican, though never seeking office, and a man safely to be consulted in all town affairs. He served as New Boston's delegate in the last constitutional convention. He was an active member of the Presbyterian society, and a constant attendant of that church.

HON. GEORGE O. WAY.

George O. Way, born in the town of Lempster November 14, 1829, died at Minneapolis, Minn., April 6, 1900.

Mr. Way lived in Lempster till 1844, when he removed with his father to Claremont. In 1854 he emigrated to Minnesota, locating in an unsettled region, and named the town Claremont. He was prominent in the early politics of that state, and represented Dodge county in the first legislature, but had resided in Minneapolis for many years past. He was a brother of Dr. O. B. Way and Mrs. Ira Colby of Claremont, in this state.



HON. FRANK D. CURRIER.

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HON. FRANK D. CURRIER.

By H. H. Metcalf.

FOR a long series of years the Grafton County bar has held high rank in the state for the solid ability and brilliant attainments of its membership, which has included many lawyers who have not only become prominent in their profession, but also attained conspicuous position in public and political life. A leading representative of the younger generation of Grafton county lawyers is Hon. Frank D. Currier of Canaan, than whom probably no man of his years is better and more favorably known to the people.

The town of Canaan is not especially adapted to the most successful agriculture, while its manufacturing advantages are also limited. Nevertheless it has contributed its full share to the intellectual wealth and progress of the times; and its sons and residents have exercised no small influence in public life and in the domain of jurisprudence. At least five men who have occupied conspicuous judicial positions have been reared in, or have been residents of, this town. Hon. Jonathan

Kittredge, an eminent lawyer, who was for a time chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was for nearly thirty years a resident of Canaan. Hon. Jonathan E. Sargent, long an associate justice and later chief justice of the supreme court of the state, commenced practice and was for several years located in this town, receiving here his first appointment, as solicitor of Grafton county. Two present members of the supreme court—Associate Justice William M. Chase, and Chief Justice Isaac N. Blodgett—are natives of this town, where, also, was reared Caleb Blodgett of the superior court of Massachusetts, an older brother of Isaac N., and all three of the last named, it may be added, have their summer homes in the quiet and beautiful village of Canaan "Street."

This town also gained celebrity (and unpleasant notoriety it may also be added) in educational circles as the location of Noyes academy, the first school of the kind established in the country which opened its doors to colored students upon equal terms with white. The action of the trus-

tees in taking this course called out bitter denunciation and aroused violent antagonism, which eventually resulted in breaking up the school, some fifteen or twenty colored students being obliged to make their departure from town at night to escape bodily harm. This was in 1835. The trustees, in announcing their purpose in regard to the school, through a circular address to the public, had united in saying: "We propose to do nothing for the colored man, but to leave him at liberty to do something for himself. It is not our wish to raise him out of his place nor into it, but to remove the unnatural pressure which now paralyzes his faculties and fixes him to the earth. We wish to afford him an impartial trial of his ability to ascend the steps of science, and to tread the narrow way which leadeth unto life. We wish to see him start as fairly as others, unconfined by fetters, unincumbered with burdens, and buoyant with hope, and if he shall then fail, we shall at the worst have this consolation—that we have done our utmost to confer upon him those excellent endowments which the wisdom of God and the solemn appeal of our fathers have taught us to regard as the appropriate distinction of immortal and infinitely improvable beings."

The second on the roll of trustees, signing this address, of whom there were ten in all including Nathaniel P. Rogers of Plymouth and George Kent of Concord, was Nathaniel Currier of Canaan, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, a prominent and influential citizen of the town, who was the son of Daniel Currier, an early settler of the town

of Plymouth, where he was born October 6, 1791. He located in Canaan in early life, where he was engaged in the manufacture of woolen cloth for many years, and also became an extensive landowner. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile business, building a large store and conducting an extensive trade. His son, Horace S. Currier, the second of ten children, was engaged as a clerk in the store, after receiving a substantial education, and subsequently engaged in trade for himself with much success, conducting a large general store on the present site of the Cardigan House. He was a highly respected and influential citizen, and, although dying at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, had served in the legislature and as treasurer of Grafton county, besides occupying other responsible positions. His wife, who survived him, with five children, was a daughter of the late Dr. Caleb Plastring of Lebanon. She died in 1889, at the age of sixty-three.

Frank D. Currier, eldest son and second child of Horace S. and Emma (Plastring) Currier, was born in Canaan, October 30, 1853. He received his education in the common schools of his native town, the Concord High school, and Kimball Union academy at Meriden, finishing with a special course in Dr. Hixon's private school in Lowell, Mass. Choosing the legal profession as the most congenial field of effort, he commenced study for the same in the office of Pike & Blodgett at Franklin and finished with the late George W. Murray in Canaan, and was admitted to the bar at Plymouth in 1874, at the age of twenty-one years. He spent

the greater portion of the year 1875 in traveling in the West and on the Pacific coast, quite extensively in California, but finding no location that suited him better, he returned home, and in 1876 opened an office and commenced practice in his native town, where he soon acquired a profitable business.

Living in a "close town," where partisan controversy was generally sharp, and having a natural "bent" for politics he soon became a leader of the Republican party in the town, and in 1878 was chosen a member of the legislature, taking an active part in the work of the following session, in which he served as a member of the house committee on revision of the laws and as chairman of the committee on mileage. His interest and activity in political work soon extended beyond town limits, and his skill and tact in the management of partisan affairs came to be so fully recognized that in the campaign of 1882 he was made secretary of the Republican State committee, a position which he filled with signal ability for four successive campaigns.

Meanwhile he was elected clerk of the New Hampshire senate for the legislature of 1883 and again in 1885; in the campaign of 1886 he was chosen senator in his district and, upon the assembling of the legislature in June following, although a new member, his special fitness for the presidency of the senate was promptly recognized—his experience as clerk having given him unusual advantage—and his incumbency as the presiding officer was characterized by a readiness of action and fairness of conduct which had never been surpassed.

He was also a delegate to the Republican National convention in Chicago in 1884, and had his party been successful in the country in that campaign would undoubtedly have been given an important federal appointment. It triumphed in the next, however, and in 1890 he was appointed by President Harrison naval officer of customs at the port of Boston, one of the most honorable and lucrative offices under the general government that ordinarily comes to a New Hampshire man, and which has been held, indeed, for a long series of years by citizens of the Granite state. His administration of this office was so thorough and efficient that at the close of his term, in 1894, he received the written commendation and congratulation of the board of special agents appointed by the Cleveland administration, then in power, to examine and report upon the condition of the customs business at that port, for the highly creditable and satisfactory condition in which the business of the office was found.

Retiring from the naval office in July, 1890, Mr. Currier immediately resumed the practice of his profession in Canaan, in which he has since been successfully engaged, but has not neglected to give his party the benefit of his service upon the stump, where he is a pleasing and effective speaker, and his counsel and assistance in other directions.

In November, 1898, he was again chosen by his townsmen as a representative in the legislature, and, in accordance with the universal wish and expectation of his party throughout the state, manifested through the press and otherwise, even before the election, when it became understood



Residence of Hon. Frank D. Currier.

that he was to be a member, he was made speaker upon the organization of the house, and, suffice it to say, he brought to the discharge of the delicate and responsible duties of that position a readiness, tact, and judgment seldom equaled and never surpassed, insuring the shortest and most harmonious legislative session ever holden in the state since the adoption of the biennial system.

Mr. Currier was united in marriage, May 31, 1890, with Mrs. Adelaide (Rollins) Sargent, establishing his home in a handsome and finely appointed residence, erected that year, at the corner of Depot and School streets in Canaan Village, and which they still occupy. Although a busy man, professionally and otherwise, Mr. Currier has a taste for reading, and has a large and well selected miscellaneous library. He also enjoys, with Mrs. Currier, in full measure the pleasures

of social life, and their home has always been the seat of a generous hospitality. He is prominent in the Masonic order, being a member of Social Lodge, St. Andrews Chapter, and Sullivan Commandery. He is also a member of Mt. Cardigan Lodge, Knights of Pythias of Canaan, and of Indian River Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, taking a strong interest in each organization.

Mr. Currier is now in the early prime of life, with years of growth and increasing capacity for valuable public service in prospective. In the natural order of things he is likely to be called to other and higher positions of trust and responsibility at the hands of his fellow-citizens. Should such be the case no more can consistently be asked at his hands than the same devotion and fidelity, in relative measure, that has characterized his service in positions heretofore occupied.



HEAVENWARD.

By Cyrus A. Stone.

Heaven lies alongside of our daily lives,
By every pathway are its treasures found,
He, who most truly lives and nobly strives,
May reach its portal "at a single bound."

No distant realm beyond the starry skies
Awaits our homeward flight on weary wing,
Nearer by far, the unseen country lies,
Fanned by the zephyrs of eternal spring.

Its shining walls bend low along the shores
Of earth's dark continents and surging seas,
Its voices echo when the tempest roars,
And sweetly blend with summer's passing breeze.

Around its buttressed towers no billows beat,
No wrecks lie stranded on its glittering sand,
No storm's black wing sweeps through the golden street,
No darkness falls in that bright morning land.

Not far from our dim shore, swings wide the gate
To its still waters and its pastures green,
Not very far, the many mansions wait,
Only a narrow river rolls between.

Drop then ye curtains of the starless night!
Let winds and waves contend with sullen roar,
My homeward way glows with a purer light
Than ever yet hath shone on sea or shore.

Saviour supreme! O help me still to stand
Firm in my faith, my hope, my love to Thee,
To walk with Thy sweet promise, hand in hand,
"Until the day breaks and the shadows flee."





Unitarian Church, Littleton.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN LITTLETON.

By Jane Hobart Tuttle.

THE records of the pioneer movement of Unitarianism in Littleton are few and scattered. There is hardly a voice left to relate to us how and by what means the first liberal society of the town was formed; only now and then do we meet one who remembers the days of auld lang syne and can shed some light upon a background that is vague and shadowy.

We do know this—that far back in the twenties when Littleton was a mere country village, in the days when she could boast of only twelve houses, in the days of the one general store and the tavern, of the carding mill and the potash factory, before the echo of the steam whistle had sounded its note of civilization among

the northern hills, there swept into the community a wave of liberalism, an infinitesimal part of that great and powerful tide which was rising slowly but surely throughout the New England states. We also know that just previous to this came that zealous young Unitarian, Henry A. Bellows, who established a law office here and entered upon the practice of his profession, and that one year after his arrival, probably through his influence and interest, there came the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, a Harvard graduate and an earnest advocate of the liberal cause.

Existing records tell the story of an organization some time between 1829 and 1833 of a society which called itself the First Unitarian Society of Littleton.

The leading laymen were Truman Stevens, George and Moses P. Little, Henry C. Redington, Otis Batchelder, and Henry A. Bellows.

On the site of the present Congregational church the Congregationalists of that time and their Unitarian brethren erected a church with the agreement made and understood among them that the Unitarians were to have the building one Sunday and the Congregationalists the next. From one spot and one place Orthodox and Liberal sent forth their hymns of worship—the one of praise to the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," the other to "One God the Father," of whom are all things.

Looking back over the fifty years, it is hard to see just why the cause was abandoned. That they grew discouraged in striving to sow seed

in the rocky soil of Northern New Hampshire is certain.

The members were from among the wealthiest families of the town; but evidently money was powerless to make glad the waste places of the northern hills, and liberal seed failed of harvest.

Many a yoke has been easier; many a burden has been lighter; many a load has been carried and endured longer until blessing crowned the waiting.

And yet from out the garnered treasury of the years has come a present-day heritage of strength and light and

"All of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad."

The town was growing. Many Universalists had come to make their



Unitarian Church—Interior on Children's Day

homes in the little mountain hamlet. But instead of going into the house of the Lord and taking sweet counsel with their Unitarian friends, they held aloof through some slight difference in the respective beliefs, and allowed the Unitarians to fight the good fight alone.

After Mr. Palfrey's services were brought to a close, the society called



The late Dr. Charles M. Tuttle.

as pastor the Rev. William Pitkin Huntington, a brother of the well-known bishop of New York city.

With the termination of Mr. Huntington's pastorate the church had for the next two years as its minister the Rev. William Dexter Wilson, who was destined in the coming years to become one of the greatest authors and scholars of America. Mr. Wilson was the last minister the society had. With his departure the members lost interest; zeal waned; no one was called to fill the vacancy, and the little band which had braved the

world for ten years went out of existence.

For a quarter of a century Unitarianism had no place amid the churches of Littleton; but the old spirit of liberalism had not gone to sleep forever. There remained a germ that could not be destroyed. A new set of liberals arose. Under the leadership of C. W. Rand, Luther D. Sanborn, H. H. Metcalf, and Mrs. Frank G. Weller, a society was formed taking the name of the Liberal Christian Society of Littleton, and with William J. Bellows as chairman of the board of trustees. The services were held in Farr hall where the pulpit supplies were generally Universalists, sometimes Unitarians, and once in a while Free Thinkers.

For lack of funds that which had been one of the brightest hopes of a few liberal-souled men and women had to be given up, and went the way of its predecessor.

"Unitarianism can never gain a foothold here," was the universal prophecy, but despite old failure, warning, and the force of the prophet's word, it came to pass in due season that a third attempt should be made at establishing a Unitarian church in Littleton.

A certain physician, Dr. Charles M. Tuttle, who was not a church-goer, who never went inside churches, but who had the liberal convictions of the day, met the Rev. James B. Morrison, whose pastorate was in a community twenty miles away, and spoke to him of having liberal preaching in Littleton. Whenever the two met, the physician would say: "Well, son, when are you coming down to preach the gospel to us heathen in Littleton?" For a year

this went on. At the end of that time the good seed took root and the minister came.

That was but the beginning. For the next seven years fortnightly every Sunday afternoon, after holding his own service in the morning in Lancaster, through summer and winter, save in rare instances when Harvard or Meadville students supplied the pulpit, through rain or sunshine, storm or calm, he drove the long distance in love of the faith and in loyalty to the truth, coming down to "preach the gospel to the heathen."

In Union hall and later in Opera hall the services were held, the minister giving his services, the physician securing the hall and the choir. Not long ago one of the few who worshiped there was known to say, "Many a time I went to the hall where, besides the minister, choir, and myself, there were only five others for a congregation, but we held our services just the same."

After two years of struggle and discouragement there came a new devotee. Gen. George T. Cruft drove over from Maplewood, some six miles distant, one summer Sunday, saw the situation, opened his heart and his pocketbook to the cause and has kept them open ever since; not only that, but despite the countless demands of political, business, and social duties, driving the long distance when at Maplewood that he may be present in his pew on Sunday morning. Never has he once faltered in the load which he shouldered at the beginning of the journey. Others might grow discouraged. He, never! Others might grow fainthearted. It only made him more staunch and loyal. When others

paused dismayed, it was his part to speak the word of good cheer and inspiration.

It was not until after three years of the earnest loyalty of five determined men that the followers met and organized a religious society, and soon after decided to erect a place of worship. The names are found on the church books to-day. There are



Gen. George T. Cruft.

President of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association; Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the First Unitarian Church, of Littleton.

thirteen original members, but amid them all these five stand out with peculiar luminousness and there is a world of determination in the signatures as they appear upon the old church page,—James B. Morrison, George T. Cruft, Porter B. Watson, Hosea B. Patterson, and Charles M. Tuttle. The minister had been working. The Second Church of Boston, whose pastor was the Rev. Edward A. Horton, in whose honor the hall below the auditorium is named,

gave him \$1,500. Out of his own salary he donated some \$900. The loan fund advanced \$1,500. Numerous Woman's Alliance branches throughout New England contributed amounts to the cause, and in 1886 a lot of land, through the in-



Joseph S. Frye.

strumentality of Joseph S. Frye, who although not a member was one of the strongest workers in the Unitarian movement from the time of instigation to the date of his removal to the West, and Rev. James B. Morrison, was secured and the foundations were laid of the First Unitarian church of Littleton.

Now there came into prominence in the life of the church seven young women. Following the example of the Rev. James B. Morrison, they, too, became infested with the spirit of money-getting. The first entertainment ever given by the society was arranged by the seven, and the money which they cleared from the

affair was deposited in the Littleton Savings bank. It is related of them that at the completion of the church when workmen, under the direction of Mr. Morrison, were putting down a second hand carpet donated by the Hollis street church of Boston, several of these young women happened in and not liking the appearance, ordered the carpet taken up, went to the bank and drew out one hundred dollars, the sum to which the fund had grown, and with the money purchased a new carpet that very day, which has until recently been a part of the auditorium.

Of those older women who played an important part in the history of this church much could be said. As the Ladies' Guild, and later as the Women's Alliance, they won for themselves the warmest gratitude of church and people. Nobly they have given; bravely they have labored, and "all their works do praise them."

On the banks of the flowing Ammonoosuc, with a background of gently sloping hills, with all that environment could do to render it a beautiful and attractive place wherein for mankind to worship, the building stood completed.

Three months before its dedication, in the month of May, Dr. Charles M. Tuttle, who had loved the cause as one of the dearest loves of his heart, went forth into the silent land, the first member of the church to join that "choir invisible whose music makes the gladness of the world."

August 3, 1887, on a beautiful day in midsummer occurred the dedication. Rev. Edward A. Horton delivered the sermon on "Take care

of the church." The keys of the building were presented by the Rev. James B. Morrison to General George T. Craft, and the formal act of dedication was given by the congregation led by the Rev. Samuel C. Beane. Standing they together repeated impressively: "To Thee, O God, our Father, we humbly dedicate this house, the work of our hands, that in it we may worship Thee; that in it we may learn to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent; that here in the gladness and the strength of the life that is to come, we may abound in love to one another and to all men in righteousness of life and in faith and trust toward the Father of our spirits. O Lord, establish Thou the work of our hands; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it. Amen."

August 3, 1887, the edifice was a mere structure, an example of architecture created by the hand of man. August 4, 1887, it became a living church, dedicated to grand and lofty principles of life and character, a moral force in the community with all the responsibilities which that might bring to it in the passing years.

In "Ships that Pass in the Night," the heroine, Bernadine, is recorded as saying: "I had a friend once. She had only to come into my room and all was well with me, but she went away, she and hers, and that was the end of that chapter."

"Yes," responds Robert Allitsen, "I, too, know something about the ending of such a chapter."

Ever since this church was completed, people have been going away. No sooner was it dedicated than some of its strongest members re-

moved from town. Almost all the young women went away. One, however, remained, and in the winter of '87, alone and unaided, she arranged a series of entertainments, and gave them in Horton hall, clearing only a small sum but going on undaunted, and saying to those who laughed: "I don't care if I make only twenty-five cents. I shall have them just the same," and winning such a name for herself in the town that when her brother-in-law addressed a note to "Miss Horton Hall, Getter Up of Entertainments," she, the one for whom it was destined, received it all right. But, she, too, had to go away. Her father removed



The late Rev. James B. Morrison

to Spokane Falls, he and his, and that was the end of that chapter.

It was not until the June after the dedication that the church had its first established pastor: the Rev. L. D. Cochrane, who came from the Meadville Divinity school, filled with cour-

age and zeal for the new faith, and pastor and people started out on the new life together, bound by the mystic tie of brotherhood, and resolving in the inmost sanctuary of their hearts to render the church more than a mere "house made with hands."

"Large as Thy love forever more,
And warm and bright
And good to all."

Rev. George W. Stone, formerly treasurer of the American Unitarian association, has said that there are seven kinds of Unitarians. Whether all these varied kinds and conditions have been at one time or another represented in this First Unitarian church of Littleton is an unsolved question in its history.

First there are the Accidental Unitarians, who just happen to be Unitarians because their fathers belonged to that church. "When such a Unitarian," says Mr. Stone, "marries an Episcopalian, he becomes an Episcopalian too."

Next there are the Fastidious Unitarians who want the other people to do the acts of kindly charity, thus allowing the Unitarians to attend to scholarly sermons and literary discourses, dwelling forever in an iceberg and intellectual isolation. Third among Mr. Stone's definitions come the Orthodox Unitarians, who desire to hear each Sunday a radical sermon which will tear into a million shreds the dogmas of the old faith.

Following on the list are the Metaphysical Unitarians, who are always talking their religion on the street corners and in the market place, and are desirous of holding controversies with any one who will argue.

Then there are the Unconscious

Unitarians. "There are many of these," says Mr. Stone, "so many that if they should join the Unitarian ranks, the denomination would be the strongest in the country."

The Ceremonial Unitarians come next. They are a large class and they appear only at weddings and funerals.

One might also add to Mr. Stone's seven the Bigoted Unitarian who thinks that his is the only faith on earth containing truth, who is always telling how he is abused by the Orthodox, and who somehow gets confused in his belief, and instead of reading the old principles "Love to God and Love to Man," reads them "Love to God and love to Unitarians."

Last of all there is the true Unitarian, the man who, by the "meditations of his heart, the deeds of his hands," lives the religion of a noble manhood; the woman who believes with all her strength that there is no



Rev. Leroy Fletcher Snapp.

religion in all the world so beautiful as the religion of a beautiful character.

No doubt every kind has been represented in the ranks of the church, at one time or another, but despite the fact, the society has grown and waxed strong.

At the conclusion of the pastorate of the Rev. L. D. Cochrane, who served the society through three years of faithful and consecrated endeavor, and who is now located at East Lexington, Mass., the Rev. Ure Mitchell was called as minister. Mr. Mitchell remained two years, at the



Rev. W. C. Litchfield.

end of which period the Rev. Leroy Fletcher Snapp, a young Virginia theologian formerly of the Methodist faith, became pastor. The church retained him as minister for two years when he left to enter the Harvard Theological school, subsequently receiving a call to Malden, Mass., where he is now settled in active work.

The Rev. W. C. Litchfield succeeded him, and pastor and congregation enjoyed the most harmonious relations during a two years' pastorate. In December, 1898, these connections so pleasantly sustained were



Rev. Charles Graves.

severed of necessity, owing to the ill-health of Mr. Litchfield, who removed to his home in Middleborough, Mass., at that time. For the past two years he has occupied a seat in the Massachusetts legislature as representative from the city of his residence.

In the month of April, 1899, after four months of candidating, a state which is the most forlorn of "abominations of desolation" for any church—and methinks for the candidates, too—the society called to its service the Rev. Charles Graves of the Meadville Divinity school.

The year of his ministry has been a successful one, a year of manful endeavor in the cause dear to his heart, and through his unceasing efforts, put forth in earnest activity for every department of church life, the society is enjoying a new lease of ardor and interest.

In the pulpit of the church given in memory of the late Dr. Charles M.



Window in Unitarian Church.

Tuttle by the Ladies' Aid society of the Unitarian church of Concord, have stood many of the renowned leaders of the Unitarian body, some of them indeed world-known,—Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Robert Collyer, Mrs. Laura Armiston Chant, Dr. Charles G. Ames, Dr. Grindall Reynolds, Rev. George W. Stone, Dr. Edward A. Horton, Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, and many others.

The church 'has been singularly blessed during the years of its existence by gifts of good fortune.

Of these the most memorable is perhaps the beautiful figured window unveiled on Easter Sunday, April 15, when, after three weeks with designers and decorators, the auditorium was re-opened for the Easter service practically in a remodeled condition. The window is nine and one half feet high, and is a copy of the "Sermon on the Mount," the painting by the famous German artist, Heinrich

Hofmann. Mrs. Eunice Cruft and her son, General George T. Cruft, are the donors.

General Cruft also at this time of renovation caused the original set of side windows to be removed, and instituted new ones of beautiful and harmonious design, fashioned of opal and English Antique glass corresponding to that used in the construction of the figured window.

A handsome new carpet, the gift of General Cruft's aunt, Miss Harriet O. Cruft of Boston, also came to the church at the Easter tide.

It was Mrs. Cruft, who, with her late husband, the Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, gave to the church in the year 1893 the magnificent pipe organ which is one of the fairest and most inspiring features of the church environment.

A legacy from Mr. Cruft has also added within the year to the society's wealth of possessions a parsonage, that most needed requisite to the success of any society whose mission is broad in adapting the intellectual and social ideal side by side with the religious and spiritual.

Reverent and tender is the tribute which the children of this church, all who come after those who now constitute its members, shall pay to the memory of Rev. Samuel Breck Cruft. It does not need the pealing organ or memorial window to remind one of this strong and beautiful soul whose name goes down to children's children honored and revered.

As one looks back into the past there are names that shine out of the chambers of memory with exceeding great glory. The hearts that beat for the cause, the hands that labored so faithfully are still, but the church

they established stands to-day as a memorial to its founders and its benefactors, the living and the dead; it stands as a monument to that quality which is one of the grandest and divinest in human nature—loyalty to truth.

With deepest, tenderest gratitude should be crowned the name of Rev. James B. Morrison.

A most appreciative and grateful song should be sung to the memory

to attend services from Maplewood, where she was passing the summer, and began at once to take an interest in the little church she then saw for the first time; this interest manifesting itself in numerous channels of activity and substantial and generous financial aid.

I deem it a privilege to select one name and crown it with affectionate and appreciative regard. He loved this church in deed and truth. No man living now loves it more; no man coming after him can ever give to it more loyal service than he. As long as the church endures, the memory of Porter B. Watson will be enshrined among its tenderest heritages.

"Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their heads
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim."

Abiding praise would one give to all those leaders, true and loyal, who "toiled much, endured much, fulfilled much," in the cause of Unitarianism.

Stony soil it was and seemingly barren, but it gave forth abundant fruit and blossomed into beauty, and to those hands that worked the marvel shall all the glory be!

May the First Unitarian church of Littleton stand long by the side of the gently flowing river; may the spirit of love grow tender and true within her walls; may she win for herself a gracious name amid the churches of the town; may the little children in the pews to-day, when they shall have become the men and women of the future, look back and call her blessed; and may all her ways throughout all the generations yet unborn be crowned with honor and with peace!



The late Frank Thayer.

of Frank Thayer, the faithful organist, who year in and year out was at his post, who in the largeness of his love gave his services, and who when at last ill and physically unable to go, would say to the friends who urged his remaining at home, "As long as I can get to that little church, I shall go."

The church still cherishes a remembrance of the kindly help of Mrs. A. P. Baker of Boston, who in the early days of its history came over

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN FRANKLIN.

By Mary A. Rowell.

A burden shared is a burden lightened,
A pleasure shared is a pleasure brightened.

CO live for one's self and by one's self is existence only and not the helpful life designed by Him who implanted in the human heart a yearning for sympathy.

Man is naturally a social being, and this is preëminently true of woman. We do occasionally read

ing, either for support for herself or to "lend a hand" to others. Not to go back to those ancient times when we read in sacred writ of "two women grinding at a mill," we find in the history of our country that our ancestors believed in the adage that "many hands make light work," consequently the Puritan maidens made the weekly washing of the linen at the water's side the occasion of a neighborly visit. As new homes were sought farther in the wilderness, our sympathies are involuntarily extended to the wives and daughters, the real home makers. The men carrying grist to the distant mill occasionally mingled with the world, but the women were left with the home cares, knowing that the nearest neighbor was miles away through the lonely woods. In these days we can hardly realize their longing for friendly intercourse.

We are glad that soon these Pilgrim mothers combined their tasks with neighborly visits, instituting soapmaking and cleaning bees, and later, quiltings, huskings, and paring bees were added to the scanty social intercourse, allowed by the Puritans on the Sabbath in the hour between the two long sermons.

Franklin, the enterprising city at the head of the Merrimack, has had no unique social experience. Situated



Mrs. Sarah Gerould Blodgett.
First President Woman's Club.

of the pillared saints of old or the ascetic monks, but seldom do we know of a woman who voluntarily isolates herself from all friends and companions. Her nature is outreach-

at the junction of the swiftly flowing Pemigewasset, fresh from the White Hills and the more constant Winnipiseogee, the outlet of our charming lake, it was once the scene of Indian life. Those red men of old spoke of the place as "the meeting of the waters," and all traditions seem to indicate this as a peaceful hunting ground. The relics of those times, found here in such quantities, are generally those for household or decorative use. Mortars, gouges, axes, pictured charms or amulets all indicate a life of friendly concord. Our imagination pictures those braves, quietly dwelling between our beautiful rivers, where the plentiful shad and salmon provided for their needs. How gladly would we draw back the curtain of the past and learn of the aspirations of the Indian maidens or the pride of the squaws as they compared the strength and agility of their papposes while together they mended the nets or cooked the fish. To us of to-day this seems a limited outlook.

The early years of the white settlements here seem to us full of hardships and privations. Still we learn that early in the history of this community were schools established and the intellectual life was fostered by the literary efforts and forensic debates of the old lyceums. To these meetings as a special privilege the ladies were admitted and allowed to listen, and we boast of Franklin's advance sentiment, since records show that nearly sixty years ago, on motion of Hon. A. F. Pike, then a law student here, afterwards United States senator, women were allowed to help in the editing of the lyceum paper.

Sewing circles, Chautauqua circles, and reading clubs have all had their place, but these were all confined to the limits of church or neighborhood.

As Franklin became larger a



Mrs. Ella M. Stone.

Second President Woman's Club.

broader acquaintance among her women seemed desirable. Mrs. Sarah Gerould Blodgett, always active in any advance movement, had long felt this need of something to draw into common bonds, without church or class distinctions, the women of Franklin. At her invitation ten ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. A. W. Sulloway, who kindly offered her parlors for this meeting.

The result was the formation of the Franklin Woman's Club, October 7, 1895, with sixteen charter members. The membership of the club has always been unlimited, all being cordially received, with the result of 126 members at the present time.

Mrs. Blodgett was president for the

first three years, and to her untiring zeal and persistent efforts for the good of all, is due much of the success of the club. Mrs. Ella M. Stone succeeded her as president and continued the lofty standard already attained. Both of these ladies have laid aside all personal feelings in their interest for the club, and they surely merit the gratitude of all for their efforts. Miss Mary A. Proctor



Miss Elizabeth Clement.
Vice-President Woman's Club.

and Miss Elizabeth Clement as vice-presidents have ably seconded the efforts of both presidents, while the other officers, without exception, have proved very efficient.

For four years the meetings of the club were divided among the committees having for subjects, education, science, philanthropy, art and literature, domestic economy, music, and current events. Each committee arranged for a lecture by an out of town speaker for one meeting and

home papers for the other meeting. During the past year a change has proved very satisfactory. Colonial New Hampshire has been accepted as the special line of work. Thus, variety has been secured by the lectures, while a general trend in the direction of home history has been given to the reading and study of the members.

Very interesting papers have been given on "New Hampshire as a Royal Province," "Early English Settlements," "Scotch Irish in New Hampshire," "New Hampshire's Revolutionary Heroes," while more intimate home life in colonial times has been depicted by papers on "Colonial Architecture," "Early Pottery," "Paupers and Slaves," "Child-life in the Olden Times," "Domestic Life of our Ancestors," "Legends of the Merrimack Valley," "Early Literature," and the "Gardens of our Grandmothers." These papers, with six very instructive lectures given by Rev. E. R. Wilkins and Mr. Geo. H. Moses of Concord, Mrs. Alice P. Norton of Auburndale, Dr. Waterman of Claremont, Prof. E. J. Burnham of Manchester, and Miss Mabel S. Emery of Boston, have given a variety and consequent stimulus to every mind. "Current events" of the day as given in papers or talks have had an occasional place on the programme, while the musical ability of its members has given the club much pleasure at many of its meetings. In many ways it is felt that the club has done much in developing the latent talents of its members, who have quite willingly undertaken the tasks assigned them.

The social committee connected

with the club has had no small part in its success. Club teas have given opportunity for occasional social hours, while "Gentlemen's Night" each year has been an important social event, when the men were "so glad" their wives belonged. This is an innovation on the time when women were simply tolerated at social and literary functions. A pleasant feature of the club has been the interchange of courtesies with the Tilton and Northfield club. Thus through the clubs the social bonds between these places have been strengthened.

The Franklin club became a part of the State Federation, March 6, 1896, and has received its share of honors. Mrs. Blodgett and Miss Proctor have ably represented us by papers at the annual meetings, while Mrs. Martha K. Staples has served the Federation for three years as a member of the committee on sociology. Mrs. Blodgett, who was the promoter of the State Conference of Charities and Corrections, has addressed several clubs in the state, always leaving an influence in behalf of the unfortunates around us. Mrs. Ellen E. Webster has also awakened an interest in several clubs by her enthusiastic talks upon birds and her pleas for their protection.

In honor of our first president, the club adopted her favorite color, lavender, as club color, and the last year-books appeared dressed in that shade.

As a club, no special public or philanthropic enterprise has been undertaken, but it surely has fulfilled its object as expressed in its constitution "to broaden and strengthen the moral, social, and intellectual life of its members, and through them to

make itself a power for good in the community."

As in all places of its size, Franklin has its church and neighborhood cliques but these have all come together in the club. The city is divided by rivers, but sectional differences are forgotten in this work. The women on the opposite hills clasp hands in the general club interest. We have learned to know each



Mrs. Ellen E. Webster.
President Audubon Society.

other better as our interests have become mutual.

While the Woman's Club, in a broad way, has touched a variety of subjects, special interest in our feathered neighbors caused an Audubon Society to be formed in May, 1897. This society has been very fortunate in having for its president and enthusiastic leader, Mrs. Ellen E. Webster, while Mrs. Helen E. Sanborn has been a faithful and painstaking secretary. Careful study

and pleasant meetings have opened new fields of interest to the members. During the winter the society has held class drills on our native birds, which ought to enable its members



Miss Grace E. Stevens.

President Association Club, connected with Y. W. C. A.

to identify our common feathered visitors. Records are kept of all the birds seen in this locality. During the summer, field meetings have been pleasant occasions. The economic feature of bird preservation has not been overlooked. Laws for their protection have been carefully posted in and about town. Indirectly through

the influence of this society much ornithological interest has been aroused in the public schools.

A botanical department of this society, under the guidance of Miss Proctor, has carefully studied the ferns of this vicinity. The two lines of study prove very attractive, only it is found a difficult task to look both upward and downward at once.

As the meetings of the Woman's Club are held in the afternoon, many who are occupied during the day are necessarily debarred from its privileges. The Young Woman's Christian Association, through its educational committee, during the past year, has sustained an "Association Club." While a branch of the Y. W. C. A., it has its own officers and constitution. Current Events have alternated with Practical Talks on various subjects. Some papers given at the Woman's Club have been repeated here, and other friends have kindly furnished delightful evenings.

Anything that broadens the outlook upon life and stimulates thought upon ennobling subjects cannot fail to have a beneficent influence upon the people of to-day, and thus upon the nation of to-morrow. While this continues to be the object of our various clubs, we wish them abundant prosperity.

A QUATRAIN.

By Clara B. Heath.

If the faults of a friend we wish to prove
 There is nothing lost by delay;
 And to-morrow will do for a labor of love,
 But a wrong should be righted to-day.

THE DESTRUCTIVE TENT CATERPILLARS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

DURING the last few years the people of New England have had their attention repeatedly called to the depredations of our two species of Tent caterpillars. They have seen the culmination of an outbreak of the common American Tent caterpillar of the



Fig. 1. The American Tent Caterpillar.

roadside and orchard, and the development of a very serious outbreak of the Forest Tent caterpillar. In bulletins issued by the New Hampshire College Agricultural Experiment station I have discussed the economic phases of these outbreaks, and I wish in this article to point out some of the more interesting peculiarities of these insects considered from the point of view of adaptation of habit to surroundings. For these creatures, like most others, are what they are simply by virtue of their gradual adaptation to the special conditions of their lives.

One of the best examples of a tent-making insect is found in the common American Tent caterpillar of the orchard and highway. In July the eggs of this insect are laid in masses of two hundred or more which encircle the twigs of wild cherry and apple trees. They remain unhatched until early the following spring, then the tiny caterpillars gnaw holes in the egg shells, and crawl out. When they first emerge they huddle together on the mass of empty shells, but they soon migrate to the nearest fork in the twig. From the time of hatching they spin wherever they go a silken web.

When they have congregated on the forked twig they spin a web over as well as under themselves, and this web thus becomes a sheltering tent. Sometimes this shelter tent is made so near the original place of hatching that it covers the empty mass of egg shells. Such a condition is illustrated in Fig. 2.



Fig. 2. Small tent over egg-mass.



Fig. 3. Tent where several limbs branch out.

From the shelter tent they have thus provided, the caterpillars march along the twig to the unfolding leaves. Upon these they feed, returning to shelter again when hunger is satisfied. To go out and come in the little architects have left one or more openings which serve as doorways. They remain within the tent at night, and much of the time in rainy weather. New layers of silk are added to the outside of the tent as the days go by.

It commonly happens that the first tent is made near the end of the branch in the fork of a small twig. In such cases the food supply beyond the tent is soon exhausted, and it is difficult to enlarge the shelter because there are but the two branches to build it upon. Consequently it can only be a flat tent, with little room inside.

To avoid these difficulties the caterpillars, as they grow larger often migrate down the limb to a place where three or more branches go off in various directions. Here a new and larger tent is built, doors being left in suitable places. This home now becomes the center of a new area of leaf destruction as the caterpillars crawl along the various branches to feed upon the foliage.

The most critical periods in the lives of caterpillars are the moulting periods. The insects are then sluggish and unable to defend themselves by wriggle or flight. Of course these tent caterpillars utilize their shelter during these dangerous days, so that on the inside of a large tent you may always find the cast skins of the different moults that the larvæ have passed through.

As the caterpillars go back and



Fig. 4 Tent near end of branch enclosing many twigs.

forth from shelter to food and from food to shelter they travel along the same paths day after day. As each crawls it spins the ever present thread—perhaps originally designed to guide it back to the nest. The addition of thread to thread along the route soon develops a distinct white ribbon of silk which marks the pathway and serves as a foothold to the marching caterpillars. In trees having large colonies of caterpillars these silken bands along the trunks and branches become very conspicuous.

It is an interesting sight to see these caterpillars at work adding new

layers to the nest. A considerable number of them assist in the operation, some on the outside, others just inside the outer layer. They walk rapidly back and forth, spinning as they go the silken thread. Each of the caterpillars on the outside may be seen attaching the end of its thread to the bark of the twig at one end of its line of march, then promptly turning and repeating the action at the other end. They are careful not to close the doors by carrying silk across the openings.

In about six weeks from the time of hatching the caterpillars become full grown. Each is then nearly two inches long, with a hairy body ornamented by a distinct white stripe along the middle of the back, on each side of which are numerous short, yellow, longitudinal lines, rather irregularly arranged. The sides are partially covered with paler lines, spotted and streaked with blue, while the lower surface of the body is black.

Sometimes two or three colonies of the nearly full grown caterpillars will

unite in making a large tent at the base of the lower limbs of a tree. Such multiple colonies result from the fact that the nests higher up have not room enough to accommodate the caterpillars as they approach the full size. So each colony migrates down the limb to build a nest in more commodious quarters. As one colony migrates down one limb another may be coming down another limb, and the two combine to build at the base. Of course it would rarely happen that these colonies would thus move at exactly the same time, but the result would be practically the same if they came at nearly the same time.

The tent, whether made by one colony or more, is too small for all the caterpillars to remain in it and spin their cocoons. Most of them crawl down the trunk of the tree and wander over the ground, seeking a safe shelter for the next stage of existence. When they find a satisfactory situation—such as the underside of a board, beneath loose bark, or in cracks of a fence—each spins an oval silken cocoon within which it changes to the quiet pupa state. Two or three weeks later it emerges as a brown moth.

Now what advantages does the possession of the tent give the caterpillars? Do they derive substantial benefit from it, or is it merely a useless device?

To answer these questions we should consider the lives of the caterpillars in at least three relations, namely: First, their relation to cold; second, their relation to rain or snow; third, their relation to insect and vertebrate enemies.

The relation of tent caterpillars to



Fig. 5. Tent near end of branch enclosing few twigs.

cold is an important one. Entomologists who rear caterpillars know that in warm weather they grow rapidly, while during cold spells they grow little or not at all. Now the animal



Fig. 6. Tent Caterpillars taking a sun bath.

heat in two or three hundred caterpillars is considerable, and if it can be confined to a limited space it must make quite a difference in the temperature as it is felt by the larvæ themselves. These caterpillars develop during a period when the nights are commonly cold and the days are often damp and chilly. They hatch in early spring, generally as soon as the first leaves of the earliest trees begin to expand, and become almost or quite full grown by the first of June. It seems probable that the tent is of decided value in preventing radiation of animal heat from within and the entrance of atmospheric cold from without, thus increasing the temperature in which the larvæ live.

That these caterpillars are sensitive to heat and cold is shown by the way in which they congregate on the

outside of the nests during hours of bright days. One may often see large numbers of them thus taking their sunbaths. (Fig. 6.)

The American Tent caterpillars feed normally upon the leaves of apple and wild cherry trees. These are two of the earliest trees to push out foliage in the spring. The closely related Forest Tent caterpillars—which does not make so complete a shelter tent—feeds generally upon oak and maple leaves which are comparatively late in pushing out. The caterpillars of the latter species are correspondingly late in hatching. Is there any reason why the apple and wild cherry caterpillars are in greater need of a shelter tent than are the others?

The relation of these caterpillars to storms is also important. In the spring of 1898, just after the caterpillars had hatched and before they had time to build their tents, there was in central New England a heavy and long continued rain storm. Directly afterwards I examined a considerable number of Tent caterpillar colonies and found that the only survivors were those congregated on the undersides of the egg masses, where they were not subjected to the washing effects of the rain. The destruction of caterpillar life during the storm had been enormous. Just such storms are common in April and May; unless the shelter tent protected them the caterpillars would be constantly exposed to the danger of being washed away.

In what way does the shelter tent protect these caterpillars from its host of living enemies? It greatly reduces the period of exposure to the attacks of predaceous beetles: some

of the larger species of these—notably the caterpillar hunters of the genus *Calosoma*—would be likely to devour any caterpillars which they came across in their wanderings, but they would not be likely to enter the tent for them. It also prevents, to a considerable extent, the attacks of many birds, although not all of them. It makes the attacks of wasps and parasites more difficult during the moulting periods.

But the tent is by no means a complete safeguard against all enemies. Some birds like the cuckoos and the Baltimore oriole have learned to make holes in the web and to tear out the larvæ concealed within, while some ichneumon flies appear to have learned how to enter the nest for the purpose of depositing their eggs.

It has just been said that the Baltimore oriole and the cuckoos feed

to extract some of the body contents, while the cuckoos swallow the insect whole. In the stomach of the black-billed cuckoo dozens of these caterpillars have been found.



Fig. 8. Caterpillars killed by disease.

This difference in manner of feeding may help to determine whether a given caterpillar's nest has been raided by oriole or cuckoo. If there are many dead and mutilated larvæ on the branches near the tent it was probably an oriole. If the caterpillars are gone and there are no such remains it was probably a cuckoo.

There is one sort of danger, however, to which the colonial lives of these Tent caterpillars render them peculiarly liable. This is the ravages of bacterial diseases. These diseases attack many insects especially caterpillars. They are very contagious, so that if one larva in the colony becomes infected the others are likely to suffer because in the crowded quarters of the tent it is inevitable that the germs shall spread.

That this is no imaginary danger is shown by many observations. In New England in 1898 there was a culmination of an outbreak of the Orchard Tent caterpillar that had lasted many years. The chief agency



Fig. 7. Tent attacked by birds.

upon these larvæ. In Fig. 7 a nest is shown in which holes have been made by one of these birds for the purpose of extracting the caterpillars. The orioles are more likely simply to pierce the skin of the caterpillar and

in reducing the outbreak was a disease which appeared during damp weather in May and early June and killed nearly all of the larvæ. On every tent the dead and decaying larvæ could be seen by scores (Fig. 8), and as a result there were very few nests to be seen in 1899.

The Forest Tent caterpillar is a species closely related to the American Tent caterpillar, belonging to the same genus. In appearance and habits it is quite similar, yet it differs remarkably in its not making a definite protecting tent. It passes



Fig. 9. Miniature tent of Forest Tent Caterpillar, with cast skins.

the winter in the egg state, the eggs being deposited in ring-like masses on the twigs of trees. The caterpillars hatch in spring about the time leaves begin to unfold. They feed upon the tender foliage and web up more or less the leaves at the end of the twigs. Sometimes they make such a miniature tent as is shown in Fig. 9. When they become full grown as caterpillars they spin silken cocoons, often using the leaves of trees as outer coverings for the cocoons.

In these insects the tent-making instinct has not been developed. The caterpillars have, however, the instinct to congregate in masses when not feeding, and especially when moulting. It seems probable that the tent-making instinct of the common American Tent caterpillar is a later development from a species in which this general habit of congregation was present.

EVENING.

By Hervey Lucius Woodward.

Behold the King of Day receding
Through the distant western gate,
His golden beams in magic splendor
Flood the world in princely state.
The fleecy clouds all crimson tinted,
Floating past the setting sun
Are riv'ling him in glow and grandeur,
As they pass him one by one.
The rising zephyrs, gently stirring,
Fan the willow and the pine;
The notes of feathered songsters come from
Where the branches intertwine.
And through the landscape flows a river
In a broad majestic stream,
Reflecting on its glassy bosom,
Evening's last receding beam.



New Hampton, from Cemetery Hill.

THE AWAKENING OF A TOWN.

By Richard Pattee.

WHEN the "King of Boyville" awakened to a sentiment, he attested the fact by a startling series of somersaults, hand springs, and other gymnastic performances.

By methods almost as startling and unusual a little New Hampshire town is seeking to attract to itself admiration and favor from the object upon which it has set its heart. The methods adopted are, by reason of their novelty and merit, worthy of description.

New Hampton is situated very near the geographical center of the state, just north of the divide which separates the mountain country from the valley of the Merrimack. The town, hardly more than three miles

wide, extends fifteen miles along the east bank of the Pemigewasset river. The extreme ends of the town have little in common, save taxes and a voting place. Two cross ranges of hills divide the town into three distinct sections. The south end, separated by the hills from the rest of the town, finds its market place and railroad point, post-office, social and business center at Bristol, just across the river. For similar reasons the inhabitants of the north end find their interests largely identified with the town of Ashland.

In the cross section between the northern and southern hills lies the village of New Hampton, a quiet, sleepy little hamlet, whose sole life and support has been the academy,



Looking Northeast from Bald Ledge, Beech Hill.

where, for eighty years, young men and young women from far and near have come under the tutelage and inspiration of the robust manhood, Christian piety, and sturdy character, which have given to New Hampton Institution a prominent place among educational institutions in New England.

Without a mill, without a railroad, New Hampton watched and waited while her hills were slowly stripped of lumber, her farms abandoned, and her people moved away. Slowly the valuation grew less, gradually the rate of taxation increased, and tales of former prosperity grew more vivid as that time grew more distant.

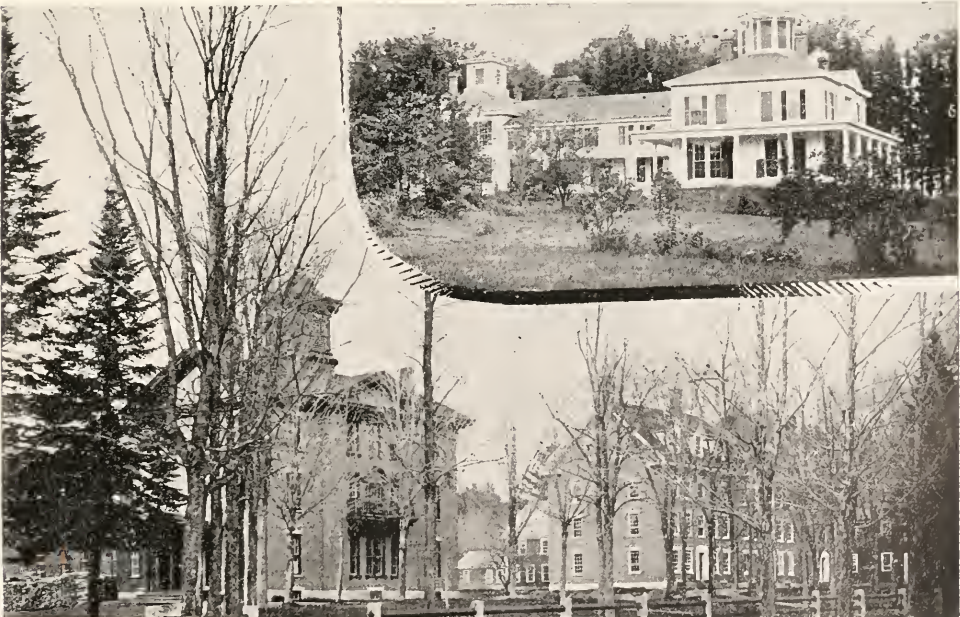
The minds of the people were in a receptive mood when the question was raised by the local grange, "What can we do to benefit the farms and farmers of our town?" It was answered, "Make New Hampton a summer resort;" and they set about to do it.

New Hampton has an advantageous location, scenic attractions worthy of exploitation, and, best of all, a spirit of enterprise and determination, a combination sure to win.

The novelty and merit of the methods employed in advertising this little town deserve attention. Last year the work of advertising was begun by the local grange. It was so successful that the people of the whole town entered into the scheme, appropriating at their last town-meeting a sum of money to be spent in advertising. By reason of some legal technicality this sum did not become available, but patriotic citizens raised by contribution a fund for carrying on this work. An organized effort made to secure funds from those to be most directly benefited by this enterprise, doubled the advertising fund, while there was given, in May, an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be used for the same purpose.

The first step in this undertaking was to employ a young man, somewhat experienced in this line of work, to devote his whole time to the prosecution of this enterprise. The appointment as census enumerator for the district in which New Hampton is situated was secured for this young man, giving him acquaintance with the people and the resources of the town and nearly paying his salary for the season's work. The active support of the Boston & Maine railroad was then enlisted. Through the passenger department of that road, large quantities of advertising matter, now in course of preparation, are to be distributed. The services of a photographer were secured, and new pictures of New Hampton scenes, added to a collection made in a similar way last year. Several of these pictures are being enlarged for display in the cities of southern New England.

Perhaps the most unusual and not the least efficient part of this town's scheme of advertising is the maintenance of a "press bureau," which furnishes copy to newspapers and other publications that can use it. By a similar arrangement last year many columns of matter descriptive of the town were placed in publications of wide circulation, and not a little notice was attracted. This year the work of this "department" is more thoroughly organized. Arrangements will be made to furnish New Hampton news to the weekly papers of surrounding towns. Matter will be furnished to the dailies of this and neighboring states. The name and address of every person stopping any length of time in town will be secured, and items concerning such persons sent to the papers published in their home towns. It is hoped thereby to create inquiry concerning the town among the friends



Buildings of New Hampton Literary Institution.

and neighbors of New Hampton's summer visitors, and by making each guest a living advertisement to add to the town's following in coming years. This press bureau has also in preparation stories which it is hoped will be accepted by some of the leading dailies and weeklies of New England. The printed matter sent out will be handsomely illustrated with half-tone cuts of New Hampton scenes.

Another worthy feature of the work



"Spec" Pond.

undertaken is the effort to find purchasers and occupants for all habitable places within the town. To this end every house in town, either vacant or occupied, which is for sale, is to be listed, with a complete description of the property, price, terms, name and address of owner. This information will be placed in the hands of real estate men in the cities, and of such other parties as are likely to be interested in the matter.

In this connection mention should be made of the work of the local Old Home Association. New Hampton was the only town in Belknap county to report an Old Home Week celebration last year. The plans for the

present year include the preparation of a map showing the location of all the houses built in town, the names, and, as far as possible, the present addresses of those who lived in each of these houses, together with the dates of such occupancy. This work will develop much matter of historical value. It is designed to furnish to every one who has moved away, and especially to those born in New Hampton, a complete description of the place or places in town where he or she once lived, together with price and present owner's name and address, if such place is now for sale. It is hoped that this effort will result in the purchase and reoccupation for a part of each year, at least, of some of New Hampton's now deserted farms.

New Hampton is by no means in a destitute condition. Her people are alive to the fact that permanent success depends upon their readiness and ability to be worthy of it. Good

roads and attractive dwellings are a town's best recommendation. Last year a movement to improve the appearance of the place resulted in the removal of much unsightliness, especially in the village. The street was evened and graded, a public drinking fountain ordered, the village church rebuilt, under the direction of a New Hampton boy, now a Boston architect. Under the leadership of the grange, many citizens devoted a day to clearing paths to adjacent hilltops and other points of interest. Signs were placed pointing the way to attractive spots.

This year strenuous effort is being made to remove the bushes which are

in some places so grown as to clog the way and spoil the magnificent views from the hillside roads. Electric lights for street and household use are another of this year's village improvements.

Nowhere in the country can a more desirable place for a summer home be found. Her scenery is magnificent, her hills as hard and high as any woman ought to climb, her streams are stocked with fish, her ponds are big enough to sail, her people hospitality itself.

The late Judge Nash of Boston presented to his native town a free library, than which there is none finer north of Concord; Dr. A. J. Gordon saved the old, square-pewed

Dana meeting-house from destruction by the contributions received for that purpose from the crowds who assembled there to hear that celebrated divine preach in the town which gave him birth.

The late Geo. H. Dickerman selected New Hampton as the site of a \$50,000 trout hatchery and preserve; ex-Congressman Walker of Massachusetts maintains, high up on the "Pinnacle," a model stock farm and commodious summer home.

There can hardly be any doubt of New Hampton's entire success in the undertaking to make of herself a summer resort. In the words of the master of the State Grange "her efforts will be an example for others."

POET SONGS.

By Mary M. Currier.

Each poet has his own sweet song,
As have the birds that sing;
Distinctive notes to each belong
That from their natures spring.

Great Milton, from the world apart,
In darkness and alone,
His bosom thorn-pierced, thrills the heart
With Philomela's tone.

Like the bird with the crimson breast
That shares our humble life
Is Wordsworth, cheerful, self-possessed,
Singing of common strife.

O Shelly, what is like to thee,
Ethereal and strong?
Is the lark, that we may not see
Although we hear its song?

BISHOP CARLTON CHASE.

FIRST BISHOP OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D.

IHAVE the honor to be addressing you to-day regarding my predecessor in office, a man to whom I never spoke, and whom I but once saw. But "by their fruits ye shall know them," and coming next after him, I am able, better than another, to bear my testimony in memory of a really eminent son of New Hampshire. And I account it a gracious thing on your part to have bidden me to this duty.

It is with a most deep and high regard that I approach the study of a man like Carlton Chase. Born in Hopkinton, on "Dimond's Hill," February 20, 1794, son of Capt. Charles and Sarah (Currier) Chase, and grandson of Capt. Jonathan Chase, he came of sound New England stock. A better than this of New England, out of which to form a *man*, I would not know where in all the world to seek. And young Chase brought to it no stain or reproach. In the common schools and in the academy at Salisbury he was fitted for college. He was admitted at Dartmouth college in September, 1813, and he was graduated in 1817. In college, becoming deeply impressed with the privileges and obligations of a Christian life, and having given considerable study to matters pertaining to the Church, in his senior year he rode on horseback fifty miles to receive holy baptism at

the hands of the Rev. Mr. Andrus, rector at Hopkinton. His excellent mother was of a stout Baptist family. His father later in life connected himself with the Episcopal Church. Carlton soon gave over all thought of the law and devoted himself to the holy ministry.

He engaged himself two or three terms in teaching school in Hopkinton and in "Concord Street," wherever this latter is. Here he won distinction by taming, through his own self-control and dignified firmness, a crowd of boys of evil repute as "unruly."

Mr. Chase's theological studies were pursued in Rhode Island under the venerable and holy Griswold, bishop of the "Eastern diocese," by whom he was afterwards ordained. The fall of 1819 found him settled over the parish of Immanuel church in Bellows Falls. There he ministered, in humility and love, a quarter of a century, until chosen to be bishop of New Hampshire. In that diocese of Vermont, not less than in his own parish and town, Mr. Chase was held in high esteem, and he filled the most important offices in the Church's gift.

While in Vermont he gathered much material for a history of his Church in that state. He wrote to the several pastors soliciting facts touching their parishes, and a some-

what extended report by him was printed in Thompson's *Gazetteer of Vermont*.

In 1832 Mr. Chase was elected an honorary member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, which society brings us together to-night. He was also a Royal Arch Mason, and delivered Masonic addresses in several places.

The 20th day of October, 1844, in Christ church, Philadelphia, — the church in which Washington used to worship, — Carlton Chase was consecrated a bishop in the Church of God. The Rt. Rev. Philander Chase, great man of the West, a kinsman of our bishop, whose early life was spent in New Hampshire, acted as chief-consecrator. He was assisted by four bishops, of whom was Smith of Kentucky, twenty-six years later my Consecrator in Concord.

To the forming of any just estimate of Bishop Chase it ought to be remembered that he never knew such a thing, from childhood, as vigorous, robust health. His son has written it down that what little constitution his father possessed was pretty nearly destroyed by a very severe illness in college. And other disorders following at various times, he was, in his son's language, "one of those men who live on to a comparative old age in a condition not far removed from sickness." This, perhaps, being added to his natural gravity explains why he engaged in none of the college sports (only sitting by, sometimes, and quietly enjoying them), or much in the earlier frolics of childhood. Serious, conscientious, deeply religious, the sportive element was far from prominent at all times. Neither imagination nor fancy seems

to have had in him very vivid or nimble play. So that, to carry him through the hard passages in his official life, considerably more of divine grace was needed than serves for those to whom is given a very keen sense of the ludicrous, and who are kept longer alive by the humorous aspect of things.

But if Bishop Chase would have objected to be set down as a man of wit, he certainly possessed no small endowment of quiet humor. I recall to mind personal letters which he wrote me when I was editor of *The Churchman*, which were delightful reading, full of the play of a genuine humor. When I mentioned this at the time to a highly accomplished man, he replied: "Bishop Chase has a real distinction as a writer of letters." His mental associates, Coleridge, Addison, Burke, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, and the rest, were men who cared both for the substance and the form in writing. Moreover, a fixed habit of this man's life was to do well whatever he thought worth doing at all. This reached not to the thoughts only and their expression, but to his clear and finished handwriting as well.

The genial, sly humor in which he was not wanting, shows itself in many a little touch in his private diary. Fond of gardening and of the culture of trees and vines, Dr. Chase used to record just what he had done in each instance. One scion which he had gotten with some difficulty, and had engrafted as he thought skilfully, gave him much hope and confidence. All this he records at large. Later this is written in, "It failed, notwithstanding."

Once, journeying by stage coach, a noisy, smart infidel was loudly setting himself forth, and his follies, to the fatigue of the good people who made up the group. "That story in Genesis, about the creation and the making of the stars also, what is that good for! Every intelligent person knows that the second chapter contradicts the first, and that the whole narrative is a bundle of inconsistencies and errors." The patient bishop having endured to the utmost, and, perhaps, bethinking him of that most wholesome advice: "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit," said quietly, "Have you ever heard of a lately discovered book in which all these things are explained, and the difficulties wholly removed?" "What book is that?" exclaimed the brawler. "The book of Jaazaniah," said the bishop. "I'm afraid you haven't read it." "Oh, yes, I have," said he, "yes I have. I've read it through twice, but there is nothing to it!" Then was the time for the Christian sufferers to do the shouting, their disturber having so beautifully walked into the trap.

The bishop felt always a deep sympathy with the people inclined by their bringing up to be religious but living inconveniently far from the public worship of God. I have just now read through reports made during his entire episcopate to the annual convention of the Church, and I am much impressed with the good man's solicitude always for all Christians, and especially, of course, for them that were members of his communion, who could not often get to church. The very closing sentence of his last address delivered, speak-

ing of "needy" neglected places, has these words: "I desire to express my thanks to those of our clergy who have given occasional services. Much more of this may be done without any loss to the stronger churches. I wish the clergy would bear this in mind. The missionary means of the diocese will warrant a moderate appropriation for the payment of expenses." These were Bishop Chase's last words to his Church in New Hampshire, and they are words of soberness and of Christian compassion.

Until his health gave way, under the weight of advancing years, and of labors too manifold, that is to say during nineteen years, the bishop was rector of an important parish at Claremont, as well as in charge of the diocese. He, evidently, could not personally do much in missionary work in a general way, with scattered folk. He once drove out to some remote regions to find whether any members of his Church could be reached. At the inn he inquired whether they knew of any Episcopalians thereabouts. "Never heard of any such," was the reply. The bishop explained a little what he meant, and the man said, "There is a pretty decent family down the road a mile or so, who moved in a year or two ago. They are good neighbors, and good people, with civil well-behaved children, but they do have odd ways. The man gets his family together some hour on Sunday and they read some bible, and they sing a hymn. Then they kneel down and talk to God out of a book." "That's my man," said the bishop, and straightway started in pursuit. And lo! it was.

Attention has been sharply turned the last year to spiritual destitution in some of our remote regions, and in those sparsely populated. I think this call will do us all very real good, and the people in those places, if we bestir ourselves lovingly to help. My predecessor was more fortunate in his quest than good old Bishop Strachan of Toronto in his.

Several years bishop, the latter had not even tried to push out any work among the scattered folk living on the dreary flats which pertained to his charge, and which now make up much of the district called Algoma. The bishop had thought the Wesleyans admirably fitted to go among these remote people, and to do them good. But, being a minister of the Church of England, and by birth a dutiful Scotchman, after some years it pressed itself a little upon his conscience that perhaps he ought to inquire into the case of these regions and to see whether he should try to give occasional ministrations to stray members of his own Church. So he fitted out a resolute, devout young priest with a horse and saddlebag or buckboard, and sent him to find what he might, and to do any spiritual things which came to his hand. Returning at the fortnight's end, the bishop accosted him: "Well, Mr. Jones, what is your report? I've no doubt you found a good many God-fearing people scattered in hamlets and on farms, Church of England people among them, and many pious Wesleyans ministering pretty well to their needs." "No, my Lord, not many of either. The day before yesterday, for instance, being very warm, I set out early and rode all day, stopping only for a rest at noon,

and to bait my horse with fodder, which, fortunately, I had brought with me, and the nearest approach to a Church of England family that I saw all that day, and the nearest approach to a Wesleyan, my Lord, was one emaciated red squirrel, sitting on his tail, nibbling of a pebble-stone, with a great teardrop in each eye!"

We in New Hampshire were not in Dr. Chase's day, and are not now, in quite that sad case.

The Rev. Dr. Hubbard, a native of New Hampshire, and one of the strongest and best of our clergy, after the bishop's death wrote down these words: "We hardly understand yet, brethren, how much we are indebted for the present position of our Church in this state to the silent, continuous, firm, but conciliatory and kindly influence of her first bishop." Nigh one third of a century later I, who have witnessed the growing out into all of fruit that in a community like ours could as yet be looked for, from the plants of the first bishop's planting, do very sincerely add my testimony to what Dr. Hubbard had said. True then, it is after thirty years more manifestly true.

There are, no doubt, some places in which the bishop was interested, and in which he began work with considerable of hope, which have not responded to the confidence expressed in his conventional remarks. As of that favorite engrafted scion which promised much and came to nothing, time has written the comment, "It failed, notwithstanding." But even these failures—Laconia, Ashuelot, Epping—are few, and may be but failures for a time. The material thing is this, that judging by

what could then be seen and known no place was entered on and no institution was favored, which did not then warrant his action. And, so far as I have been able to perceive, no opening was by him neglected, into which with his slender resources of clergy and of money he ought to have gone.

The work which could be here done by any man as bishop was very small, very modest, very uneventful, very humble, with five hundred communicants (although his Church was early in New Hampshire), and ten or a dozen clergymen to help him in this whole state. What could he do, that would produce a ripple on the water's surface?

And the bishop's character was so rounded, and compacted, and consistent in all its parts, that it fitted well the humble work to which God had set him. Salient features, lending themselves most readily to vivid description, are not here. Yet let no one suppose Bishop Chase to have been a tame, mild man, a sort of "Boarding-house-Tea bishop" (to use Mr. Richard H. Dana's strong word), or other than a man of mark and decided individuality. But he and his duties were of the quiet, unnoisy kind. Look on this winsome picture, drawn by the distinguished bishop of Connecticut, Dr. John Williams, in the address made by him at the burial of Bishop Chase:

"Is it not a privilege, greater than tongue can tell, to leave behind one so fair, so pure a record as your bishop, brethren, leaves, of patient, well-done labor? Is it not a privilege to look and meditate on such a record? This vision of a long and faithful pastorship, this 'image of a

long and pure episcopate, left on the most sacred recollections in parish churches, in Christian families, in secret hearts,' does one dream of lack of eventfulness when he thinks of these? What natural days are those to which men love best to go back in memory? Are they days marked with the scenic displays of nature, resounding with the crash of storm and thunders, and brilliant with the glare of lightnings? Or are they not rather days that are 'bridal days of earth and sky,' in which the calm morning has passed on to the quiet noontide, and that again to the peaceful sunset, and where all is so blended together, that even if no one thing stands very prominently out, the whole impression is one of blessing and of peace! . . . And as it is with them so is it with human lives. Oh, in this age of reckless change and noisy pretension, and bustling self-assertion, and pushing after notoriety, place, influence, the spectacle of a calm, quiet life of contented discharge of duty, which shuns the observation of the world, which bears its own burdens, and does its own work, seeking no changes, but only taking those which God may send, which does not strive to create duties for itself that may bring it before men's eyes, but does quietly, in its own place, the duties which God allots to it, which thinks not of itself more highly than it ought to think, but loves to think soberly, to take the lowly place and do the humble work; such a life is indeed a blessed thing to look upon. When we contrast it with that other style of life, it is like leaving some gaudy, man-made spectacle with its course daubing, its glare of gaslight, and poi-

soned atmosphere, and coming out upon some peaceful, rural scene, swept over by the fresh, pure airs of heaven, and bathed in God's own sunlight."

This same brilliant man, Bishop Williams, a great lover of old-fashioned piety, and not a great worshippinger of every conceivable organization in our churches, each with a big name, in speaking of the designation to be finally given to each age, once said, "This must be set down as the age of Holy Fuss." Certainly Bishop Chase was possessed by no "holy fuss." But quiet, and free from bustle and haste, and from passing moods, he was filled with Christian charity and with a holy zeal. Of those who personally knew him not, none can read his remarks, suggestions, addresses, year by year, touching every least thing in his care, and see the love, the thought, the prayer which he gave to each, and not be impressed with Bishop Chase's burning zeal.

When I read, again and again, and see the humility, yet strong conviction and purpose with which he took on him the work of having a church in Hanover, for instance; how he planned and toiled to get together a few hundred dollars to purchase the decayed and deserted house of worship belonging to the Methodists, and a few hundred dollars more to put this in a decent condition for reverent use, and how cheered he was by the coming in, just then, of a gift from the Earl of Dartmouth of one hundred pounds, and how, for the missionary's salary he secured considerable aid in his lifetime, I cannot but wish I could tell the departed bishop that, though

small and feeble still, the little parish for which he cared so much, has now a good parsonage, a neat little chapel for Sunday-school and for week-day services, and (save that the tower is not yet built), a small church of stone, which, both in architectural and structural worth, surpasses beyond question any other rural church of any denomination in New England, and that there are a few thousand dollars of endowment. I wish he might know, too, how honorably and ably, and how fairly and generously, and how successfully in all ways, Dartmouth college is now administered. Nor would it be an unpleasant picture for him to look down upon, this, of one scene in the last years of his own lifetime, but which never came to his knowledge, of three brilliant, noble, well-bred fellows, students in college, trying to warm up that broken-down furnace in the old church, one Sunday morning, at five o'clock, when mercury stood many degrees below zero, so that the congregation might not perish six hours later. And sitting about the furnace in the basement, one on the flattened side of a barrel once filled with charcoal, one on an inverted coal-hod, one on some heaped-up sticks of wood, they for the first time opened each his lips upon the subject, whether it would not be their duty to give up law, medicine, and banking and seek the holy ministry. Every one of these three men is now a faithful and very greatly loved bishop in the church of God.

If the bishop, like his diocese, was wanting in those things which much and sharply thrust themselves upon the public gaze, it may be just to

point to certain characteristics which went to make up a strong, symmetrical, influential man.

Bishop Williams says that the word *steadfast* is that which best marks Carlton Chase. There is much which is just in that characterization. And what a noble trait this is! Faithful to God; faithful to duty; faithful and trustworthy always in standing by good men and honest endeavors, able to be leaned on, true also to one's friends from start to finish, how needful is this character in any worldly life, eminently in the nature and life of a bishop, that he may not fail them that look to him for counsel and support, and become to them a broken reed!

But one is not likely to be steadfast ("stayed fast") if he hastily takes up opinions, or, to borrow the phrase from the ancient Greeks, if he rushes "hot foot" into a project as soon as it is presented to his mind. This, whether in opinions or in action, Bishop Chase never did. After his decease the late eminent Judge Edmonds of New York was called to testify as an expert in spiritualism, in a case of alleged "obtaining money under false pretences," for claiming to make photographs of spirits of the departed. "Can this be done?" was asked of the distinguished witness. "I don't know anything about it," came in reply. "But, Judge, you know all that is to be known about spiritualism, and we would be exceedingly glad to have your opinion?" "If, in my life," he said, "I have ever given an opinion with no solid basis to go upon, I have invariably made an ass of myself." Bishop Chase never did that. My young cousin

in Phillips academy, Andover, fifty years ago, was pulled up one Monday morning before the august principal, the awful Dr. Samuel Taylor himself, for some misdemeanor, and pleaded, "I took it for granted that it would be all right." "Young man," was the ready response, "you take quite too many things for granted." Bishop Chase never did this. In his very thoughtful "Essay on the Millenium," read before a large gathering of Congregational ministers, and printed when I was a small boy, Dr. Nathan Lord of Dartmouth college designated with keen irony, a set of men, smart and shallow, as men "who think before they study, and write before they think." Bishop Chase never matured his opinions before he had studied the matter, and never tossed off opinions before he had really formed them. Therefore he could be guided by steady, sure principles, and was never vacillating in conduct. Among his fellow-citizens, as in the administering of things of the Church, he was accounted a wise man, and sober, and just. I have not found him making any mistakes.

Among his peers in the house of bishops, the bishop of New Hampshire not very often asked for the attention of his brethren. Whenever he did, he arose to his full stature,—he was a man of six feet, of striking form, of finely chiseled features, and of scholarly mien,—and standing firmly on his feet, said what he had to say. He always knew just what it was. It was sure to be something worth saying. And he always stopped when he had said it. It is needless to add that his well-weighted words carried great weight.

In the conference of all bishops of the Anglican Communion throughout the world, which met at Lambeth Palace two years ago, under the Archbishop of Canterbury's presidency, all of the two hundred bishops might like to be heard sometimes in the discussions. One bishop, who sat far towards the front—a man from far off Oriental lands—was little disposed to let any subject be settled without putting in his word. As if recognizing that he was making himself a bit of a nuisance, admirable man that he was, he often drew himself but about half way to an erect posture before putting in his little speech. The quiet, clever, missionary bishop of a Western jurisdiction of ours, fretted, perhaps, rather more than usually that day, remarked in a whisper: "The bishop of — comes from the land of the Kangaroo; he can neither stand up nor sit down." So it was *not* with the first bishop of New Hampshire. He had in a very large measure what the Scotchman calls the "contained spirit." And it is a very respectable possession to have.

This, no doubt, explains, in part the fact, that when the diocese of New York was in affliction very sore, Bishop Chase was the man called in to do the duty there, in their critical condition. Their own bishop, after a painful ecclesiastical trial, had been indefinitely suspended from the exercise of his functions. Some, at the time, believed (as the Church court found) that the bishop was justly chargeable with considerable personal improprieties. Others, many among the clergy, and I suppose a majority of the laymen, especially of men learned in the law and accus-

tomed to weighing evidence, held that nothing material was made out against their bishop, and that fright and panic, merely upon the *charge* of some wrong-doing by their ministerial leader, unconsciously swayed the mind of the court. One can readily see, in a church like the Episcopal Church in which a presbyter is tried before a court made up of presbyters, and a bishop by bishops, they all are very jealous, as they ought to be, for the purity of their order, and without that training in cool weighing of testimony which lay judges possess,—we, I say, can see some ground in reason for the remark once written by a very distinguished presbyter after an ecclesiastical trial of a clergyman for some wrong-doing charged, "If I am ever charged with any wrong behavior I waive wholly my right to trial before my peers, before men of my own order. Let me be tried by a court of Christian laymen. A group of the best clergy in the world will try a man for being suspected, and convict him for being tried!"

Among these distressed, half distracted people of New York the bishop of New Hampshire walked up and down on various occasions, during more than three years. For at each new yearly need, they, with one mind turned anew to him. He was a man who knew how to mind his own business and to let the business of other folk alone. Rarely could the pure gold of such a habit shine out more brightly than there it shone. And Bishop Chase in these three years confirmed almost twice as many persons in New York as in all the diocese of New Hampshire in twenty-six years. And they of all

opinions as to the painful case declared their diocese to be in a much better condition for Bishop Chase's coming among them. And the chief clergyman, perhaps, who promoted that trial of Bishop Onderdonk, was, later, one of the most active in seeking his restoration from the suspension. Even to me kindness was shown in the city of New York, and help was extended in my earlier years, for the sake of my good and wise predecessor.

And then, how *meek* he was, and of what beautiful humility always! Writing of his one long pastorate, that at Bellows Falls, he says, "At the beginning of my residence here the sum of five hundred dollars was proposed by the vestry as my salary. This sum, from that time to this, neither the parish has proposed to lessen nor I to increase. Though small, the kind providence of God has enabled me to live within it, and, indeed, to relinquish very large arrearages at different times. My receipts have not averaged four hundred and fifty dollars per year. To be economical without meanness, and liberal without profusion or extravagance, is a lesson which every minister of the gospel ought diligently to study."

Yet, exceedingly small as his salary was, when called to go from his cure in Vermont to the charge of this diocese, the bishop-elect wrote this entry, "I have been a sad man from the moment this matter was announced to me. I find my roots have run deep in this spot, and the pulling them up is dreadful. Too much for my own comfort hereafter have I loved this flock, and too much have they loved and indulged me. Never.

never was a pastor more blessed, and few are the churches so united, consistent, faithful, prosperous, and happy. I never can look upon its like again." And it paid four hundred and fifty dollars! Verily this godly minister was a man wise after that Scripture, "My son, seekest thou great things for thyself? *Seek them not!*"

This leads me to call attention to the wonderful efficiency of Bishop Chase in living respectably on an exceedingly narrow income. He was no celibate. Five or six children were reared under his roof. Two sons were sent to college. His bills were always promptly paid. In New Hampshire the entire salary, from parish and diocese, was nine hundred dollars (I think without a house). And he made it his rule, strictly adhered to, to give to God just one tenth of this little income. And he left at his decease rather more, I believe, than the accumulations of any private patrimony which he may have had, and of what remuneration he received from the diocese of New York. The exclamation to me of a distinguished rector in New York, who, with one child, found it hard to live upon his salary of ten thousand dollars and a house, was, "He ought to be canonized for a worker of miracles."

I think he must have impressed himself with the sad truth, "Promise was a pretty maid, but being poor she died unwed," or, with that other out of old Fuller, "He had caught a great cold had he had no other clothes to wear than the skin of a bear not yet killed." I think that the bishop, both in things personal and in things of the Church, made a

pretty sharp distinction between ventures of presumption and what some good men name "ventures of faith." I am sure he would always go forward when the plain word from God was, *Go forward!* But he evidently remembered that when somebody at the Red Sea set out upon an unbidden advance his "chariots drave heavily when the wheels were off." From all my observations I should think the bishop knew that faith won't pay a note at the bank, and that *in making promises, faith and funds go admirably together.*

To come back to salary and living, I really am ashamed to own that I can find no way to subsist in the simple, frugal habits of my household, upon three times the salary furnished to Bishop Chase.

And then the really large man, of whom I am to-night speaking, could, with his own hands, do almost everything. Of his skill in gardening and in the culture of trees I have said something. When they at Bellows Falls were furnishing the chapel of the church, the rector, with his own hands, made all the settees. And he was wont not seldom to send a friend some dainty bit of furniture by himself wrought out.

I have religiously striven, and have managed, to keep myself and the diocese out of debt, as Bishop Chase did. Alas! there is no one thing in all the world that I know how to do with my hands.

I did formerly think that in one thing practical this very sagacious man had wrongly judged,—had, perhaps, been led astray by his love for the beautiful. When he erected the church in Claremont, which is of a very imposing interior, to relieve the

otherwise rather blank, flat walls without, the frame was put on the outside of the walls. A shrewd countryman neighbor was one day in the village, and the bishop said: "Neighbor J., how do you like my new church?" "Well, Neighbor Chase, I have been thinking that when the Almighty made animals he did pretty wisely *to put the skin outside of the bones.*"

But no serious harm coming to the fabric in these fifty years, probably the bishop in his plans was not far astray.

One is moved, sometimes, to be sore grieved that locomotion by steam was ever devised, with the dirt, and the racket attendant thereupon, and the disfiguring of our fair landscapes; and to wonder whether Ruskin was not more a true prophet than painter or poet merely. Be this as it may, we cannot but in fairness acknowledge that the lot of one who, like me a kinsman after the flesh of that Wandering Jew, to whom the word always comes out of the very wind, "Move on," that such a man's lot, say, is far easier than it was during the episcopate of Carlton Chase.

It was on a "change of cars," in his later years, and not by stage, that the man aged and feeble was compelled to write in his diary: "I had the misfortune to fall on an icy platform to the serious injury and pain of several parts of my person." This, however, was slight compared with that other accident by "stage," in which (as the admirable little Memorial volume, to which I am much indebted, tells us) "he was as effectually scalped as though he had fallen among Indians." "The coach was overturned and fell

down the side of the mountain, rolling completely over." His head "coming in contact with the sharp corner of a rib in the roof,—his scalp was torn up and turned forward nearly over his eyes. He supposed himself fatally injured, and so announced in a loud voice to his companion," which, however, was not the case.

But an evil thing as it is to be scalped and half frightened to death besides, what is even this by the side of that other calamity, to be compelled to leave one's bed at dead of night, in the depth of winter and to come by stage all the way from Claremont to Concord, before ten or eleven o'clock, *or else not to come at all* during the day, and to do this dreadful thing year after year always, and by a man never endued with health, and growing old besides! There can, I think, be small doubt that the adage of our childhood needs, in this bustling, noisy, nervous age, a little change, so as to read: "Early to bed and *late* to rise" is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise. Alas, for those of us who have to change it in practise just the other way, and to make it "Late to bed, and early to rise."

No, considerable as are the cares, and the really sore burdens now, and the causes of discouragement, it is a light thing to be bishop of New Hampshire to-day, in view of what it was when Carlton Chase came to the task fifty-five years ago.

And how lonesome he must have been starting with his five hundred communicants in this great state, and eleven or twelve clergymen owning his jurisdiction. One thinks this man of God must have felt much as

"a sparrow that sitteth alone on the housetop," both when he came here to his work, and all through his life. It took him ten or twelve years to stir his own puny Church to any missionary ideas, to any spirit of *outgoing*.

It is true that before he died Bishop Chase saw his eleven clergymen become twenty-two, and his five hundred communicant members about thirteen hundred. And St. Paul's school had not only begun its blessed work, but had advanced far enough to comfort the good bishop's heart by letting him see what kind of a thing it was going on to be, and of what unspeakable benefit to this lean, cool diocese.

So prudent, far-seeing the bishop was, he may have looked forward to these few fruits of his zeal and prayers, of his deep ploughing and faithful tillage, which I have been permitted to gather. His ten or eleven clergymen to begin with, and later twenty-two, are increased to forty-five; his five hundred, later thirteen or fourteen hundred, communicants to about four thousand; (spite of constant emigration), and our great helper, St. Paul's school, grown from nothing up to eighty scholars in the bishop's lifetime, and now to three hundred and fifty.

When elected to the bishopric, my warden in Connecticut, a native of New Hampshire, was at first eager that I should come. On reflection he changed his mind. This was his comment: "Plenty of work in New Hampshire needs to be done. You would go on well and pleasantly with the people. But you can get no resources with which to do it. There are no churchmen in New Hamp-

shire. The few who are there have n't any money. The few who have a little money did n't get it to give away, but to keep. Wholly impossible you will find it to enkindle any interest, any confidence, in New Hampshire, old and dried up, among your friends outside the state. They are asking you to go to sea in a boat without oars. That is asking too much of any man! You had best stay where you are well off."

How doubly true was all this when the first bishop meekly took up the work! I thank God that he did.

The bishop was not striking and very popular in his style of preaching. He was grave, argumentative, and a good teacher. Thoughtful men were always glad to hear him.

I am now to be quoting the words of another, because they do exactly express my view: "Bishop Chase was a man and a bishop of an antique mould. In him was no weakness, no littleness. Calm, self-centered, faithful, and true, of a grand simplicity, he stood four square to every wind that blew." This typical best New Hampshire character, disciplined, ripened, mellowed by the grace of God's Holy Spirit, is about as wholesome and as forceful, and as abiding as can anywhere be found,—my friends of this New Hampshire Historical society. I testify to this the more freely, as I cannot lay claim

to New Hampshire birth or ancestry myself.

One brief record more I desire to make, and then I am done. Our dear Dr. Shattuck, if living in this nineteenth century a very saint of God, founder of St. Paul's school, once carefully told me as if he much desired this to be known, that of the three reasons weighing much with him to determine New Hampshire to be the place of the school he meant to have, one was, that he here possessed this property for a summer home. This came first. The third reason was the healthfulness of the climate, its vigor bringing character. (Nor had he seen that list, printed in newspapers three or four years ago, of all towns in the United States having a population of ten thousand or more, as to their vital statistics,—having, as to lowest death-rate, at the very head of that list, "Concord, New Hampshire.") The second determining reason, Dr. Shattuck said, was his very high regard for Bishop Chase, as a wise, churchly, just, intelligent, peace-loving man, whom he much loved, and with whom he knew that all could go smoothly on. I am glad to state this thus publicly, as I know Dr. Shattuck would wish me to do.

And I will now, with thanks for patient attention, mercifully release you.



CROSSING.

By Elisabeth B. Hunt.

Long, long ago ; amid the summer bloom
A woman twined her hair,
A hundred glories vanished in the gloom,
Slow creeping everywhere.

The heavy-booted years from off her cheek,
Had snatched away the rose,
Had roughened it upon the highway bleak,
As though with many blows.

The woman's glory in her eyes—no more :
Nor in a sweet perfume—
Bid shape her gesture and her song outpour,
And give her laughter room.

No massy brightness on her forehead lay,
No mystery she twined,
Nor any smiles with sunlight were at play,
For fairy hands to bind.

The threaded foam she twined, as though a blast
Through all her locks had swept.
She was a woman and her tears fell fast,
The loss of youth she wept.

* * * * *

Long, long ago ! Now doth ambition soar,
And gavels round it play,
If locks are white ; a rolling pompadour
Sends all regret away.

SOME QUEER PEOPLE I HAVE SEEN IN WASHINGTON.

By Clarence Johnson.

I HAVE seen many queer people in Washington. Queer people are so common there that they attract little attention. It is possible that by walking on his hands on Pennsylvania avenue during the middle of the day a man might attract some passing remark, but the chances are that few besides strangers would turn their heads to look after him. That great thoroughfare is so crowded with all classes and kinds of humanity, from the famous statesman to the crippled beggar, that what would attract a crowd anywhere else is there almost, if not

quite, commonplace. All climes and nations of the earth contribute to the cosmopolitan character of Pennsylvania avenue. Nevertheless, from one cause and another, my attention has been drawn, from time to time, to several freaks who were seemingly lost in the varied throng as it straggled slowly along the broad sidewalk.

When I first came to Washington I noticed a curious looking man who spent most of his time sitting on the low wall which surrounds the Capitol grounds, and who had no apparent occupation except to eat peanuts. I probably passed him daily for three weeks before I really began to observe his peculiarities, but the contented manner in which he munched his peanuts at last appealed to my heart, reminding me of the circus days of my boyhood. To tell the truth I have never outgrown the fondness for going to circuses and eating peanuts while my legs grow numb from hanging over the edge of the board seat. Hence I felt a strong sympathy for this strange looking gentleman and paid more and more attention to him as I continued to pass and repass him, and as he continued to eat his peanuts. Next, after remarking his appetite for peanuts, I noticed that he wore a singular suit of clothes, the coat of which buttoned closely from his chin to his ankles, the buttons only about an inch and a half apart, while its skirts spread out somewhat like the skirts of the infamous "Yaller Kid" of modern journalism. In color it was a bluish gray, and strongly suggested the uniform of some eleemosynary institution. His head covering was

a sort of cross between a hat and a cap, and being of the same material as the coat confirmed in my mind the suspicion that its wearer was an inmate of a home for the aged or something of that kind. Next I noticed the peculiar formation of his head, which began with a very acute angle at the crown, ran at the back in an almost perpendicular line to the nape of his neck, and in front proceeded at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the tip of his very long nose, thence extending by a reverse angle to the end of his receding chin. I speculated much on his status in a desultory way, and finally concluded that some asylum for feeble minded had adopted the peculiar style of uniform which he wore. And still he sat there on that fence, day after day, week after week, month after month, in fair weather or foul, munching his peanuts and throwing the shells on the tessellated walk. He seemed to be a sort of fixture, like the Peace monument or the Goddess on the dome of the capitol. One day after the weeks and months had rolled into years, and no solution to the old gentleman's identity had been found, John Walker and I were sitting in the Committee room busily at work, when the door opened without warning knock, someone stepped across the threshold, and a high staccato voice began to extol the qualities of a book. I looked up somewhat startled by the sudden outburst of eloquence, and there stood my eleemosynary institution in full uniform, talking like a dam giving way. I glanced over at Walker, who, completely stupefied by the outpour, sat with one hand poised in air as if arrested while on its way to the key-

board of his typewriter, his eyes distended, and his lower jaw sagging down toward his breast. Then, in another second, that eleemosynary institution was in the corridor with the door closed behind him, but he continued his story about the book with undiminished volubility, his shrill tones ringing through the vaulted halls until they were swallowed up in distance. After that I looked on him with even greater interest than before, but it was the interest of dread instead of curiosity. He still occupies the old favorite perch on the fence, still munches his peanuts, and would doubtless be glad to work off one of his books on any visitor from New Hampshire who may be curious to see and hear him.

One of the queerest of the queer characters about Washington is "The Lieutenant," who came originally from New Hampshire. "The Lieutenant" is a veteran of both the Mexican and the Rebellion wars, and was so seriously wounded in the head in one of the battles of the latter that he has not been quite right there since. He is a genial, harmless old gentleman, but his wheels run strangely, and not all of them in the same direction at the same time. His pension is not so large as he thinks it ought to be, and he has appealed many times to the secretary of the interior, as well as to almost every congressman whom he can get to listen to him. He is very much afraid lest he should die before his case is settled rightly, because in that event he is certain that the government would drop to pieces. With this fear in his mind, he is constrained to constantly attempt to get

an interview with "the Chief Executive," as he calls the president, and he undoubtedly feels that the fate of the Republic hangs trembling in the balance, depending as it does on the uncertain life of a single man, and he no longer young. In addition to his legal lore, which he is ever ready to pour out on the slightest provocation, "The Lieutenant" has worked out some abstruse problems in astronomy, which I have vainly tried to understand, although he patiently spent an hour (and would have devoted a much longer time to me had I allowed him to do so) explaining his theories and mathematical elaborations. I have had many long sieges with "The Lieutenant," but I do not yet comprehend either his law or his astronomy. He seems to spend about all of his time wandering about the corridors of the capitol, with his pension case, his law opinions, and his astronomical problems in a leather satchel, which he carries by means of a strap around his neck. He explained to me that he always carried these precious articles with him because an attempt was once made to rob him of them, and he is satisfied that the attempt was the result of a conspiracy against him hatched in HIGH QUARTERS. "The Lieutenant" is known by all the attaches about the capitol, and none of them ever interferes with the white haired, white bearded old gentleman, but he is allowed to roam at will, and save the country in his own way. His plug hat, once shiny, his leathern satchel, and his patriarchal beard are familiar figures about the city, and they will be missed when, in the not distant future, "The Lieutenant"

answers the last roll-call and goes to that country where law and astronomy will trouble him no more.

queerer than he did while polishing boots, but somehow my sympathy for him has since been on the wane.

As I was walking up Pennsylvania avenue one afternoon I noticed a bootblack who seemed to be looking up to the heavens as he scrubbed away at a pair of boots. At first I paid little heed to him, taking it for granted that the peculiar position of his head was merely a harmless idiosyncrasy, but some days later I saw that he looked up because of the formation of his neck, which extended back at right angles to his body, and thus brought his face toward the skies. Of course I sympathized with him, and many times thought what an awfully hard life he must lead, with his infirmity and his poverty. It seemed to me that he must brood on his trouble, and I pictured him as continually unhappy, if not morose. But one evening I met him on his way home after his day's work was finished. His box was slung across his shoulder, and he was swinging along at a rapid pace, whistling "*Annie Rooney*" as happily and as blithely as though his neck was like other people's and he did not have to stand on his head to see when the boots he polished were properly "shined up." As I passed along, wondering, a friend hailed him, and in reply he sung out rollickingly, "Just had four glasses of beer, and going to have two more," and continued on his way blowing *Annie Rooney* and flakes of beer-froth high into the air. He looked

Another character whom I once noticed was a rather ordinary looking man save for one thing. He had a monstrously big head, which was strongly accentuated by a soldier cap. From this I concluded that he was proud of his deformity, so one day I asked him what size of hat he wore. He told me that no size made would be large enough for him, and he had to have his hats, or rather caps, made to order. Then he went on to tell me his story. He was nobody in particular, he said, except "the man with the big head." He was famous for that throughout the medical world, and had been examined by doctors galore, all of whom looked wise, and declared that he could not live many years. Finally he told me three Washington doctors made a written contract with him that they should have his head after he died, the consideration on their part being that they should pay him an amount per week during his lifetime sufficient for his support. At the time I talked with him two of the doctors had died, while the big-headed man was in the best of health, and chucklingly told me that he intended to outlive the third. I do not know whether he has or not. I have not seen him for a long time, but I have little doubt that the doctor, if living, is heartily sick of the contract which compels him to pay my big-headed friend a handsome income.



CRUMBS.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

Some little birds come to my door
In winter time—a half a score—
And flit their wings and sit and sing
For crumbs I daily to them fling.

And musing of them oft I think
Do we, with what we eat and drink
And have to wear, appreciate
Our blessings, be they small or great?

One lesson from the birds I read,
Which all might profitably heed:
Though much or little to us comes
We should be thankful for the crumbs.



HON. LEWIS W. CLARK.

Lewis W. Clark, born in Barnstead, August 19, 1828, died in Manchester, May 28, 1900.

Judge Clark was born on a farm and spent his early life in farm labor, but aspiring to the legal profession he secured a liberal education, graduating from Dartmouth college in 1850, having commenced the study of law before graduation and continuing the same during the next two years, while he was principal of Pittsfield academy.

He was admitted to the bar in September, 1852, and practised several years in Pittsfield, also representing the town in the legislature two years, but removed to Manchester before the outbreak of the Civil War where he ever after had his home. Here he became a member of the famous firm of Morrison, Stanley & Clark, the late Hon. George W. Morrison and Clinton W. Stanley, later also a

justice of the supreme court, being his partners. This firm was for several years the most noted in the state, combining a stronger array of talent than any law firm in New Hampshire. Subsequently he was for a time in partnership with the late Henry H. Huse.

In 1872 he was appointed by Governor Weston attorney-general of the state, bringing to the position a measure of ability, and a special fitness comparing favorably with the most eminent of the line of distinguished lawyers who had previously filled that high position in which he remained four years, when he was removed for partisan reasons. About a year later he was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court, and served in that capacity with distinction until May, 1898, when, upon the death of Chief Justice Carpenter, he was made chief justice, holding the position, however, only until the August following, when on account of age limitation he was compelled to retire from the bench. A few months later he was appointed referee in bankruptcy by the United States court, which position he held at the time of his death.

Politically Judge Clark was an earnest Democrat, and did faithful service for his party. He was the Democratic nominee for congress in the old Second district in two campaigns during the war and reconstruction period, and was chairman of the Democratic State Committee in 1871, when James A. Weston was elected governor by the legislature. In religion he was a zealous and loyal member of the Baptist church, and was long a leading spirit in the maintenance of the McAuley Mission in Manchester.

He married, in 1852, Helen H. Knowlton of Pittsfield, by whom he is survived, with two children, Mary Helen and John Lew Clark.

ALFRED E. EMERY, M. D.

Dr. Alfred E. Emery of Penacook, born in Concord, April 21, 1841, son of Isaac and Eliza D. (Eastman) Emery, died at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, May 23, 1900.

He was educated at the Concord High School, Franklin academy, and New Hampton institute. He studied medicine with the late Dr. Charles P. Gage of Concord, and attended lectures at the Harvard and Vermont Medical schools, receiving his diploma from the latter in 1865.

Meanwhile he had been appointed acting assistant surgeon in the United States navy, March 28, 1863. His first service was on the hospital ship, *Red Rover*. Later he was attached to the North Atlantic squadron on the U. S. S. *Keystone State*. He resigned February 9, 1865, after serving twenty-three months.

He immediately settled in Penacook for the practice of his profession, but in 1866 went to Wilton, Conn., where he remained thirteen years, returning in 1879 to Penacook, where he lived until his death, enjoying a wide practice and establishing a high reputation for professional skill, especially in surgery.

He joined the New Hampshire Medical society in 1865, and belonged also to the Center District Medical society, and the Connecticut Medical society. He had been physician to the New Hampshire state prison, a member of the United States Pension Examining Board, and assistant city physician.

He was prominent in the Knights of Honor, being one of the grand officers for this state, and was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

He served as a member of the Concord board of aldermen under Mayor Cogswell, and was for a number of years a member of the board of education in District No. 20.

HON. GEORGE L. BALCOM.

George Lewis Balcom, long one of the most prominent citizens of Claremont, died in that town on May 13.

Mr. Balcom was a native of Sudbury, Mass., a son of Jonas and Mary Balcom, born October 9, 1819. His parents removed to Lowell when he was quite young, where he first attended school. Subsequently he studied at Westminster academy, and entered Harvard college at sixteen. After completing his college studies he engaged in mercantile life in Boston, and subsequently in Philadelphia where he was united in marriage with Miss Anna West, October 20, 1845.

Subsequently he became bookkeeper for the firm of Gilson, Smith & Co., at Proctorsville, Vt., and was soon after admitted as a member of the firm, continuing several years; but in 1857 he disposed of his interest and bought a woolen mill in Claremont, which he operated nearly up to the time of his death, taking a strong interest all the while in public affairs.

He was a Republican in politics, and during his residence in Vermont was for three terms a member of the legislature of that state. He also represented Claremont in the New Hampshire legislature in 1883-'84, and was a member of the state senate in 1889-'90. In religion he was an Episcopalian, and was conspicuous in church affairs in the New Hampshire diocese.

Mr. Balcom was a lover of books and a thorough student, having one of the finest private libraries in the state. He is survived by a son, William S., and two grandchildren. His remains were taken to Philadelphia for interment beside his wife, who died in 1881.

JOHN L. SPRING.

John L. Spring, born in Newport, January 13, 1830, died in Lebanon, May 29, 1900.

In early life Mr. Spring was a mill operative and an overseer at Salmon Falls. Subsequently he studied law with Woodman & Wentworth of Dover, and was admitted to the bar at Manchester in 1860. He commenced practice in Wilton, but removed soon after to Milford, where he remained nine years, removing to Lebanon in 1870, where he lived until his death, and where his professional career was highly successful.

Mr. Spring was a Republican in politics and active in public affairs. He had served as selectman, moderator, supervisor, as a member of the school board, and as a member of the legislature of 1891, 1893, and 1895. He was an active member and vice-president of the American Bar Association, and had also been, for several years, president of the New Hampshire Board of Trade. He was a prominent Mason, and particularly conspicuous as an Odd Fellow, having been grand master and grand patriarch, and a member of the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

March 5, 1856, he married Ellen M., daughter of William Fountain of Moriah,

N. Y., and four children were born to them: Arthur L., born February 25, 1857; Clarence W., born April 15, 1859; Carrie M., born October 28, 1860; and John R., born December 16, 1875, all of whom are living.

HON. JONATHAN M. TAYLOR.

Jonathan M. Taylor, a prominent citizen of Sanbornton, well known throughout the state, died at his home in that town May 31.

Mr. Taylor was the sixth son of Thomas and Sarah E. (Jewett) Taylor, born in Sanbornton, September 21, 1822. He enjoyed limited educational privileges, and in early life learned the trade of a blacksmith, which he continued to pursue, along with agriculture, nearly up to the time of his death. He was possessed of sound judgment and great native ability, which, with his strict integrity, gave him in high degree the confidence of his townsmen whom he served in various capacities. Politically he was a Democrat, and was for more than forty years chairman of the town committee of his party. He served seventeen years as town clerk, and also as selectman, moderator, postmaster, representative, and county commissioner. He was a member of the state senate in 1883-'84, and twice the Democratic nominee for councilor in the Third district.

He was also prominent in agricultural affairs and an active member of the Patrons of Husbandry, having been many years treasurer of the State grange. In religion he was a Congregationalist.

Mr. Taylor was united in marriage, November 19, 1846, with Miss Huldah Lane of Sanbornton, who died April 22, 1890, leaving three daughters, Sarah, wife of Rev. George W. Patten of Peterborough, Carrie P., who has resided at home, and Mary H., wife of H. J. L. Bodwell of Sanbornton.

GEORGE B. FRENCH.

George Bradbury French, long a leading merchant of Portsmouth, died at his home in that city, May 24, after an extended illness, at the age of seventy-one years, having been born in Rye, May 11, 1828.

He was a son of Bradbury C. and Mary French, his parents removing to Portsmouth during his early youth where he attended school several years, and thence to Nottingham, his education being completed at Northwood academy.

In 1849 he worked his passage to California, where he remained two years. On his return he opened a country store at Newcastle, but soon removed to Portsmouth, where in 1860 he purchased the dry-goods business of Allen & Paine, and soon built up an extensive trade which in time became the largest in that line in the state, occupying over thirty thousand square feet of floor space and employing thirty clerks.

Politically Mr. French was an earnest Democrat. He represented Newcastle and Ward 2, Portsmouth, in the legislature, and was the Democratic nominee for Councilor in the First district in 1896. In religion he was an Episcopalian, and was for many years a warden of St. John's church, Portsmouth. He had been a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., of Portsmouth, for nearly forty-two years.

November 11, 1852, he married Louise Veaton of Newcastle, by whom he had

three sons, only one, George E. French, a partner in his business, surviving with his mother.

REV. E. G. PARSONS.

Rev. E. G. Parsons, a native of Westport, Me., born May 15, 1813, died at his home in Derry, April 25, 1900.

Mr. Parsons graduated from Bowdoin college in 1833, and was the last survivor of his class. He graduated at the Bangor (Me.) Theological seminary in 1837, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Freeport, Me., the same year. He held this pastorate fourteen years, when he resigned to become pastor of the Congregational church in Derry, in which position he remained till 1869, when he became principal of Pinkerton academy in that town, filling the position three years. He was subsequently, for ten years, principal of Dummer academy at Byfield, Mass., resigning and returning to Derry in 1882, where he resided till death. He had served forty-seven years as a trustee of Pinkerton academy, and as president of the board since 1882. He married, first, Caroline Mellon Nye, of Freeport, Me., who died January 1, 1862, and, second, Sarah Dana McMillan of Danville, Vt.

JOHN E. MCDUFFEE.

John Edgar McDuffee, son of Franklin and Mary (Hayes) McDuffee, born in Rochester, September 8, 1863, died in that city March 25, 1900.

Mr. McDuffee entered the class of 1883 in the Chandler Scientific school at Dartmouth, pursuing his studies for two years, when failing health compelled his abandonment of the same. From boyhood he was greatly devoted to music, and he finally devoted his attention to the same almost entirely, many of his compositions being received with great favor, and his leadership in musical circles in that section of the state being generally recognized. He was unmarried, and is survived by his mother and one brother.

REV. HIRAM HOUSTON.

Rev. Hiram Houston, a native of the town of Acworth, eighty-two years of age, a brother of the late George Houston of that town, died April 8, in the city of Washington, though his home for some years past had been in Dorchester, Mass. He was a prominent Congregational clergyman for many years and had held pastorates at Orland, Sandy Point, Deer Isle, and Wells, Me.

HON. E. KNOWLTON FOGG.

E. Knowlton Fogg, postmaster of Lynn, Mass., died at his home in that city, April 21. He was a native of the town of Northwood, born October 24, 1837. He had served in the Massachusetts legislature two years, was an alderman in 1890, and mayor of Lynn in 1891. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, Mason, and Knight of Labor.



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